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Bishop Homer Clyde Stuntz

The Haunting Quality

The Inspiration of the Bible

The Current Revival

Reason and Unreason

A Cycle of Chants to Christ

Politics and the Preacher

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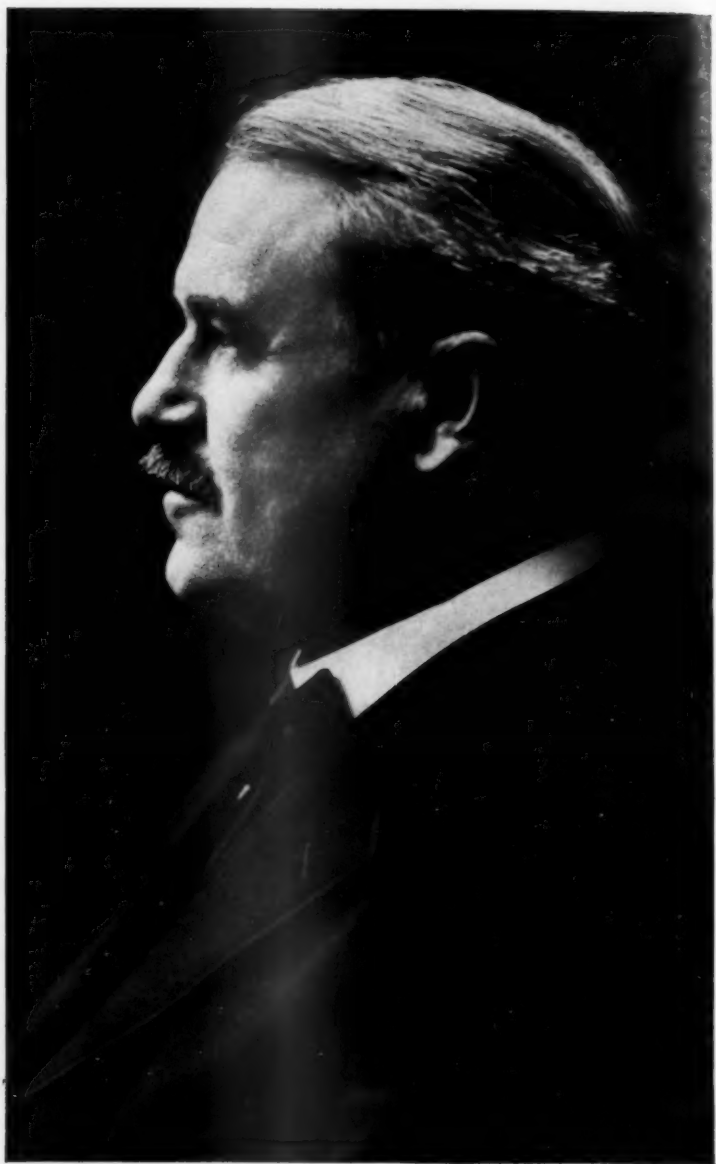
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BISHOP HOMER CLYDE STUNTZ



# METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1924

## HOMER CLYDE STUNTZ—A PROPHET OF THE LONG TRAIL

TITUS LOWE

Singapore, Straits Settlement

BORN in northeastern Pennsylvania, Homer C. Stuntz came of rugged stock. They were a strong-bodied farming folk and from them he inherited the iron frame which stood him in good stead when he was compelled to endure the enervating heat of the tropics. Conrad Stuntz came to America as one of the mercenaries of George the Third. Soon after arrival he was captured, and very soon thereafter swore allegiance to the Colonial army and for almost six years fought for Independence. At the conclusion of the war he settled in Pennsylvania and became the ancestor of a long line of Methodist preachers who have been good soldiers of Jesus Christ in far-separated countries. Among these was Homer Clyde Stuntz, destined to a great career. In Nevada, Story County, Iowa, he began the study of law, to which profession he had been attracted for a number of years. He was an eager student. The law seemed to him to offer a great highway to the ambitions which were striving in his heart. Like thousands of young Americans he had imbibed the strong wine of the life stories of Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield. In other lands under monarchical forms of government, life's chief prizes might be withheld from the commoners and reserved for those of noble or princely birth. But in expanding America no door was closed to the man, however humble in origin, who would qualify and who could win the confidence of the electors. Glittering pictures of such a future as a successful lawyer might well anticipate, flashed

continually before his mind. He was determined to translate the glowing dream into a tangible reality.

Then came a change. A revival meeting was in process in Nevada. The Christian people of the little town were praying the fervent effectual prayer which availeth much. Hardened sinners were being broken in pieces like a potter's vessel and then saved by the infinite love of a redeeming God. It was a tense time. Easy card-signing methods were not in favor. In this "protracted meeting" it was the invariable custom that seekers should be "prayed through." This "praying through" was the holy obligation accepted by the praying group. One night the young law student was arrested by the Holy Spirit. The sudden arrest of Saul of Tarsus was no more real. Nor was the surrender of Saint Francis any more striking. Irresistibly drawn, he knelt at the "mourners' bench." He had a great struggle. Powers of good and evil, of light and darkness, fought a battle royal in his heart. A mighty surge of emotion swept over him. He was "deeply convicted." Then followed a period of confusion and turbulent spiritual conflict. The brethren continued praying. In that atmosphere of militant believing faith miracles were possible. One happened. The storm of agonizing conviction passed and there followed it the calm of assured conversion—a joyful bubbling conversion—a sunshine-bringing conversion—the glory of which never faded in all the years of his life. Thus was the young law student initiated by the Holy Spirit into the realm of the twice-born. It is difficult to over-estimate the place which this revolutionizing experience exercised in all the subsequent career of Homer C. Stuntz. It affected his singing, his praying, his preaching and his beliefs.

He launched at once into an active Christian life. He was converted "all over." In class meeting he gave ringing testimonies. Very soon he was appointed to teach a young men's Bible class. It was a great step in his life. The church had honored and trusted him. All the concentrated enthusiasm of his youth and the warmth of his new experience he poured into the young fellows of this class. One of the youngsters there was Billy Sunday, who was playing baseball on the town lots and helping in a livery barn. Stuntz got in touch with Sunday in the livery

barn, interested in the extraordinary flow of invective which that young man was pouring out on a particularly stubborn span of Missouri mules. It was Sunday's first touch with vital religion as interpreted by a young, vigorous personality. In these later years, the greatest evangelist of his time has freely acknowledged the influence which the keen-brained young law student had upon him.

Up to the hour of his conversion it was exceedingly clear to him that he did not want to be a preacher. He came of preaching stock. His grandfather, converted under the fervid preaching of the early circuit riders, had been a local elder for years. Two of his uncles were members of the Erie Conference. Two of his sisters married Methodist ministers. None of these facts moved him. The lure of the law had gripped his imagination. After his conversion, however, all this was changed. Soon after he commenced teaching his Bible class the first intimation of his call to preach came to him. He was fortunate in having for his pastor the Rev. Asahel Thorhbone, and through his wise and prayerful leadership he readily and wholeheartedly threw overboard all his bounding ambitions and joyfully accepted his call to preach. On August 29, 1881, he preached his first sermon. It was not a masterpiece, but it glowed with spiritual fervor and came from his newly stirred heart.

It was a keen disappointment to him when, after two years of study at Garrett Biblical Institute, he was compelled to forego all close study on account of an affection in his eyes. But with optimistic ardor he went back to Iowa, and in the fall of 1884 was admitted on trial into the Upper Iowa Conference. The young preacher began his task on a typical circuit. There was little evidence in this first ministry of the qualities which were afterward to mark him out as one of Methodism's foremost leaders. He was keenly observant, cheerful, fond of singing, and remarkably gifted in prayer. His preaching was direct and very positive. He always preached for an immediate verdict. The passion of true evangelism was very manifest.

It is not to be wondered at that when in 1886 he saw in the *Advocate* an article entitled "Wanted, Twenty-five Men for India," he gave it the most careful consideration. Indeed, for

weeks and months the thought of being a missionary in distant India pulled mightily on his heart. He spent much time in prayer, and in due season he and his wife reached the joint conclusion that their consecration was not adequate unless they were prepared to go anywhere and do anything that the will of God might indicate. In this spirit he attended the 1886 session of the Upper Iowa Conference, held in the beautiful college town of Cedar Falls. Dr. J. M. Thoburn, in the full blaze of his fame as India's foremost missionary statesman, was visiting that Conference and stimulating it to highest heights of missionary passion by his imperial interpretations of the progress of Christ in the land of the trident. At this period of his remarkable life, J. M. Thoburn was irresistible. Young Stuntz came under the influence of that Spirit-led personality. One day the missionary said abruptly to the young preacher: "Did you know that your uncle Stephen meant to go to India with me. I wonder if you have any missionary blood in your veins. You know I am looking for young men for India. How would you like to go?" The writer of this article has heard the story many times. Doctor Thoburn was startlingly abrupt. His keen eyes were gazing directly into the soul of the preacher. The very strength of Thoburn's soul compelled the affirmative answer. Bishop Stuntz in commenting on this incident told the writer that the minute he heard Doctor Thoburn was to be at this Conference, he knew by intuition that he would be called to the work and would accept. And so it was. In five months' time he and his wife and baby son Clyde landed on India's palm-decked strand. For eight years the currents and cross currents of that land of fascination, of degradation and of sublime potentialities played upon his mind and heart. Bangalore in the south, Naini Tal in the north, and Calcutta, at that time the pulsating economic and political capital of the empire, gave him avenues for his expanding strength. Whether as schoolmaster in Bangalore, warm-hearted evangelistic pastor at the English Church in Naini Tal, or virile editor of the *Indian Witness* in Calcutta, India was making him captive. The glamour of the colorful Oriental life, its unending mystery, and its dire need powerfully affected him. Its keen sensibility to and response to

spiritual appeal filled him with an awe, while its failure to grasp the unalterable character of the Ten Commandments alarmed him. Very early in his Indian experience he came face to face with the truth, difficult to appreciate in the Occident but which is accepted as a commonplace in the Orient, that the way of sacrifice is the path to supremacy. There flashed into the young missionary's mind the startling thought, "What a colossal contribution the Indian people could make in the history of the world if they should adequately understand the sacrifice of the Son of God, Jesus Christ, the crucified but risen Lord."

It can be said with calm deliberation that India made Homer C. Stuntz. In preaching to the British soldiers at Naini Tal he was vibrant, militant, and appealingly human. In his preaching he was absolutely certain that his gracious Lord was able to redeem to the uttermost, and that he was essential to the well-being of every man. No wonder the Naini Tal church throbbed with spiritual vitality at this period.

When he came to the editorship of the *Indian Witness*, a rich opportunity was opened to him. He read many books—the greatest books on the greatest themes. He scanned the newspapers, weeklies, magazines from Britain, continental Europe, Asia, and America. There was a constantly expanding interest in world affairs, especially in Christian affairs. Month by month his mental horizon broadened. Catholicity of contacts here made started the process which transformed the provincial American youth into one of the world's most outstanding cosmopolites. It was at this period that he came to know personally Rudyard Kipling, whose star of fame was just rising. Stuntz acclaimed him as one of the great luminaries while better known critics, in India, Britain, and America were sneering. The sneers have died. Kipling was a British imperialist. Stuntz absorbed some of this. He threw it into the crucible of his own enlarging experience, caused the breath of God to blow upon it, and behold, the resultant is that overwhelming spiritual imperialism of which Bishop Stuntz in his later years became so mighty an exponent.

It was during his Calcutta residence that Stuntz reached the unbreakable conviction that the world for its best development

and courageous advancement needed Anglo-Saxon solidarity. He was never more eloquent than when enlarging on his dream of Protestant Britain and Protestant America linked together as a spiritual unity for the winning of the world for Jesus Christ.

Eight years of unending labor were given to India. His expanding abilities had full play. He was conspicuously successful. But the strain of unceasing responsibility and endeavor was too great. Broken in health he returned to his home land.

Returning to the Upper Iowa Conference, he served a brief pastorate at First Church, Waterloo, then was appointed to the college pulpit at Mount Vernon, Iowa, where for four glorious years he ministered to the people of the village and to the hundreds of Cornell students. One of the keenest minds in our present day Methodism has said, "The most critical audience in the world is a college audience. To be appointed to a college pulpit is the acid test for a preacher." By this acid test Homer C. Stuntz was pronounced a success. His kindliness, his humor, his wide reading and great range of experience gave him an extraordinary grip on the student body. No one ever asked whether he was a Modernist or a Fundamentalist. He was so true to the vital things of the faith and so open and tolerant to modern angles of vision, that he won the respect and love of all. For four years he "teamed up" with Dr. Thomas Nicholson, the professor of English Bible, in the conduct of the annual revival meetings, and with such extraordinary success that these meetings have become a tradition. During this period scores of Cornell students dedicated themselves to foreign service. Many of these have given years of heroic, sacrificial service to a score of mission lands. Professor Norton of Cornell College in a recent article said, "Bishop Stuntz was not a college man; apparently he needed a college education as little as the Mississippi in flood needs a man-made channel." The quotation is most significant in giving the opportunity to point out that to the very end of his days Bishop Stuntz was a great student. He had made himself a master of Browning, and no man living was so captivating an interpreter of Kipling. In addition, his mind was stored to an unusual degree with the great literature of all times. His knowledge of history



was also extremely wide and accurate and his ability to picture dramatic historic scenes, a constant delight to his hearers. His ministry at Mount Vernon was a great ministry, whatever the standard of measurement.

In 1901 he was again drafted for foreign service. The Philippines gave him extraordinary opportunity for the exercise of his special talents. He was now in the very noon day of his power. To him the entrance of the United States into the Islands was a providential matter. It meant emancipation for millions of people from the pernicious Spanish program. It meant that at last the watch-fires of Protestantism were to dispel the shadows of Roman superstition, sacerdotalism, and spiritual enslavement. He had come to the Kingdom for such a time as this. He proved to be a providential man, courageous, resourceful, warm-hearted, thoroughly prepared by training and self-discipline to lay the foundation for the establishment of Protestant life in the Philippine Islands. He had magnificent comrades in this stimulating task both in the Methodist and in other communions. He was a born pioneer—no hardship or discomfort was too hard for him to endure. As superintendent of the Mission he asked no missionary or native preacher to do what he himself was not prepared to do if occasion should arise. This won him the unalloyed loyalty of all his co-workers. Governor William H. Taft, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, while a Unitarian in belief, became an ardent admirer and supporter of Doctor Stuntz. His force of character was never better exhibited than when, heartily supported by all other Protestant bodies, he organized the fight on the opium traffic. It was a struggle of terrific intensity against strongly entrenched financial interests which had made fortunes out of the debasing traffic. But with consecrated pugnacity the crusaders persevered in their struggle until the Congress of the United States outlawed the business. With this mighty victory the name of Stuntz must ever be associated. In 1907 broken health again necessitated his return to the home land. He had become so weak that it was necessary to carry him aboard the steamer on a stretcher. But the salubrious climate of the home land soon restored him to robust health. The Baltimore General

Conference made him First Assistant Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions. In this position he rapidly developed a freedom, a facility of utterance seldom equaled on the American platform. Give him thirty or forty minutes, and he could do with an audience what he would. Laughter and tears followed each other or commingled as he raced on from continent to continent. Given a large sympathetic audience and some such theme as "The Ultimate Triumph of the Christian Faith," Doctor Stuntz would be at his best. Keen wit, amazing insight, torrential force, and a gracious manner caused one to lose all sense of time. Not a cylinder of his nimble brain missed. Many times he swept the hearts of his audience as surely and mightily as the monsoon sweeps the Bay of Bengal. As an electric, inspiring, soul-gripping missionary speaker, Dr. Stuntz has never been surpassed in Methodist history. Quite recently a Presbyterian minister said to the writer that the greatest single utterance he had ever heard from mortal lips came from Doctor Stuntz at the National Missionary Congress in Chicago in 1910. The writer was present on that occasion and he readily recalls the tumult of delirious applause which greeted the close of that address. The gift to inspire other men is one of the rarest gifts of God. Homer C. Stuntz had this gift to an extraordinary degree.

When the Minneapolis General Conference assembled in 1912 it was taken for granted that Doctor Stuntz would be elected to the episcopacy. It took only one ballot to achieve that end. He was assigned to South America—all the way from Panama to Punta Arenas. It was his choice and he gave himself to the task with his customary abandon. Once again he showed shrewd judgment and forward-looking generalship. The impress of his dynamic personality is found to this day in each of the republics where our church is established. After listening to an address by the bishop on the "Sepoy Rebellion," the British minister to Uruguay remarked that it was the most brilliant, the most comprehensive, and the best balanced statement on the subject he had ever heard.

The concluding period of his life, eight years in all, found him centered in Omaha. He had returned to his own country. In season and out of season he ministered to the churches and preach-



ers, the colleges and hospitals of that great Area, comprising the two Methodist commonwealths of Iowa and Nebraska. The rich wealth of his unique experience and the matured wisdom of an extraordinary life were poured out without stint for the cause of God and the church. It might well be said of him as of one of old, "he emptied himself." No item was too insignificant to get his sympathetic attention. He was a big brother to all his brothers in the ministry. He was kindness personified. Humble preachers and distinguished ministers received exactly the same treatment at his hands. In the hearts of the preachers of the Omaha Area and in the hearts of their families he will be loved long after these words are entirely forgotten.

But in the full sense of the word, Homer C. Stuntz was never an Area bishop. He was too restless, the range of his interests was too extensive. Only a territory nation-wide in its extent could give adequate scope for his abounding energies and manifold abilities. Hence it was to be expected that such time as he could snatch from the absorbing duties of his Area was in great demand in New York and Boston, Portland and San Francisco, and in all the other great centers of our far-extended country. He was easily one of our best known national figures in ecclesiastical affairs. A great American, he was acutely conscious of what he believed Almighty God's sublime purpose for this great land. To him America's highest destiny was to be achieved only when she caught the vision of service. He was absolutely convinced that as America went, so would go the rest of the forward-looking people of the world. Hence the passionate love of his heart was for America. And yet no man of his generation had a truer international mind than Bishop Stuntz. God had richly endowed him. He used his gifts for the good of his fellows and the glory of his God.

To sum up, these characteristics may be said to stand out in the life of Homer C. Stuntz, and to explain in part the rich measure of success which he was permitted to achieve.

(1) A lifelong practice of the privilege of prayer, an assurance of the indwelling of Christ, harking back to the hour of his conversion.

(2) A certain boyish buoyancy—his robust optimism, his

unbreakable belief that to-morrow would register triumphs far greater than yesterday or to-day.

(3) His emancipation from the "curse of the township mind" and his ability to inject world-consciousness into other minds.

(4) His undying evangelistic passion. To be a successful herald of the Crimson Cross was the secret passion of his soul.

(5) His repeated insistence on the vital things of the faith. The writer affirms that Bishop Stuntz was a forward-looking man. Bishop McDowell's recent sentence is worthy of repetition at this point. "It is one of the tragedies of our recent history that this man, who had not a drop of reactionary blood in him, should have been so pounded and troubled as though he were a backward-looking man." Bishop Hughes adds:

"Somehow I feel, too, that Bishop Stuntz would be glad if I could truly say that in the best sense he was progressive—he knew the calendar of the time and kept up with its days or went beyond them. Whether in India, Manila, Buenos Aires, or Omaha, he rode as an ecclesiastical general at the head of the troops of God and bade them onward."

These qualities would not have sufficed save as he had the unceasing support of Estelle C. Stuntz, his loving wife and comrade of the long years. She crossed and recrossed to the ends of the earth. She broke up her home many times for her husband's sake, and for Christ's. Without her self-sacrificing spirit the brilliant and amazingly influential career of her husband could never have been achieved.

What a character he was! As a pupil he sat at the feet of the mystic Thoburn. As a comrade he served with the prophetic Oldham in the Philippines. As a co-worker he labored with Leonard, Bashford, and Lewis in world regeneration. And now the work of the day is over. The workman has laid aside his tools. The Master of all good workmen will properly appraise the work. We who loved our friend are content to have it that way. He was a prophet of the long trail. The end of the trail is in the Father's House. The Father's House is beautifully inviting. The Father's smile is so wondrously winsome. All is well.

But the mantle must fall on other shoulders.

## BROWNING'S CONDEMNATION OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM

HOMER CLYDE STUNTZ (Deceased)

Omaha, Neb.

IF the papal authorities had placed several poems of Robert Browning under their ban, it should have caused him no surprise. Many literary productions are pilloried in the Index for offenses less grave than are found in some of his shorter poems and in whole passages in many of the longer ones. No writer of English verse has placed Roman Catholic leaders and practices in such an unlovely light. In none but polemical works is that church so openly condemned, and few writers of anti-Romanist polemical works strike harder than these poems.

"But," says an objector, "Browning wrote poetry. He did not conduct arguments." I answer, "Yes, but remember that he was a man of amazing knowledge, unpurchasable honor, and his poetry was chiefly about men and women and their motives, and reflected actual conditions."

In art, correct drawing is more important than color or light. In literature, fidelity to the facts of life is a canon not to be broken. If literary artistry garnishes falsehood, the author is dishonest and his work a fraud of deepest dye—a crime against society.

Much of this condemnation of Romanism is found in "The Ring and the Book," and this great poem is founded upon documentary evidence set down in "this square old yellow book," where the record of Guido's trial for murder was bound up. He mastered its contents. In his own words:

I fused my live soul with that inert stuff,  
Before attempting smithcraft, . . .  
The life in me abolished the death of things,  
Deep calling unto deep: as then and there  
Acted itself over again once more  
The tragic piece: . . .

Browning knew Italy. Florence was his adopted home. He

knew the history of the Roman Catholic Church through the centuries of which he wrote. He was deeply convinced of the fundamental place of religion in life, and was hurt in his most sensitive spot when those who were supposed to be shepherds proved to be wolves destroying the flocks.

His condemnation of Romanism as it existed in the times and lands of which he wrote is dispassionate and wholly incidental to other purposes. He does not revile, he reveals. The lens of his literary camera was wide-angled, sharp, and very rapid. If evil comes out in his poetical pictures it is because it was before his camera and was "taken." At the close of that matchless poem on the sacredness of true marriage—"The Ring and the Book"—Browning gives his own literary creed, which perfectly answers any critic who would contend that the art of poetry cannot be harnessed to the serious and far-reaching services of truth.

Why take the artistic way to prove so much?  
Because it is the glory and good of Art,  
That Art remains the one way possible  
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least.  
How look a brother in the face and say,  
"Thy right is wrong, eyes hast thou, yet art blind;  
Thine ears are stuffed and stopped, despite their length;  
And, oh, the foolishness thou countest faith!"  
But Art wherein man nowise speaks to men,  
Only to mankind—Art may tell a truth  
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,  
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.  
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,  
Beyond mere imagery on the wall—  
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,  
Deeper than e'en Beethoven dived—  
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,  
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.

One of the indictments against the teachings of Rome brought by Browning is that it cheapens forgiveness, and in that way makes the way of the transgressor easy when God makes it hard. In the last speech of Count Guido Franceschini before he is beheaded for stabbing his wife Pompilia, Guido is made to say:

It must be,  
Frown law its fiercest, there's a wink somewhere.

That is, though Sinai blazes its thou shalt and its thou shalt not, "there's a wink somewhere," a knowing smirk, which as good as says, "but you will get off nevertheless."

One of his characters strikes hard at the alleged miraculous cures effected when sick or halt or blind touch certain relics. He shows the essential hypocrisy of the church authorities in encouraging their use by the ignorant at Lourdes and Lujan, and at countless Catholic shrines and churches all over the world. He says:

"Here's a shred

Of saintly flesh, a scrap of blessed bone,  
 Raised King Cophetua, who was dead, to life  
 In Mesopotamy twelve centuries since,  
 Such was its virtue!" twangs the Sacristan,  
 Holding the shrine-box up, with hand like feet  
 Because of gout in every finger joint.  
 Does he bethink him to reduce one knob,  
 Allay one twinge by touching what he vaunts?  
 I think he half uncrooks fist to catch fee,  
 But for the grace, the quality of cure—  
 Cophetua was the man to put that to proof.  
 Not otherwise your faith is shrined and shown  
 And shamed at once; you banter while you bow!

Could any ordered and merciless polemic put the case more vividly? Would it be possible to strike the sordidness and superstition of relic-touching a harder blow? One sees it as in a flash of heaven's own light, and revelation is enough.

Church unity is constantly preached by the Roman Catholic Church. In season and out of season her writers and preachers hold Protestants up to ridicule because of their divisions, and their supposed antagonisms. And their own condition of union is played up as one in which all is love and harmony, the union for which our Lord prayed. Browning shows that this outward unity but poorly hides the petty hatreds and bitter jealousies, the un-Christian and sinful animosities between monk and monk and bishop and bishop. In the powerful novel, *La Roma*, the same thing is set forth in grim detail, with nothing untrue or even unreal except the names of characters and places. In his "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister," the poet lets us see the true conditions

prevailing in a monastery where Roman Catholic leaders would have us believe the inmates were living in Christian unity and had given up all selfish ends, and were spending lives of brotherly service all lapped in love. The entire poem should be read. A few of its lines only can be quoted here. A monk speaks under his breath of his brother monk:

Gr-r-r- there, go, my heart's abhorrence!  
 Water your d—d flower pots, do!  
 If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,  
 God's blood, would not mine kill you?  
 . . .  
 Hell dry you up with its flames!

In the last stanza the monk is represented as called to the evening service of prayer. He is repeating the solemn Latin words of the service, his eye being fixed on the hated brother monk. How far his own heart was from that "fullness of grace," love, and oneness in spirit for which Christ prayed may be judged as we hear him sing or repeat four words of evening prayers, and then, in the same breath, utter his hate:

*Plena Gratia,*  
*Ave, Virgo! Gr- r- r- you swine!*

In "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxad's Church" we see a Roman prelate stricken to his death. As the last agonies approach, he calls his "sons" to his bedside and gives them his dying messages. They are not spiritual advices. They convey no ideas of rapture in seeing so soon the face of Christ, and meeting those whom he "has loved long since and lost awhile." Neither are they tender words for the flock of Saint Praxad's Church, where he had long served. No, all was of a desire to have a tomb built in Saint Praxad's, as was the custom in Italy, to perpetuate his name and memory. His first thought was that the marble must be of the finest kind and purest quality. He demands:

Peach-blossom marble, all, the rare, the ripe  
 As fresh-poured wine of a mighty pulse.

But quality of marble, and its particular niche were not uppermost in his mind. They were means to an end, and not the end



itself. That end was revenge. Here is this bishop spending his last breath scheming for the erection of a marble memorial which should be better placed and far outshine

Old Gandolph with his onion-stone.

His words burn. They well up from an inward molten rage not cooled by divine grace, lapse of years, or even by the chilling waters of the river of death. He cries:

I fought

With tooth and nail to save my niche, ye know;  
—Old Gandolph cozened me despite my care:  
Shrewd was that snatch from out the corner South  
He graced his carrion with, God curse the same!

. . . . .  
Put me where I may look at him . . .  
For Gandolph shall not choose but see and burst!

. . . . .  
And then how I shall lie through centuries  
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass,  
And see God made and eaten all day long,  
And feel the steady candle flame, and taste  
Good strong thick stupefying incense smoke!

Can anyone imagine Christ being pleased with an outward ecclesiastical unity when hatreds, jealousies, and a passion for revenge that is stronger than death burn in the hearts of its leaders? Browning gives us a satisfactory answer.

But the intrepid poet goes further. He declares in line after line that immorality existed among monks and priests and bishops, and that even cardinals are not free from suspicion.

In "The Bishop Orders His Tomb at Saint Praxad's" Browning not only shows the desire for revenge which whipped up the failing strength of the dying Bishop, but shows that this celibate Bishop had reared a family of sons, to whom he openly bequeathed his villas, and upon whom he relied for the material, location, and workmanship of the tomb which was to surpass that of "old Gandolph."

Draw round my bed: is Anselm keeping back?  
Nephews—sons mine, . . . ah God, I know not! well  
She, men would have to be your mother once,  
Old Gandolph envied me, so fair she was!

What's done is done, and she is dead beside,  
Dead long ago, and I am Bishop since.

Sons, all have I bequeathed you, villas, all,  
That brave Frascati villa with its bath.

All *lapis*, all, sons! Else I give the Pope  
My villas! Will ye ever eat my heart?  
Ever your eyes were as a lizard's quick,  
They glitter like your mother's for my soul,  
Your tall pale mother with her talking eyes.

Old Gandolph . . .  
As still he envied me, so fair she was!

At the last, as a final incentive to impel his sons to carry out his dying requests about the tomb, he promises to pray for the gratification of their basest passions in words I shall not quote.

Count Guido Franceschini had spent more than a quarter of a century in Rome,

In culture of Rome's most productive plant—  
A cardinal. . . .

and he knew the double life that was led by many an ecclesiastical leader. In Guido's last speech before his execution he is addressing a cardinal who had come to his cell to help prepare him for death. He says:

Go eat your heart, you'll never be a Pope!  
Inform me, is it true you left your love,  
A Pucci, for promotion in the church?  
She's more than in the church—in the churchyard!  
Plautilla Pucci, your affianced bride,  
Has dust now in the eyes that held the love.

"Deny myself" meant simply pleasure you,  
The sacred and superior, save the mark!  
You—whose stupidity and insolence  
I must defer to, soothe at every turn,  
Whose swine-like snuffing greed and grunting lust  
I had to wink at, or help gratify. . . .

In the Pope's monologue in "The Ring and the Book," this condemnation is pronounced upon the young priest Girolamo. (His brother the Abate has just been called a "fox-faced brute"):



Pass to the next,  
 The boy of the brood, the young Girolamo,  
 Priest, Canon, and what more? nor wolf nor fox,  
 But hybrid, neither craft nor violence  
 Wholly, part violence, part craft; such cross  
 Tempts speculation—will both blend one day  
 And prove hell's better product? . . .

For there's a new distinctive touch, I see,  
 Lust-lacking in the two—hell's own blue tint  
 That gives a character and marks the man.

One swift blow is struck at celibacy in the priesthood:

Vows can't change nature, priests are only men.

Perhaps no one passage so perfectly discloses the naked worldliness and unspirituality of the Roman Church in the sixteenth century as that which describes the entrance of the young aristocrat of Arezzo, Giuseppe Capousacchi, into the priesthood, toward which he had been directed from his childhood. A great-uncle had been a bishop in Arezzo and the young man says:

You see  
 For his sake, how it was I had a right  
 To the self-same office, bishop in the egg,  
 So, grew in the garb, and prattled in the school,  
 Was made expect, from infancy almost,  
 The proper mood of the priest; . . .

The hour came when the final vows of celibacy, chastity, and poverty were to be taken. He was honest, and he drew back, saying:

I stopped short, awe-struck. "How shall holiest flesh  
 Engage to keep such vow inviolate,  
 How much less mine? I know myself too weak,  
 Unworthy! Choose a worthier, stronger man."  
 And the very Bishop smiled and stopped my mouth  
 In mid-protestation. "Incapable?  
 Qualmish of conscience? Thou ingenuous boy!  
 Clear up the clouds and cast thy scruples far!  
 I satisfy thee there's an easier sense  
 Wherein to take such vow than suits the first  
 Rough rigid reading. . . .  
 Nobody wants you in these latter days  
 To prop the Church by breaking your backbone—  
 As the necessary way was once, we know,  
 When Diocletian flourished and his like.

That building of the buttress work was done  
 By martyrs and confessors: let it bide,  
 Add not a brick: but where you see a chink,  
 Stick in a sprig of ivy, or root a rose  
 Shall make amends and beautify the pile!

Renounce the world? Nay, keep and give it us!

Saint Paul has had enough and to spare, I trow,  
 Of ragged runaway Onesimus:  
 He wants the right hand with the signet ring  
 Of King Agrippa, now, to shake and use."

This episcopal leader goes on advising that the candidate for orders should cultivate his "superior gift for making madrigals," and become a society leader while a priest. He took the vows. "Those terms changed all," and later on the same Bishop advises him in his duties:

Enough attention to the Countess now,  
 The young one; 'tis her mother rules the roast;  
 We know where, and puts in a word; go pay  
 Devoir to-morrow morning after mass!  
 Break that rash promise to preach Passion week

Rome's the essential harbor—make for port,  
 Crowd sail, crack cordage! And your cargo be  
 A polished presence, a genteel manner, wit  
 At will, and tact at every pore of you.

Browning shows the hold that the Roman Catholic Church maintains over families, by the influence of the priests over women. This comes out in many ways, and in far too wide a range of his poems to permit of adequate illustrative quotations. Abate Paolo, who had been

Established here at Rome these thirty years,  
 Who played the regular game, priest and Abate,  
 Made friends, owned house and land, became of use  
 To a personage . . . (a cardinal),

tells his older brother Guido that it will not be difficult for him as a priest to arrange a money-making marriage for the penniless

Count. He offers his services, only stipulating that the business be left entirely in his hands:

only, you see

'Tis I, this time, that supervise your lead,  
 Priests play with women, maids, wives, mothers—why?  
 These play with men and take them off our hands.

The crafty priest hies him away

To a woman dealer in perukes, a wench  
 I and some others settled in the shop  
 At Place Colonna. . . .

Fitting fee brings out the fact that Pompila, the child of Violante and Pietro, is thirteen, beautiful, and rich enough to bring Count Guido a competence. Thence at once to the modest home. Paolo sees the supposed mother, and dazzles her middle-class brain by proposing Count Guido as a husband for their beautiful daughter. Lovers of Browning will recall the smooth tactful Jesuitical putting of the case by Paolo to Violante as related by "The Other Half-Rome." Those who have not read it should turn to "The Ring and the Book" and see this priest "in action" making good the claim quoted above. He glosses, suppresses, idealizes and distorts, not only the facts, but his real motive, as he needed to do to win so desperate a case. *Tertium Quid* says of this interview:

According to the words, each cheated each,  
 But in the inexpressive barter of thoughts,  
 Each did give and take the thing designed,  
 The rank on this side and the cash on that—  
 Attained the object of the traffic, so.

And again, the same disinterested party says:

The straight backbone—thought of the crooked speech  
 Were just—"I Guido truck my name and rank  
 For so much money and youth and female charms,  
 We Pietro and Violante give our child  
 And wealth to you for a rise i' the world thereby.

Pietro forbade the marriage, but Paolo carried his point. "Letting pass a little day or two," Violante contrived a clandestine marriage.

Transfer complete, why Pietro was apprised  
 Violante sobbed the sobs and prayed the prayers,  
 And said the serpent tempted so she fell,  
 Till Pietro had to clear his brow apace  
 And make the best of matters; wrath at first—  
 How else? Pacification presently,  
 Why not?—could flesh withstand the impurpled one  
 The very Cardinal, Paolo's patron friend?—  
 Who, justifiably surnamed "a hinge,"  
 Knew where the mollifying oil should drop  
 To cure the creak of the valve—considerate  
 For frailty, patient in a naughty world.

Then Paolo repeats his formula for handling difficult family situations:

Mothers, wives, and maids  
 These be the tools wherewith priests manage men.

And who shall say that the identical method is not now at work in the families of our own nation?

Hear the Pope say hard things of his own priests and church officers in his review of the appeal of Guido from the death sentence—an appeal from civil courts made possible because he had taken certain of the lower orders leading to the full status of a priest. As *Tertium Quid* puts it:

He clipt

His top-hair, and thus far affected Christ.

The Pope orders confirmation of the sentence:

For I find this black mark impinge the man,  
 That he believes in just the vile of life.

"Such I find Guido, midmost blotch of black  
 Discernible in this group of clustered crimes,  
 . . . see, they lick the master's hand,  
 This fox-faced horrible priest, this brother brute  
 The Abate—why mere wolfishness looks well,  
 Guido stands honest in the red of the flame,  
 Beside this yellow that would pass for white,  
 Twice Guido, all, craft but no violence,  
 The copier of the mien and gait and garb  
 Of Peter and Paul, that he may go disguised,  
 Rob the halt and lame, sick folk in the temple porch!

Armed with religion, fortified by law,  
A man of peace who trims the midnight lamp  
And turns the classic page, and all for craft,  
All to work harm with, yet incur no scratch."

But the portentous brothers of the man  
Are veritable priests, protected each  
May do his murder in the Church's pale,  
Abate Paul, Canon Girolamo!

This is the man proves irreligious  
Of all mankind, religion's parasite!

"The Confessional" is a scorching bit of verse. It is the furious protest of a young woman against the treachery of a priest. In confessing a sin into which she had been led, the old priest learned the name of her lover and betrayer. It proved to be the name of a man who was "wanted" by the authorities.

But when I falter Betran's name,  
"Ha!" quoth the father, "much I  
Blame the sin; yet wherefore idly grieve?  
Despair not—strenuously retrieve!  
Nay, I will turn this love of thine  
To lawful love, almost divine;

"For when he lies upon thy breast  
Thou mayest demand and be possessed  
Of all his plans, and next day steal  
To me and all those plans reveal,  
That I and every priest, to purge  
His soul may fast and use the scourge."

He told me what he would not tell  
For hope of heaven or fear of hell;  
And I lay listening in such pride!  
And, soon as he had left my side,  
Tripped to the Church by morning light  
To save his soul in his despite.

I told the father all his schemes,  
Who were his comrades, what their dreams;  
"And now make haste," I said, "to pray  
The one spot from his soul away;  
To-night he comes, but not the same  
Will look!" At night he never came.

Nor next night: on the after-morn  
I went forth with a strength new born.  
The church was empty; something drew  
My steps into the market; I knew  
It led me to the market place:  
Where, lo, on high, the father's face!

That horrible black scaffold dressed,  
That stapled block. . . . God sink the rest!  
That head strapped back, that blinding vest,  
Those knotted hands and naked breast,  
Till near one busy hangman pressed,  
And on the neck those arms caressed. . . .

No part in aught they hope or fear!  
No heaven with them, no hell!—and here,  
No earth, not so much space as pens  
My body in their worst of dens  
But shall bear God and man my cry,  
Lies—lies, again—and still, they lie.

## THE HAUNTING QUALITY

WILLIAM ALFRED QUAYLE

Baldwin, Kansas

ONE of the sights visible on almost any country road is an abandoned homestead, and however often seen it always commands a melancholy consideration. A clump of hollyhocks smiling radiantly as if the human faces they used to smile on were present still. Hollyhocks never wear mourning, yet so has their smile more tearfulness, just as the forced laughter of a bereft heart is more heartbreaking than abundant tears. They haunt the heart so; for they will not forget. Sometimes it is a clump of cedars huddled together in somber loneliness as wearing mourning or a solitary pine flinging shadow and a broken cellar wall where apples were piled and where the lit candle in the hand of a child cast its kind light where an apple is to be munched just before going to bed. I have seen places where a well whose curb was years ago rotted away, and a house with windows staring like dead blind eyes, and all doors gone save one creaking angrily on rusty hinges at every breath of the wandering wind, a tatter of ancient ivy to the decayed loneliness of the house, and along the path of the abandoned door yard where children used to play hide-and-go-seek are reminiscent lilies of the valley and daffodils with their blessed pertinacity, courageous pertinacity, the place tenantless. The Haunting Quality. How oftensoever I see these things, vestiges of forgotten yesterdays, they put me to the task of keeping back the tears. Many a stately mansion do I pass and forget, while no one of these friendless yesterdays of families do I ever forget. They possess the haunting quality. They refuse to let you forget. They cling to your memory and love like ivy to a wall or like a lip of pain smiling or the blowing of a curl across your lips in a June wind. They haunt you not frighteningly, like a ghost, but alluringly, like the lapping of water on a boat prow by starlight when the stars are in the sky.



The Andes do not so much haunt us as command. In the haunting quality on the contrary is nothing mandatory but solely clinging. It has the wooing gift. It touches like a wild vine a-sway in the wind or a sea surge heard from afar. In the haunting quality is something evasive. Attempt to bid it stay and disclose its secret and it eludes you like a vapor and passes over you like a cloud on a mountain side traveling along the tops of the pines. Reach out your hand to bid them linger and open your staying hand, to find it has clasped emptiness. Elusive are all those subtle things that mind men of the mystery of the sea.

A well curb, bucket gone, well depths dark and forsaken, with ropeless windlass where of yore the water dripped, a tune splashing from the rising bucket, bringing cool sweet draughts from the depths to slake merry children and the harvester with sweaty brow. How that neglected well curb witnesses to happy days now dead; as spent waves on a sad shore of that refreshment and laughter and sunlight of that spent yesterday. All that remains is this stone curb and the hushed depths from which no waters now come sparkling to the sun.

I know a hilltop where south winds tumble over green tree tops to smell the growing crops on the underside of the hill, and on this hilltop with no vestige of habitation are some sprays of asparagus planted not for the sake of edibility but for the sake of beauty by hands which long since are dust, and the plant rises like a green spray from some enduring fountain fed by living springs, and in the later summer the spray is lit with crimson berries like ruby lamps, and here trumpet vines clutter up the ground with unmiserly confusion, not climbing but sprawling laughing out loud in crimson laughter like old wines, and some tiger lilies hold up their spotted flame like guardsmen in the night at a dark portal. And when discerning eye and discerning feet wander about they find a well filled up with stone and a fallen-in cellar wall. That is, all the bumblebees drink themselves drunk from the wine from the crimson goblets of the trumpet vine's wine cup and butterflies tilt along wanderingly on the south wind, and the south wind comes with its music and perfume and



hilarity of summer, but finds not the woman watching at the little house door in the shade for her farmer to come from the plow to get a drink from the well on the hilltop and a kiss from the lips of the woman at the door where the trumpet vine sways its blazing blossoms and the water comes dripping from the cool depths below; and now the asparagus and the tiger lily and the red trumpet vines "bring the dead years from their graves and haunted yesterdays."

I know a place along a quiet river where long ago much commerce laded the wharves and lumberjacks with their picturesque deeds and vocabulary used to crowd and walk nonchalantly on logs rolling in the stream, and filled the air with their quarrel and jest and language not always censored and loud laughter and talkings back, a place where the county seat used to be, and a thriving village with a wood bridge spanning the stream and a saw mill and a mill race, and saw mill with perfume and lumber and sawdust, and a court house of sizable proportions used to bulk against the rising sand bank of the stream. Now, the courthouse has vanished as if it had taken wings, the bridge is as if it had never been, the river is unvisited and unsolaced by any ships, no child answers a mother's call at noon or night. All gone utterly. No pedestrian along these sandy ways turning face and feet toward the burning sand dunes blazing in the sun across the perfumed meadow would ever guess from any handiwork of man visible that any householder sanctified this solitary place where sandpipers peep along the sandbank of the river and swallows nest in the spiles that loiter knee deep in the stream. Yet what is that flower which in late July and August, sweaty August, invades the climbing bank from river's lip to crest of sandy hill? Acres of flowers running about in glad abandon, like children romping in their gowns out of doors without their mothers knowing they are awake. They romp and never fret or tire. They play pum-pum-pullaway with the wind and hide-and-go-seek with the river and play their way to the fringe of an apple orchard which comes to the edge of the hill where the wild bees go to taste immature apples. What flower is this and how came it here? This is not a wild flower, but an old-fashioned garden flower which

hard-working mothers planted in simple love of beauty and because this flower bloomed with scant care from crowded hands, or better, with no care at all. This is Bouncing Bet—a sweet hoyden whose torn dress caught the briers, though her face when closely viewed is a lily white which sunshine can touch with its hot finger, colored sometimes the very least bit with a blush—who knows why? “Dead hands, O dead hands, you kitchen hands that cooked meals for the hungry broods of laughing girls and laughing boys,” and an echo comes like a lost wind, “O hands!” These Bouncing Bets are sad as time and sunny as rollicking laughter, but are fairly steeped with the pathos of vanished yesterdays and haunting as the rain in the cottonwoods and are all that remains of this city beside this inland sea.

Sometimes a cluster of lilacs carries to tell a narrative of departed days. They cling desperately to guard a household against being sunk in the past like a bubble in the water. Who plucked those fair flowers in the departed days and wore them across the breast in waiting for a coming lover in the gloaming? Who inhaled the happy fragrance and smiled unwittingly of the smiling in distant days? Who plucked these blossoms to lay them reverently on a grave newly made or overgrown to grass? All's gone save the lilacs clustering and redolent and blooming with a loyalty of memory and beauty fitted to move a granite soul to tears. Those who dwell here *were*, these lilacs *are* the perpetual present tense of the heart.

These give sense of the haunting quality as no wanderlust words could do. Things that stay and will not go, and if they went light should go with them, are the qualities we shall find here and there, many heres and theres, and not at all in necessary expectation where we should anticipate. They belong not to great nor necessarily to lesser. They belong where we find them, and that is all we dare say. Only I have found it a pleasing and mysterious quest to come upon these haunting qualities as always by surprise and by delight at the finding. In things, in folks, in books, in places, in music, in sunsets, in some turn of word which the sayer of the word never dreamed had imperishable stuff in it. So here we come upon a life-time quest well to think on, reflect

on, and happy to come on as it will be in the passing of the years, and whenever come, to leave on the heart the impress of a smile or tear or the touch of an immortal suggestion as if we had come upon an angel in the dusk of day what time he watched the moon arise.

When a college lad I met and read and fell in love with *John Inglesant*. I read it first, as became a student working his way, in Harper's manila-covered backed folio, and I shall never get over being sorry not to have that copy in my library now. I have read *Inglesant* times and times since, times I know not how many, nor do I care. Not times enough, that is all I need know or care, but never with lessened delight. Each time I get a new edition of any book I read the book again. That is the etiquette of reading, as it seems to me. A book seems some different in a fresh printing or binding, just as a road seems new when we travel it in the opposite direction. I have an edition of *Inglesant* in one volume given me by one who knew how much I luxuriated in this romance. It is a pocket volume and has had many a journey with me and turned each journey into a dream pilgrimage through a landscape of dream. Then I came possessor of the three-volume edition of 1902. To quote the declaration of the first volume, "This edition consists of five hundred and ten copies." It is on fine paper, bound in olive-green silk with gold medallion on center of front cover and has the imprint of "Macmillan and Co., Limited." To be sure I read *Inglesant* again in this garmenting, as was fitting and as has become my custom in the etiquette of this library. The most highly prized and latest acquired, though not the latest published, is a two-volume edition, hand-made paper, The Macmillan Company, 1882, and, besides, an autograph presentation copy from the author. This romance was published first in 1880, so that these volumes come with the morning dew of the day of this fiction upon them. The types are small and clear (I love small type and clear like those used in a half edition of Shakespeare), that gives a sense of restfulness to a beautiful page with margins that give a hedgerow effect on my spirit, and with the Greek motto on the title page and the author's name. You feel the grateful surprise of the author and author gladness in this

rendition of his work. I shall seek no further for *John Inglesant*. My covetousness in book ownership of this particular book is satisfied for all time. At least it so seems to me now. I hesitate to say what a day may bring forth. I am admonished by past memories. Should I see another beautiful edition I will not be answerable for my folly. Sufficient unto the day is the literary covetousness and folly thereof.

Now this same book, *John Inglesant*, possesses the haunting quality whereof I write. I have read the biography and literary remains of Shorthouse. They are definitely and continuously disappointing. Neither in himself nor his general utterances did he seem other than commonplace. His fragmentary writings are distinctly juvenile as regards literary excellency. How the man who wrote these lady-like and schoolboy effusions has written *John Inglesant* is one of the standing enigmas of my reading lifetime. It seems as if he must have composed this romance in a dream, a sort of Martian effort, as DuMaurier has affected in *The Martian*. In a word, *John Inglesant* monopolized and exhausted J. H. Shorthouse. There was no more in him. His *Little Schoolmaster Mark* is a negligible literary production. Another being holds the pen in *John Inglesant*. A banker with stammering speech (minding us of Charles Lamb) and with no apparent genius in book or contact, has accomplished a feat in literature which easily puts him among the imperishable names of English literature. This disparity between the man and the masterpiece adds to the piquancy and reticence and mystery of *John Inglesant*. The hidden dells in *John Inglesant* seem here to be a part of his creator's necromancy. Possibly because when as a college man I read *Inglesant* first in the manila-bound Harper's Franklin Square publication, as I have told, when I was reveling in the student reading of the Greek New Testament, it was that the initial quotation on the title page wrought havoc with my heart and my dreams and my Christian idealism. Greek printed words have always claimed a mysterious influence over me. I can neither explain nor evade their touch. It is as the breath of an evening summer wind, gentle but sure, coming just after the sun has set. And on the title page, standing alone and

occupying all, its landscape ran out to meet my soul that easy saying from John the Beloved as written in his deathless letter about love:

"Αγαπητοί εἰς τέσσα θεοὶ ἐσμεν,  
καὶ ὁ πᾶν σφαιρωμένον εἶ ἐσθμηθῆ.

However often I encounter that title page with those letters warm as summer wheat at the harvest, they make the language of my soul dreamy and mystical and panting for the infinite where everlastingness has room to dream and rest and see God: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be" was an arch wherethrough I saw the far beyond, and invaded it with hurrying feet and wildly beating heart. Rome too had nameless witchery for me, when I was in the thick of Latin, and the sinewy Roman target and spear were marching across my spirit like Caesar's conquering legions. But I think that above all the compelling saying of John had then, has now (now more than in all my golden days) lifted me as on wings. Nothing counts but God. Never mind what is the genesis of this haunting quality to me in *John Inglesant*. It stays. It haunts me yet. Shorthouse stays—his meditative mood, his philosophical dreaming, his Platonic spirit, his quiet stepping into nature and its moods, his cloistered and battling spirit, the making Inglesant a dreamer on the violin and his haunting the music of cathedrals and the wandering minstrels, his unaffected joy in historical places and dwellings and public buildings, his infinite leisureliness, as having no call to haste nor perception of any *finis*, his prose which slips along like quiet water that makes no ripple going over the pebbles, the solemn secrecy in *Inglesant*, after all years spent in his company—eventuate in producing a book which haunts the mind, like footfalls in an uninhabited room. While I live, I shall be glad of *John Inglesant*.

In Bernard Shaw, Wells, Galsworthy, and in most of those writers of prose dramas (prose dramas is the word in many ways) is a lack of the haunting quality. If Wells wrote a thousand years he could not put one wandering cloud in the sky of my mind. That is one man's feeling, but seeing I am writing how I think,

I will let that stand as the result of him and his prosaic kinsmen in literature. They have not dug to the depths where living waters are hid. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* is different. He has gone where life has a sword run through its heart and the wound bleeds poetry. He is an exception to the rule. Only when the infinite broods over a page, can we come to the thinking which haunts, haunts like the sea. In the *Riders to the Sea*, the sea is there, the measureless pathos of it and the hearts whereof the story has history and the long sea-wave wail of the women with the hearts whose solitary pathos is the vanished hand and the silenced voice, things expected long years yet though expected not the less overwhelmingly. Wherever life is conceived of as prose and dull prose on which the storm of fate rests with uninterrupted gloom, there can be no wonder and high surprise, but wherever life is conceived of as poetry it is thrilling. A child is a poem. A woman is a poem. A man is a poem. Often the poem is dirty and torn like a scrap of paper whipped by the wind and tossed in the mud of the road so as to be read dimly if at all, yet life is so high a thing that in its trampled state, in the muck of all filth is something startling like the sound of a trumpet in the night. These annals cannot be written in a prose spirit. In my heart and in my head I abominate that dreary fatalism which is the entire stock in trade of Ibsen and his ilk. When I read his name coupled with Isaiah, as I did a little time ago, I know that writer lacks soul discernment utterly. Isaiah and Ibsen can no more be classified together than shipwreck and a merchantman freighted and crossing the high seas. That vagrant talk is what misleads the reading public. They catch untruths as they catch smallpox and revel in the disease they have. "Life is unending," is the stirring faith of such as have disciplined themselves to Christ and are eternal poetries. How could anybody be haunted by the studied and stilted paradoxes and inveracities of Shaw? How could his little landscapes lure a large spirit? Thomas Hardy, who could have dealt with a land of laughing hope, seeing he was once out of doors and *Far from the Madding Crowd*, is stuck fast in a bog of dull despair where the mists of the sea deluge the face as the mud of the ground drags the body down and the suck of the



lips of the bog is on it. The only psalm of life this dreary artist of despair knows spits out his last word of mud and slime. "The president of the immortals had his way with Tess" can have no haunting quality for any sane wholesome soul. We can catch our death of him as many have, but never life. To say a man is a great artist in words is not quite to the point. To be an artist and bankrupt the soul is a poor use of art and a damaged use of life. Each soul in itself knows life is not just chance. It knows that external things may chance, but life is not external. Life is an interior wonder which grows tree and flower and, what and much more, the soul. We are not made: we make, and most of all ourselves. We must not lie about the soul, for compared with that all slander is harmless. Somewhere there is sunshine and growing weather, though the day is drenched with cold rains and crowded with pitiless storms of sleet, snow, and bellowing winds. They slander life when they picture it as a whole in pessimistic phrase and morbid mood or as a putrid thing. There is carrion, but life is not carrion. Death only is carrion and is a stench in the air. Life rules death, not death life. It is wonderful that this is so, but so it is, wherefore that literature which leaves the air tainted with the smell of death and rake-scented and lust-scented is alike untrue to the ground and the sky. The sky abominates filthy smells and deodorizes them. The ground has a pleasant smell and the winds that blow from far have sweet breath and fruits meant for a moment and for the satisfying of hunger have a fragrance of which we dream in after days and the meadows are breathing odors whereof the poets tell in phrases not so perfumed as the thing of which they write. Life is haunting, but there is no haunting quality in the putrid itself.

Going on to a better matter. Consider the present successor to the Laureateship of Alfred Tennyson, Robert Bridges. Not to speak of the value of his works, which are many, it is meet to say under the quest in which this article is bent that what abounds in Tennyson is almost inarticulate in Bridges. I have read his love sonnets with sure expectation of finding in them some trace at least of the haunting quality, for if that be not found in love, where can we hope for it? I have read in vain. Life cannot be

ice-bound in that burning Sahara of the heart. Dante, Rossetti, Shakespeare, Coventry Patmore, Elizabeth Barrett Browning drench you with an inexhaustible glory, radiance, depth, and delight. All this I miss in Bridges' love sonnets. In him I feel no haunting quality as in high, far cirrus clouds. All those hands were drenched with the anguish of souls like the cry of a wounded god. The author who has written an exhaustive discussion of the measures of Milton does not with a single contagious phrase make himself an imperishable memory. We hear that he was the choice of the university dons for the laureateship. Do those worthy gentlemen put good prosody as the highest form of the poetic gift? If they do, then are the ages wrong. Melody like a sea wave is what the centuries have loved to listen for. It remained for the un-laureate hands of Europe and America to speak the bleeding word for the world battle. He was silent when hearts bled. All that I miss in Bridges I find in large and satisfying measure in Tennyson.

Rudyard Kipling. I find haunting. He touches hearts, however rudely, as with a wandering hand. With snare drum or sword he makes the subtle depth of your soul awaken a little from its stupor. "The Chant Pagan" is an instance of it. He smites the harp strings as if a wounded eagle flew past, wounded but flying, smites with his wings, swerving in his flight for his death fall. He delights in heights and depths and breadths and all are summoning. He beleaguers common souls of every day, men with a sky through which immortal melodies break if but for a moment. His painter paints "For the God of things as they are."

We deal not with the critic but God. You do not want to miss a line of Kipling whether humorous or Gargantuan for fear the sudden blare of a battle trumpet be missed. In mere might he is appalling, ruthless even, but haunting. He will not leave you alone. He will not be ignored or forgotten. Consider "The Recessional," how much larger it is than a Victorian Jubilee, which it purported to celebrate. It is a wail of Godless history and a prophecy of a history with God. It is a chant of all the ages. Earth speaks. It minds of the minor prophets who said things larger than they knew with bow strung for battle. History has



to do with God, him always, always him only. Kipling drenches the cathedrals of our hearts and bids us feel we are cathedrals—the aisle and choir and nave and transept, floor and high-arched roof. There is room where he is, there must be. He has an exhilarating quality, and may stay. The word we had from Kitchener of Kartoum on the day he was buried in the wastes of arctic seas was the command of the ship's captain. "Make way for my Lord Kitchener, make way." So we call, "Make way for my Lord Kipling, son of the stormy seas of ocean and of soul." His wild war music haunts the silence till it stalks the amazing sea, and calls us by our first name.

It is here Tennyson refuses to be confuted or repudiated. He haunts us. I sit and think of him through my living and glad years with him, and his poems, brief and long, march by me like figures in the dusk. That is what leans and looks me in the face—he was haunting, and is. He will not cease this ministry. I cannot be quit of him. He gives vistas. He is huge with infinities. He will not affirm: he suggests. That is what I need, suggestion. I do not need a catalogue of particulars, physical particulars which make up the bulk of Walt Whitman. I can read physiology myself and look at a mannikin. I need a touch on the palm of the hand, a beckoning, a recovery as of a spent wave. If this be the case, then Tennyson must not quit us. It is so that he beckons to us from the dim marge of sunset in a land of reeds and in hearing of the moaning of the sea while dim thoughts arise in us going we know not where. He leaves something unseen and urges, "Follow the Gleam." Ah, now, that illusive quality, how haunting it is.

Or test Charles Lamb—that is all there is, a haunting quality, a whip-poor-will voice in the distant woodland. This suffices to render him immortal.

The difference between two mighty ancient men, Aristotle and Plato, is that, that only. Aristotle never haunts you. He is crammed with sagacity and knowledge and scientific serviceableness. Plato has a hundred roads that lead nowhere, or nowhere in particular. Now and then is a path that takes us to the sky. "Nowhere" or to the sky or to that No Man's Land of death, or

beyond. He sits like a bird on the window sill with wings for flight. He knocks at the postern door of the soul whose position or existence we knew not of, yet when shown it, felt we knew it, but had forgotten it was there. Plato has the haunting quality.

Recall how it is that Hawthorne has such a sure way of insinuating himself into our soul processes. He is haunting like an ancient hymn. He will not let us consider any habitation, however commonplace, but has a room echoing with the footfall of poetry. His spirit looks us all in the face with a far-away look in his eyes, and a far-off quality in his voice. *The House of Seven Gables*, whose story we read, has a furtive look. We watch every gable, then do not find them all. We feel that we do not see all of the other sides of the house; each gable hints at another gable—the gable we do not see.

The poet Longfellow steps softly in like the evening star. I know the jazz-like attack on this poet to the effect that he is no poet, and have heard the wild vociferation of an Italian voice lift in vituperation. Longfellow is like the old clock on the stairs which beats out the life of men, living when they are all dead and dust, growing nothing old, fearing not, heeding not; his poet-face looking out on the passing generations of the sons of men, sweet and smiling, looking out on all changes of shadow and sunlight, tears and laughter. His sonnet "Nature" has said a last quiet benediction on the earth. "My Lost Youth" has been called a great sea poem. I honestly think that it is and feel that it is. It haunts. Those "Spanish sailors with bearded lips" do forever walk the quays watching with sea-dazzled eyes the changeless mystery of the ships and the sea.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "When Purple Morning Breaketh" fills my whole sky with morning and wandering wind going we know not where, but going. Haunting!

So is Carlyle, who makes morality have a soldier voice. He blows like a boisterous wind in storm, spits out like a lacerated sea wave, calls out with the Scotch burr savagely mighty arguments from his anguish for righteousness. So read Carlyle, and he becomes a necessity of life. Clothes are not all. Soul counts.

Alexander Smith, with "Dreamthorpe," has the haunting

quality which abides. It makes a heart half sob, half sing to read it.

Among contemporary essayists, many of them sparkling like snowflakes in the sun, vivacious, chatty, illuminating, there are two who haunt you with their speech, William V. Kelley and A. C. Benson. Kelley's "Parable of Aetna" is quite sufficient to fix an immortality. His "Pilgrim of the Infinite" makes the soul stand on tiptoe. Benson possesses for me the haunting quality. I linger over his pages, as I do not over Crothers or Boreham, fine as those authors are. I care not whether he loiters or hastens, whether he write prose or poetry. He always has a haze on his horizon. He is like a gentle wind in your face. He has the sense of God, and the high, far things inhere in him that may render his goings far goings however short the journey. He loiters. No haste makes him stumble. He has a brooding spirit such as one finds here and there in Amiel's *Journal*. A melancholy like a faint afterglow suffuses all he writes.

It is the haunting quality which has swept Joseph Conrad into so many souls as if by a high tide. Whatever character he limns, or landscapes, you are at the last sure your advent will be on the sea. The sea haunts him and he haunts us. Whether his sea leaps tiger leaps of storm or falls asleep like a weary child, matters not, we revel in it. Conrad and the sea tramp the lonely ways of the spirit; and we rejoice.

In Whittier I find that haze, the blue haze of the mountains which smokes forever there. I think he did not know it. We do not know what hands pressed our palms. That is a thing hidden from our eyes, meanwhile we walk as in a dream. I find my thoughts hark back to Whittier when he is farthest from my mind. The adventures of my spirit lead me to his door. I am amazingly indifferent what any critic thinks of this poet. My soul will read him and make tryst with him. He saw things as if from afar. A certain aloofness of spirit was on him, but a certain hold on things immortal. He was a vesper sparrow song flitting when you would seek it out. The Eternal Goodness will keep Whittier's name green till time quits. His haunting voice!

In a few poems of Edward Rowland Sill's I find the haunting

note, notably in "Opportunity." The everlasting struggle, strength and victory are here.

Not often to me (for always in this essay, I speak on my own authority, for myself) do I find this quality in George Meredith. With all his keenness of wit, sense of sanity, eagle insight into character—especially woman's—his humor, his super-wise sayings from which you could compile a volume of sagacities which time could not wear threadbare however old the world might grow—not often do I find him haunt me. He amazes me. His novels are like studying geometry. He hunts character down as ruthlessly as Thackeray does Becky Sharp. He has touches of implicit poetry which are perfectly lyric. He never leaves his characters alone, but reports their very breathing. His love scene between Emily and Richard in *Richard Feverel* is one of the loveliest in literature. In the main, George Meredith leaves us wondering at his gigantic faculty.

Wordsworth is ever at his best wandering in a land of dreams. You cannot discriminate his lamplight from his starlight. However many times we walk with him, we leave him standing alone under the open sky where he wishes to be left. The "Ode to Duty" and "Tintern Abbey" are gigantic things. So is "Intimations on Immortality." The horizon holds him. It is as uncertain as a Turmalin picture. The horizon is the landscape, though not as with the painter whose haze is golden, ever golden. Wordsworth's haze into which he walks when at his best, is "ashen and sober," as a departing, windy, dusty day.

Much as I intellectually marvel at wonderful Swinburne, he does not, save at rare intervals, haunt me. The sense of his exploit and the quest for the hidden musician are on me and grip me. He strikes me in the face with his wings.

Sir Roger de Coverley of the *Spectator* is a figure in the early dawn. We can hardly get a full face look at him. Howbeit, he is safely immortal.

In Dickens and Thackeray is the haunting quality—in both of them, despite Andrew Lang's saturnine finger pointing at Dickens. That is not of much consequence. Whether either of these contemporaries was great in each fiction, really is strictly irrele-

vant and inconsequential because the witchery of each lay not in the character of the book, but in the author of the book. I find no haunting quality at all in George Eliot's novels. *Romola* should haunt me, but does not. *Daniel Deronda* should, but does not. *The Mill on the Floss* comes nearer to this effect than any of the others, but all lack in the haunting quality, which in the long run is the test of immortality. Balzac is to me like a circus parade, all in the open with the animals in cages and the horses prancing, and the horns blowing, and the chariots with their cheap tinsel. I hope I may be forgiven for this feeling. I will not name it to Honoré de Balzac himself, lest he flay me. What there is in *David Copperfield* after these years is a nameless witchery. You know it is there, though you cannot point it out, and nobody can persuade you it is not there; and the greatest Dickens novel, *The Tale of Two Cities*, is redolent with a mystery deeper than *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*. It has a satisfactoriness in which your heart rests, like as a weary bird, battling against a stormy wind, comes at last to its accustomed branch, and its nest. I have a first edition of Thackeray's *The Virginians* (in parts) and *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes* and *Vanity Fair*. I can read backward or forward in any of them, or I can let it alone. Just holding them in my hands is satisfactory. The quest of Thackeray's own spirit is the real quest. Specially and always is *Henry Esmond*, that dear book, which I cannot read often enough.

Dryden and Pope, despite the bluff assertions of Master Sam Johnson, that goodly Dictator, have shriveled in the winds. They are of little worth to the minds of human kind. Their glitter was tinsel. They could not haunt you; they had no undertones or twilights in their sky. Or Sam Johnson himself, who in his writings misses the haunting quality, was in himself so stocked up with it, as evening valleys with shadows. We cannot get along without him. He is a sky with rain and morning and moonlight and dusk; and his voice booms like irrelevant thunders. He is a heroism with broken sword and dimming eye and wasting blood, and stays unforgettable as daylight, or insinuate as dusk.

In Stephen Phillips I catch the haunting quality, especially in "Marpessa" and "Ulysses."

In talking about anything with brains or imagination, we can never omit Master Will Shakespeare. He looks down on all landscapes as the sun does. Every dial will cast his shadow. As a lad, when I caught scant quotations from Shakespeare and tossed them about in my mind as bubbles in a stream, I felt a nameless something in the fragments from this man's speech. I find it so to-day, now that I am a man and have been for some years. He will not content himself with any character acting a part, but he will thrust each into volubilities fit for archangels. His dismantled kings blaze out into very suns. The sum of it seems to be that to Master Shakespeare the soul was such an unknown continent, that he felt volcanoes in eruption, extinct craters, aspiring mountains, English meadows, bewildered suns, darkness whose woodland paths were lost, were supposeables, believeables, achievable. He lets what was thought to be an extinct crater, without a word of warning, break into tremendous eruptions. Soul was that vast. All his characters are like vacant rooms, haunted by those who have dwelt in them. His laughter has tears and his tears have laughter. We are ever neighbors to we know not what. This is the essence of the haunting quality.

I find my loitering feet footing it toward Jesus and his gospel books. I cannot keep from it. Not by any intent do I come there. I feel the lure of the heavenly unbosoming. His mystery of coming and going, the hush of voice and his temporary speech which silences all heavenly thunders, his illustrious intrusion on our earthly ways, where funerals weep and weddings laugh, and children hold the mothers by the hand, or nestle on their breast, where sea-wise fishermen, wearied by their night-long toil, "leave all and follow him"; his calmly walking on the windy sea, his smiling shaking hands with death, his adventure in the grave, and his tossing it aside as if it were a withered bunch of flowers—small wonder he haunts man. And the Gospels, those perfected lives of Him, have the haunting quality in infinite abidingness. Christ haunts every way. He haunts the ways of life and history. These recorded sayings haunt us and will haunt us till the mad wings of death usher us into that life which is all light set to music.



## THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE

W. D. SCHERMERHORN

Evanston, Ill.

INSPIRATION has to do with the belief that God and man are in some way related, that God will want to make his will known to man, and that man desires to discover the nature, attributes, and will of his God. There are many religions which claim this quality for their sacred writings and the Christian Scriptures stand with a large company of books which attempt to interpret the Deity to men. Three considerations are usually cited which set the Christian writings in a class by themselves:

(1) They treat of historical characters and events in a sense which cannot be affirmed of any other set of writings.

(2) They are progressive, while the others are retrogressive in character and quality.

(3) They carry a more complete revelation of God than the others.

A good place to begin with a study of inspiration as it has to do with our Bible is with the prophets of the Old Testament. They believed themselves to speak because of being in possession of the very word of God. They boldly made this extreme claim, and stood or fell as the claim should be vindicated or disproved. Either they were truly what they claimed to be, or they were impostors, or else they were fools. Of these three possibilities, no one would accuse them of being tricksters. Their sincerity is too-evident, their sacrifice too great, their risk too critical, to believe that they were trying to deceive the people. The testimony of a religious movement without parallel, building for more than twenty-five centuries upon their teachings, would prove them the bearers of a fundamentally worth-while message. That the prophets of the Old Testament were in direct communion with God, that they spoke the words or expressed the thought of God, though imperfectly and partially, is believed by all who reverence the Scriptures. These thoughts of God were put into writing and became the nucleus of a volume of kindred literature.



Around these prophetic books, with their positive message of helpfulness, were later collected as auxiliary and supplemental material books which were similar in spirit to the prophetic utterances, which interpreted their brief messages, or which set up rules for realizing, in various institutions and ceremonies, the ideals set forth by the prophets, setting forth the same *ethical purpose* as the prophetic books, but not having the same *ethical urge*. Thus gradually there was built up a group of writings which were sacred to Israel. There also arose a school of men whose business it was to teach, and to continually *interpret* these writings to the people for whom and to whom they had been written. These books fell into three classes:

(1) The Law. This group, having to do with the history of the Hebrew origins, being thought by them to be oldest of all, and being associated with the name of the illustrious founder of their nation, had first place in their esteem.

(2) The prophets, bringing a very direct message from God, constantly calling the nation to a standard of righteousness which kept it continually on the stretch, and which was rarely attained, were the second group.

(3) The others of their sacred books were put together under the rather loose classification of "The Writings." While not of the same high value as the other two groups, and while there were differences of opinion as to the exact number of books which should be included in the list, they were nevertheless revered, and used in the instruction of the people. The development of this idea of uniformity of value came later and was not the only aspect of importance in the history of the Hebrew Bible. There grew up a body of interpretation, which came in some ways to be regarded as of equal authority with the Scripture itself. Then there was gradually evolved a sort of Bibliolatry, following the decline of prophetism, which made for the people theories about the Scripture, mechanical and rigid in the extreme.

It was such a Bible that Jesus used. He first found the good in it, and there was much to find. He regarded himself as set to give expression and meaning to the highest demands of the prophetic word. Not one jot or one tittle was in any wise to

pass. He came to fulfill and not to destroy. Yet he came into conflict with the Bibliolators of his day in two respects: (1) He could not stand for all the trifling and stifling details of interpretation so jealously set forward by the professional scribes. (2) He found some Old Testament ideals which were certainly outgrown and to be succeeded by other and more worthy concepts. To those interpreters whose whole life had been given to exalting things *as they were* and interested in maintaining the *status quo* both of these items were rank heresy. "There is something deeply tragic in the thought that the Jews should have brought about the crucifixion, as a transgressor and enemy of their Law, of Him who should cause the world-wide spread of all that was best in it." (Sanday, *Inspiration*, pp. 411-412.) "Their own fidelity to that Law is a most pathetic spectacle. It is not all formalism. Our Christian formalism is worse, because it involves less severe self-restraint, less sacrifice, and less suffering." (Idem.)

Paul, trained for probably twelve years as a legalist, came to his Christian experience with that inheritance and incubus. The experience of the divine life within him, unconditioned by legal requirements, as well as the evidences of the power of the new life working among his Gentile congregations who knew not the Law, led Paul to take such an attitude toward the legal and ritual requirements of that Law as to arouse the hostility, not only of the Jewish scribes, but also of a large group which called itself Christian. In trying to square himself with this group, he made a bad matter worse, and nearly lost his life. Again we see the tragedy of one who was realizing in his own life, and teaching to others, the highest ideals of the Old Testament, thrust out of the synagogue as an opposer and blasphemer of the Law.

The early church had the advantages as well as the handicaps of this Old Testament Scripture, ready at hand, to be used as a basis of teaching. As long as there was the spontaneity which came from a sense of following the *Spirit*, and of using such portions of the Old Word as the *Spirit* made use of, there was little difficulty. But with the decline of this prophetic period in the Christian movement, there was need of greater dependence upon these writings and other objective data. They were at once

a source of strength, of confusion, and of weakness to the early church, in accordance with their way of using them. Roughly, there were five attitudes taken: (1) There were those who opposed Paul, and who held to the legalistic concept of the Scriptures—the later Ebionites. (2) There were those who, finding themselves unable to live with large parts of it, simply rejected the whole of it, as did Marcion and his followers. (3) There were those who allegorized it, and thus overcame any crudities or contradictions. The *Epistle of Barnabas* is a good illustration of this method of handling. (4) Some passed by those parts which gave them difficulty, seizing upon such prophetic ideals as were realized in Jesus, practically making these parts their whole Old Testament. In time they came to regard them as almost a mechanical presentation, before the time, of the life and work of Jesus. A good example of this method in process may be found in Justin Martyr's *Dialogue with Trypho*. (5) Some simply used it freely, without critical attempt, passing over the difficulties, and getting the good from anything which was helpful. It must be said that there was very much to encourage this method.

In the meantime, there were appearing *Christian* writings which stood alongside of the Old Writings, in the use of the congregations. The Epistles of Paul were in some cases encyclicals. The letter to the Ephesians and probably the Epistle to the Romans were of this class. Paul's congregations gradually, by exchange, built up a collection of his writings. The teachings of Jesus which had been in circulation in fragmentary writings and orally were put into more suitable and artistic form, and were added to the Pauline list. Other writings, sermons, attempts at interpretation like the Epistle to the Hebrews, and at least one apocalypse came into general use. Certain of these books, by their high value for edification or because of their apostolic associations, became popular. By the end of the second century, all our New Testament was in quite general use, without any particular theory of inspiration having been set up for universal acceptance. It was found to be good, and was used alongside the Scripture, or the Old Testament.

The rise of the various heretical sects, particularly the

Gnostic sect, created a very great difficulty. These sects claimed to be Christian; they quoted the Christian writings; some of their writings, however, were disowned by those who were in controversy with them. The fight waxed fierce. As long as the enemies had been without the Christian camp, the issue had been quite plain. But this was a battle of a different kind, and demanded implements more finely pointed. So there was built up a threefold panoply for fighting heretics: First, there was the weight of apostolic authority in a group of bishops who claimed to have inherited the traditions of the apostles themselves, as these had learned from Jesus; second, there was set up a "Rule of Faith" corresponding very nearly to what we now call the "Apostles' Creed"; third, there was designated a group of Christian writings, the chief test being that they were apostolic in their origins, which were the literary presentation of the true as against the false views. This list, when officially made, shut out several books which were in very common use, such as *The Epistle of Barnabas*, *The Shepherd of Hermas*, and *First Clement*. It included some which were not very well known, as *Second Peter*, *Jude*, and *James*. But it seemed imperative that the canon be closed, and that there be in the church a definite body of doctrine with which to oppose the false teachers.

This threefold means of defense was effective, and the heresies were repulsed. The church found it necessary to use first one and again another of these weapons as suited the occasion. In time the weapon of ecclesiastical authority was found most convenient, as it was easiest to work. As the power of the bishop increased, when any one failed to walk correctly, or to teach the true doctrine, he was simply "put out of the meeting-house." This tendency reached a climax when Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, expelled Arius for irregularity in doctrine, and precipitated the controversy which ended in the formulation of the Nicene Creed, and the creed being enforced not only by episcopal, but by imperial authority as well. When, shortly after, it was decided to make Christianity the religion of the Roman Empire, a definition of Christianity was necessary, and the Nicene Formula, with certain slight modifications, did service. The State Church now ran

along with its threefold means of defense—the creed, the Scriptures, and the bishop. One does not have to be a very deep student of history to know that the *bishop* became the strongest of this triad, particularly as he was able to call in to enforce his decisions the added weight of the military party. By reason of his preeminence, not much controversy arose around the Scriptures, nor was there developed with any particularity a doctrine of their inspiration. They were at hand ready to be used.

The Reformation forced a change with reference to the Scripture. It overthrew the power of the bishop, it called into question much that had gotten into the creeds. When the Reformed Christians looked about for their weapons, really they had but the one, and that was the Scripture. To this they made appeal. When challenged, they found that it still needed definition. Luther made an attempt to answer the question "How much Scripture?" but left the task unfinished after struggling with Revelation, Hebrews, Jude, and James. But he knew that there was in those writings that which taught Jesus Christ to him. Instinctively he fell back, as Jesus and Paul had done before him, and made the response of the individual conscience the self-evidencing voice of God in the Scripture. But there were other influences than the Scripture which helped pull the Lutheran Reformation across. The friendship of the German princes, and the desire of the Northern peoples to be rid of demagoguery and papal taxes, helped bring Northern Europe to the Reformed side. The question as to the proper limits of Scripture, for the free church Protestant, was settled later by the Westminster group, which declared for the canon of sixty-six books which we now use, and shut out other claimants, like the Apocrypha, as "uninspired," without giving a definition of the term.

In the seventeenth century the Jesuits on the one hand and the Socinians and the Arminians on the other were making trouble for the church again, and it seemed proper that the theory of inspiration should be fully set forth. The Swiss "Formula of Consensus" was drawn up and adopted.

The sacred writers were regarded as the passive instruments of Deity. Inspiration was identified with infallibility. Inspiration was

defined as including the *impulse* to write, the suggestion of the *materials*, and the suggestion of the *very words* of Scripture. The diversity of style was explained as the voluntary accommodation of the Spirit to the writers. The language was pure and exact. No barbarisms or solecisms could enter into the Greek of the New Testament, and even the accents of the Greek and the vowel points of the Hebrew text were inspired. The Scripture thus defined had divine authority, was perfect and sufficient, was clear, so that all might learn, and was effective unto the salvation of the readers.

From the date of this formula (1675) until the present, the doctrine of inspiration has had to do with the maintaining of this extravagant position, or something nearly akin to it on the one hand, and the development of a statement more nearly consonant with the facts on the other. With the exception of the claim made for the accent marks and the vowel points, the old Swiss Consensus is still pretty much alive. Perhaps as accurate a statement of this traditional position as may be gained, is from Doctor Torrey (see Torrey, *What the Bible Teaches*, pp. 282-283):

The Bible contains truth that men never had discovered and never would discover if left to themselves. . . . We see here the folly of testing the statements of Scripture by the conclusions of human reasoning, or "the Christian consciousness." . . . If our consciousness differs from the statements of the Book, it is not yet fully Christian and the thing to do is not to try to pull down God's Revelation to the level of our consciousness, but to tone our consciousness up to the level of God's Word.

The revelation made to the prophets was independent of their own thinking; it was made to them by the Spirit of Christ that was in them, and was a subject of inquiry to their own mind as to its meaning. It was not their thought, but His.

The prophet was simply the mouth by which the Holy Spirit spake. As a man, except as the Spirit taught him and used him, he was fallible as other men are, but when the Spirit was upon him, and he was taken up and borne along by the Holy Spirit, he was infallible in his teachings. The teaching, indeed, was not his, but the Holy Spirit's. God was speaking, not the prophet. For example, Paul doubtless had many mistaken notions, but when he taught as an apostle, under the Spirit's power, he was infallible—or rather the Spirit who taught through him, and the consequent teachings were infallible—as infallible as God. . . .

The Holy Spirit in the apostle taught not only the concept or thought, but the words in which the thought was expressed. This is not only a necessary inference from the fact that thought is conveyed from mind to mind by words, and if the words were imperfect the thought expressed in these words would be imperfect, but it is distinctly so stated. Nothing could be plainer than Paul's statement, "*In words which the Spirit*



teacheth." The Holy Spirit himself anticipated all these modern ingenious but unbiblical and false theories regarding the work of the apostles. . . . The change of a word or a letter, of a tense, case, or number would land us in contradiction or untruth, but taking the words just as written, difficulties disappear, and truth shines forth.

That this quotation sets forth a very common view of inspiration cannot be denied. Perhaps not every one who holds it could be so clear in its presentation. A somewhat different but about equivalent statement is made by Sanday in his scholarly and fair attempt to present for discussion what he calls the "traditional view." It is:

The Bible as a whole and in all its parts is the Word of God, and as such it is endowed with all the perfections of that Word. Not only does it disclose truths about the Divine nature and operation which are otherwise not attainable, but all parts of it are equally authoritative, and in history as well as in doctrine, it is exempt from error. It is not quite a hard and fast view. Some kinds of error may be admitted and there may not be clear dividing lines where these possibilities of error are to stop, but it is agreed that they could not extend to anything of importance. They may belong chiefly to the sphere of the text; it may be allowed that the true text cannot be discovered, but when discovered, it cannot be otherwise than infallible (Sanday, *Inspiration*, p. 392).

This theory of inspiration might be called *deductive*. It proceeds in this wise: God is perfect. The Bible is the Word of God. Therefore, it is as perfect as its author. In order that this Word may be perfect all necessary miracles of interposition, both in speaking and in writing, must be made by a superintendence of the Spirit which is fully dominant, supplanting for the time the fallible powers of the men through whom the Spirit chooses to speak.

Differing from this deductive theory of inspiration, there is what has come to be called the "inductive theory." Starting with the truth that these writings do find man in his deepest and best reaches, it thereby recognizes the *fact* of inspiration. As to the *quality* or *mode* of that inspiration, it is sought to find this by a study of the actual documents themselves. The ultimate *theory* is to be based upon the *facts* as found, and not upon the assumptions which are thought necessary. It is manifest that a definition thus made is more difficult to formulate and more liable to amend-



ment than the other kind. A working definition has been given by Professor Wood: "Biblical inspiration is the personal influence of God which so guided all who took part in producing the Bible that they made a body of literature unique in religious value, and, as far as we now see, final in religious teaching."

This inductive method makes its beginning with *Jesus* as center. He claimed to speak the words of God. It can be said of him as of the prophets: either he was true, or in some way mentally aberrant, or else he was an impostor. No one in this day has been so bold as to claim that he was a conscious impostor. There have been various attempts to show that the mental health of Jesus was not good; but critical and scientific study has pretty generally settled down to the belief that in a sense unique in history he spoke the *word of God*. His chief word was concerning the *character of God*. He revealed him as a "God of holiness, of love, of wisdom, of truth, of trustworthiness, of strictness of paternal judgment, of hatred of sin, of eagerness to save, of grace to the uttermost. The kind of a God that Jesus lived with, and expressed and recommended to others, that is our God" (W. N. Clarke, *The Use of Scriptures in Theology*, p. 139), and is the touch-stone by which we judge the quality of those writings which trace the movement leading up to the revelation of God in Jesus Christ. Now, it is because the Scriptures contain an adequate record and revelation of that unique action by which God was revealed in Jesus Christ, that they are the "classical documents of our religion." Not the Scripture, but the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, is perfect. Our standards of conduct and life are to be tested by comparison with the character of *God* as revealed in Jesus Christ. It might be better to leave off saying that the Scriptures are "the infallible rule of faith" or even saying that they are the "only and sufficient rule," for really the only and sufficient rule is the character of God as seen in Jesus. This attitude makes the Scriptures a group of writings open to inquiry and sets scholars of the world at work to seek truth both about them and in them, and then to announce what they have found without fear of being called disloyal either to themselves, to truth as they may see it, or to *God*.

Some of the propositions which students make about the Scriptures, and which help to clear up and strengthen the doctrine of inspiration, are:

1. Revelation is progressive. To quote the Epistle to the Hebrews, "For if that first covenant had been faultless then would no place have been sought for a second." (Heb. 8. 7.) The concept of God in certain parts of the Old Testament is infinitely lower than that of Christ. Using J. Studdart Kennedy's figure, He is like a Mohammedan Sultan. He demands a slavish obedience, and kills those who do not keep his sabbaths (Ex. 31. 14), swallows up with an earthquake (Num. 16. 25-34) those who do not honor his servants, and slays with the pestilence some thousands of the innocent soldiers of a general who has given him offense (2 Sam. 24. 15). It is up from such low concepts, that under the direction of the Divine Spirit the Christian concept of God has been developed. Those who understand this expect to find certain crudities as they journey Abraham to Jesus.

2. Inspiration is primarily of the *man*, and not of the *book*. The book is but paper and cloth or leather, "dead as a door-nail." It is the *man*, who having caught the breath of God, writes a book which inspires other *men* with the vision known to him.

3. The man is not by the fact of having some great message of God thereby made perfect in all other departments of knowledge, as history, astronomy, chemistry, or even arithmetic.

4. The *messages* of the Scripture were given independently of each other, and were primarily for their own times. This helps us to place some references to slavery, to the use of intoxicants, to the place of women, and other like vexed problems in the realm of secondary considerations, as far as the word of Scripture for our time is concerned.

5. While these prescriptions of the Scriptures may not have force, because of local and temporary emphasis, its great principles continue to be effective and burning messages for our day. But in many cases these principles need to be *translated*, not only into the language, but also into the thought-models, of the day. For instance, take Paul's contention (Rom. 5. 12) that in Adam all became sinners. I am aware of the various interpreta-

tions clustering around this Scripture, but we shall not be able in our day to make our congregations or our children believe that the guilt of another man, thousands of years ago, can be shifted to us. The *God* of Jesus has too largely made ethical our concept of sin. But we *can* see that the "backward pull of an animal ancestry" is true and that not as "original sin" but as "biological limitation" the same fact of religious experience survives. Paul's great statement that "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, the powers, the world rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places" (Eph. 6. 12) will not count much if we insist upon carrying over as a requirement of modern thought all the Jewish and contemporary theories of demonology. But we are certainly aware of super-personal powers which war against the good we would accomplish, of the organized social forces of evil, and we know to be true the *fact* which Paul experienced, that these forces are so powerful that none but the power of God can overcome them.

6. The books of the Bible must be handled reverently. Because of their association with the religious life of more than sixty generations of the world's best people, and of the dominant excellence and power of their contents, no one has a right to approach or consider them flippantly or even carelessly. Discretion, sincerity, patience, and appreciation, as well as discrimination must characterize the Bible student.

7. They must also be handled frankly and honestly. The stories told about the Kaiser and his army, in the days of war propaganda, were not worse than some which stand upon the pages of the Old Testament (For instance, Deut. 20, 10-16, Numb. 31. 15-18), and were told without apology by those whose concept of God's will was as low as their writings. We must not only be prepared to acknowledge these, but to point them out as faulty attempts of passionate and sinning men to think of the will of God according to their own standards. We must stop glossing over the faults or the sin of our Old Testament forebears. The Bible does not, why should we? And yet the fact is that when a Methodist preacher publishes his tract on a "Good God"—in which he shows a mighty bad one—the church is shocked, and does not seem

sufficiently familiar with that stuff to say, "Yes, but our God is not that God; we have the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Of course, the preachers and the editors say, "We knew those facts all the time," yet the church is not forewarned against them. The developmental idea of revelation is not generally taught among our churches, or else our people are very dull students.

8. Any statement in the Bible is to be tested by all the facts we know. If the book of Genesis says that there were fruit trees before there was a sun or moon (Gen. 1. 12), we may find the answer in geology. Any such difficulties must be set beside established facts and thus determined. "Ye shall know the truth, and the *truth* shall make you free" is the Christian's watchword.

9. When a theory of inspiration has been reached, it must be one which will account for *all the facts*. That such a theory can be found is proved by the knowledge that so many who are at once scholarly and devout cling with such great confidence to the Bible as giving a divine revelation.

10. Harm has been done by over-stating the value of the Scriptures. There has been the over-idealizing of Bible characters, such as Moses, Joshua, Abraham, David, or even Peter and Paul. These men all displayed true excellences which should be used for teaching purposes, but need not to have their weaknesses covered up and virtually denied, as I once heard done when a Sunday-school superintendent said to the children in a "review of the lesson," "Children, if we would all do exactly as David did, we should be all right!" Even a good man may be embarrassed by the fulsome praise of his friends. It is told of "Dad" Elliott that upon going to a college for an evangelistic campaign, he found posters saying that the "Celebrated Evangelist, Reverend A. J. Elliott, would be the speaker" and the "ads" set forth the exceeding excellence of this pious man who was coming to show them the wrong of their ways! "Dad" had to make a special call and get the "rough-necks" together and assure them of his humanity before he could begin business. Likewise the Bible would be more effective if men could only know how human it is, and how closely its writers moved to our level, and how they rose to the divine ideal using the same powers which are available for us.

## THE REFLECTIONS OF GRUB STREET

JOHN E. CHARLTON

Maplewood, N. J.

THE Gentleman with a Duster and Mr. Anonymous are very much among us, especially the first named, whose characteristic modesty leads him to style himself a gentleman with a housemaid's utensil. We cannot be too highly appreciative of these denizens of Grub Street, who no doubt have suffered intensely of want and neglect, as did the great Doctor Johnson and many another. Their success no doubt has released them from their sorry servitude, but the savagery of Grub Street remains. We know the effect on Johnson of this Grub Street experience, "wearing shabby clothes and dirty shirts" and eating his meals with "ravenous hunger" in "subterranean ordinaries and alamode beef shops," with such company as chairmen, porters, and grooms. Johnson shows an uncouthness of manner and so we may get an inkling of how we come to have *Mirrors of Downing Street*, *The Glass of Fashion*, *The Mirrors of Washington*, et al.

To be sure we must remember that the gifted authors fire from a distance and with disappearing effects. In fact, they do not even have to disappear—they never appear. They are not the first to distribute their offerings in this modest manner. Evidently it has been their custom to move in intimate relationship among those whom we credulous members of *hoi polloi* have considered the great, and their literary estimation of these eminent persons would hardly make the graduates of Grub Street *persona grata* with them were their identity divulged.

If there were a possibility of these soldiers of the ambushade being incorrect, we might be led to think that they had made an erroneous appraisal of the dignitaries because of this very intimacy, on the supposed truth of the statement that no man is great to his valet. Such a conjecture, however, would be quite beside the mark, for no one could write as they if there were the slightest shadow of doubt as to their estimates. It is very re-

freshing in this day of indecision to find men of such absolute knowledge and with such firm convictions about it. What a reflection, not to say condemnation, of us miserable mortals who admit some possibility of error or at least say we are not sure. There was a time when it was hinted that it is impossible for men to appraise properly and justly persons of their own day. Now we know that such is not the case. Few in England, though more in America, of our contemporaries who have struck the lime-light have escaped the scales of the looking-glass observers. Notables of politics and church and society may know their weight to the ounce, if they care to buy or borrow the books and read.

We are bound to say that we have made a great advance on our forefathers. They tried the same game and failed. But, you see, our weighers and measurers of the twentieth century have left no loop-hole for doubt. Every utterance or ink spot is *ex cathedra*. We like to be properly respectful to our ancestors, yet we must note that they usually made a "hash" of this thing in their day. Two generations ago Lincoln was the long-legged ape from Illinois who knew little and cared less about anything; and four generations ago Washington was a conceited coxcomb who was always aiming at honors and making himself and the country ridiculous. Now we must admit that these opinions are a bit revised in this more enlightened day. As for England, they know probably what Gladstone, Bright, Disraeli, Shaftesbury, and many another got in their day. It was a sorry pass, for they had done the same with literary, military, ministerial (of two or three kinds), and political lights through all generations. Apparently this failing goes a long way back, for there is evidence to lead us to believe that the people who knew him well in his day intimated that Moses was "dud" and a "four-flusher" or their equivalent. It would have been a great thing for some of those lime-light walkers of the past, like Napoleon, and Frederick the Great, and George the Third, and Henry the Eighth, and James the First, and the Kaiser, to have been given their proper rating in their day. Of course it would have been very necessary then to have shot from the trenches and at a good distance—say with a big Bertha.



Our heroes have certainly given us some spicy reading, to say the least. There is Mrs. Asquith of lecture fame—in America. Only two classes of people in her audiences were disappointed in her efforts—those who could not hear her and those who could. What American who was buncoed out of from two to five dollars in sound currency (worth a little more in pounds (£'s) does not enjoy chapter iv in the *Glass of Fashion*? If it were only a man instead of a woman, the bunco victims would be crying all through the chapter, "Soak him again." Besides, anyone should know that a child who comes into a room with the stupendous announcement, "Me's here"—well, that no good can come to her. It is awful. God pity poor Asquith!

Then how enjoyable to the people who have Anglophobia to learn from indisputable authority that they have always been right about these English, save now and then one of Irish blood. And what reading to the canny and modest Scot who said, "All great Englishmen are Scotchmen," if the clever writer had only been careful in culling and kept out one or two of Scottish ancestry. Of course over here we know that the "Gentleman with the Housemaid's Job" is correct, for Bunker Hill and Yorktown are with us still—what's a century and a half in international acrimonious remembrances! It's a great thing for Americans to learn, much to their surprise, that Mrs. Asquith is not the only kind of English woman. It would have been very sad to have missed that.

Of course we are greatly interested to know that the British Empire has such impetus from her past that she keeps going, in a fashion, with these mediocrities at the helm. It's surprising to know that M. Clémenceau "never met so ignorant a man as Lloyd George," but it is reassuring when a great wit (may be the duster gentleman) says that Lloyd George *can* read. Probably it means that the former premiere (what a misnomer for a secondiere or a thirdiere or a tenthiere!) is ignorant, but not illiterate. It seems likely that Lloyd George knows too little and is too cock-sure about too much—emphasis on the "too's."

Kitchener mercifully died before the duster got mixed up with the ink, but what a death for a "myth." Providence surely is all wise, saving the British Empire (by sinking the Hampshire)



and Kitchener himself as above. To be classed with such mediocres as Asquith, Balfour, Churchill, and, may be, Lloyd George would have been a hard blow to the Hero of Khartoum, who looked the part, but really was not.

And when we come to the contribution of Mr. Anonymous<sup>1</sup> (initials not supplied) what joy is ours. We who walk in the darkness of the unknown see those of the limelight walking up there where they have no business. Harding, Wilson, Harvey, Hughes, House, Hoover, Lodge, Baruch, Root, Johnson, Knox, Lansing, Penrose, Borah, every one a "dud"—not a live one among them. A galaxy of inferiors. Note how the h's predominate. Just why the photographs are put in with the caricatures is not explained. Photography is a wonderful art. The likenesses, if they are, make these men look well up to the ordinary—some of them might even be great. Probably the idea is to let us know that we who travel in humble spheres look on the outward, but the man of the mask has been valet to these unworthy notables and he sees and knows—no one better.

Mr. Anonymous is kind to the unknown among us—"that vast majority who slave and produce and get none of the products." We can all live happily more or less in the shadows, never to be weighed; while the high lights are being jolted high in the air by the swift tilt of the balance which finds them wanting. Presidents, secretaries of state, senators, dollar-a-year men—down they go like ten-pins when our old and stealthy friend Anon. bowls. They are not even "has beens"—they are "never wases." Of course most of the fourteen deserve it, but why so quiet and pleasant and uncommunicative a gentleman as Colonel House needs to be assassinated is a conundrum.

Really we are indebted to Grub Street as never before. The infallible Macaulay has depicted vividly, but even he was working with some retrospection in his perspective. Macaulay is out-Macaulayed by the twentieth century two ambuscaders. Who will have the hardihood to write a life of Lloyd George or Mrs. Asquith or Mr. Lansing—not to mention others—after these *ex*

<sup>1</sup>This Mr. Anonymous, author of *The Mirrors of Washington*, is certainly Mr. Clinton W. Gilbert. His Duater does not make the Washington Mirror as reflective as that of the Gentleman who pictures Downing Street.—THE EDITOR.

*cathedra* utterances of men who know? If they are written, who will buy? Men are buncoed because they are ignorant. They have no excuse after being tipped off by Grub Street & Co. Let us hope that the men of the pugnacious pens may not become discouraged until they have weighed and found wanting every last one of these *nom-de-plumes* who are posing as the real thing, politically or socially or ministerially. May positive species of their tribe spring up among other peoples that we may know the inferiority of Clémenceau, Foch, Mussolini, Venizelos, and their like. Possibly Lenin and Trotsky may be spared—theirs to be even a greater condemnation, that of being ignored. Modesty is a virtue, but modesty must never bind the utterances of those who can say the final words with the unquestioned authority of the gifted but too long unappreciated scribes of Grub Street.

Finally, away with the folly of democracies or republics. The blundering of the masses can no longer be tolerated. There is a great man or two still left in the world. That we know on the infallible word of our men of the scales, though we ourselves do not know enough to know them. They can be secured and we can be assured of their lofty ability, for they will be selected and appraised by the unquestioned methods and under the valet's scrutiny of the Gentleman with the housemaid's implement ably aided and abetted by his imitator, our own Mr. Anonymous.

To the victims of the ferocity of the typewriters of Grub Street who carry a mean kick in every letter, let us advise that they are no different because of the candid chapters in the reflections—they simply know their status now and may live accordingly. It may be added that wise second-guessers sometimes make mistakes. And, of course with no reflection on those lately of Grub Street, they may also remember that even the fallible may criticize wisely if they have learned the sapient formula, "The picture would have been better had the artist taken greater pains." And let us all be certain that we do not convict the former denizens of garrets of Grub Street with supercilious superiority. Rather let us frankly grant that they at least know and know they know; which is enough.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE RUSSIAN NOVELISTS

WALTER W. VAN KIRK

Lynn, Mass.

THE Russian novelists are realists. By realism is meant not that shameless and boasting indecency that to-day masquerades under that title, but rather the realism that is bathed in tears and washed in the blood of a suffering people. Realism is neither unbridled depravity nor wanton licentiousness. That school of modern fiction that misnames its unrestrained bestiality realism is woefully lacking in both truth and manners. The rugged realism of which life is made has little in common with the carnivals of vulgarity participated in by the loud-mouthed cave men who plod with such clumsy monotony over the pages of the modern "best sellers."

When we come to the literature of the Russian people we come to a realism that is an epic of life. Would you know something of the passions that kindle the spark of life into a flame that burns away the dross and refines the soul? Then read the literature of the Russian people. Would you be moved by the deep-stirring impulses of love; would you descend into dungeon depths of despair; would you know the sorrow that sits heavily upon the soul of a man who has sinned; would you know the hellishness of war and the grandeur of peace; would you know the paroxysms of remorse that convulse the spirit of the transgressor; would you know something of the never-fading beauty of fidelity, of the creeping ugliness of infidelity; would you know the repentance that leads to redemption? Then read the Dostoevskys, the Gorkys, the Turgenieffs of Russia.

The Russian novelist picks up his pen and writes. It is not a golden pen of fanciful abstractions, nor of poetic flights to some far-distant, primrosed paradise. It is not the scholarly pen of erudition, nor the meaningless pen of the hopeless theorist. It is a pen whose point is the bone, whose quill is the flesh, whose ink is the blood of a people downtrodden, abused and afflicted.

The Russian novelist pictures his people, as Bunyan pictured Christian, weighed down with a ~~heavy~~ load, stumbling through the Slough of Despond from the City of Destruction to Mount Zion. Like Isaiah, the Russian novelist stands barefooted in his Muscovite Jerusalem, preaching a doctrine of doom for the agents of evil, and a day of judgment for the wicked oppressor.

The literary critic has but little difficulty in finding occasion for criticism in the art, or rather the absence of art, in much of the Russian literature. The critics would have more technique, more literary finish, more grammatical polish. That is as it should be—for the critic. But life is not a succession of exquisite perfections. The human heart was not chiseled out of abstract virtue. The beating of the soul is often out of tune with the pitch of the schoolmaster. There are both cadence and chaos in life. There are in life the placid waters of a sun-kissed pool. There are in life the greenish blue depths, fathomless, mysterious, of the lake flanked on both sides by the rugged mountains of ancestral age. There is in life the smoothly rolling tide of a summer's day, a tide that caresses the bathers at play and brings the ships home from the sea. There is likewise in life the churning tide of an angry, revengeful storm, that breaks the beams of pilgrim vessels and sends their human cargo to death in a nameless grave. There are in life the aftermath of the riding storm, with bodies washed ashore, and the dull gray of the ocean as it links arms with the sullen sky. It is not possible to crowd into forms of artistic technique all the varied temperaments and complex passions of human life. The Russian novelists are not unmindful of their technique, but they are determined to reveal life with its lights and shadows, without pretense or apology.

The Russian novelist speaks his message to both the individual and society. There is a clarion call for individual morality and social righteousness. Like Ezekiel, the Russian novelist stresses individual responsibility in the realm of morals. Flaming its way between the lines of the Russian novel, the message of Ezekiel is grafted into the moral texture of Russian literature. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die: the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall

be upon him." How often is that solemn warning repeated by Tolstoy and Dostoevsky! Like Amos, the Russian novelist stresses social righteousness. He brings to his countrymen the message that Amos brought to the Jews: "Seek Jehovah, and ye shall live," "Seek good and not evil, that ye may live," "Let justice roll down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream." There is no sterner call for social accountability anywhere in the Old Testament than that found again and again in the message of the Russian novelists. We will consider first the individual implications of Russian literature.

*War and Peace*, by Tolstoy, is an art gallery in which the reader is privileged to look upon every type of human being imaginable. The high and the low are there, the rich and the poor, the oppressor and the oppressed. Count Rostof is the portrait of the idle rich that through the ages has infested Russia with running sores of grievous injustice. Alexander I is the representative of those weak-minded sovereigns who could dance in Saint Petersburg while peasants were bleeding for him on the field of battle. In Natasha we see a love impetuous, fickle at times, but unsinched. Sonya is the picture of a love pure as the lily of Yarrow, capable of sacrifice, sweet and confiding. Her love, like the North Star, has a brilliance that shines with heavenly luster. She deserved more than the world was willing to give her. The Countess Ellen is that type of social butterfly who cares more for the intimacy of a sensual love than she cares for the trust and affection of a confiding husband. Speransky and Kutuzoff are the Hindenburgs and the Ludendorffs who drench the earth with blood in pagan warfare. Anatol is the type of youth, all too numerous, who is willing to wreck the lives of others as he submits to the beast within him. Pierre is the kindly disposed herald of a better day whose wealth does not blind him to the need of reform. Prince Andrei is the Nicodemus who constantly seeks his better self, and in his Gethsemane of death finds peace. What is true of *War and Peace* is true of Russian literature in general. When we turn the pages of Gogol, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, Gorky, and Dostoevsky, we see the portals of humanity swinging open, and before our eyes there passes the solemn procession of the world's

characters. These characters are Russian, but they speak the language of humanity. In this procession we see the incarnation of every human passion. We see the representatives of avarice, greed, lust, despair, malice, revenge, and jealousy. We see the spirit of love, forgiveness, and mercy clothed in human flesh. Like the triangular prism that decomposes white light into its constituent and variegated colors, the Russian novel is the literary prism that decomposes the spirit of mortals, revealing those moods and passions with which mankind has been endowed from the beginning of time.

The most impressive message for the individual in the Russian novel is this, "The wages of sin is death." It is impossible to exaggerate the vividness and directness with which the Russian writer enlarges upon that age-long moral axiom. Two illustrations, drawn from two different authors, will make clear the lesson concerning the inviolability of the moral law. We will consider the hero of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, Raskolnikov. Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* did for Russia what Goethe's "Faust" did for Germany, what Shakespeare's "Macbeth" did for England. Raskolnikov was a student, poor, but with a consuming passion to become a man of destiny. He deceives himself into believing that he is a superman, and for that reason not amenable to the moral law. He will murder an old pawnbroker woman, steal her money, and with that financial affluence will establish himself in his career of distinction. He concedes that for most mortals murder is a crime. But since he is a superman, he enjoys the same immunity in morals as Napoleon enjoyed in battle and politics. Murder for neither could possibly be a crime, for both are supermen, and as such are above the law.

He commits the crime, brutally murdering the old woman with a hatchet, and, detected in the crime by his victim's daughter, he proceeds at once to murder her, and thus adds a second crime to hide his first offense. It has been ever so. It was so with Macbeth, with King Richard III. It was true of Raskolnikov. He hurries, unobserved, from the scene of the crime, and returns to his foul smelling room with an empty purse and a guilty conscience. In his excitement following the murder he was unable



to find the old lady's money, and confused and bewildered he hastens home without the gold that inspired the murder. The remainder of the story is Raskolnikov's battle with God. His crime begins to weigh heavily upon his mind. Morning, night and noon he is harrowed by the accusing finger of an outraged conscience. He arises at midnight, and by the light of the moon, assures himself that none of the woman's blood is sprinkled on his hands. Every mention of the crime by friends, every effort of the police to locate the criminal, fills his soul with a morbid dread, and drives him from anguish to despair and from despair to a living death. Petrovitch, the police clerk, suspects Raskolnikov of the crime, and plays with his victim in much the same manner as a cat plays with a mouse. In this duel of minds between the murderer and the police clerk Dostoevsky reveals an amazing knowledge of the minutest details of psychological action and reaction. In the mental anguish of Raskolnikov we see the terrible burden of sin. He can tell no one. He nearly loses his reason, his life is ruined, his friends are estranged from him, and like a moral leper he avoids the companionship of his mother, sister and comrades. Unmindful of the pouring rain, he wanders aimlessly over the streets of Saint Petersburg, returning to his room in the early morning, drenched to the skin, his body damp, his soul sick, a broken, pitiful creature. "Be sure your sins will find you out." They did that in the life of this young man. The law of the harvest was doing its work. The reckless youth who had sown to the wind was reaping the whirlwind. It was left to Sonya, a reformed prostitute, to show Raskolnikov that the way out of his difficulties was neither suicide nor flight, but confession and Siberia. The curtain falls. The scene shifts. We now see Raskolnikov, having bidden farewell to his mother and sister, standing in the presence of the police clerk confessing his crime. The scene shifts again. This superman, this man who had thought he could disobey the laws of God with absolute immunity, was now plodding his weary way toward hopeless Siberia. The scene shifts again. This time we see Raskolnikov looking into the dawn of a new future. That night, on his plank bed, he reads the New Testament given to him by his Magdalene friend. He had left his old life with its sin



and shame. He had entered into a new life with its promise of redemption.

We will next consider the heroine of Tolstoy's greatest story, *Anna Karenina*. It is difficult to speak of Anna Karenina without seeming to be sympathetic with the sinner and tolerant of her sin. One need not apologize for softly weeping over the grave of Tolstoy's Anna. The criticism of a gossiping world is one thing, and the merciful love and forgiving grace of a heavenly Father is quite another thing. One comes to the last page of this heart-rending story with the prayer that somewhere along the sunny paths of God's kingdom of peace, Anna Karenina will find that happiness which she so passionately desired in this present life, but never found. It may be true that in God's home beyond the sunset there will be a larger proportion of redeemed Magdalenes than immaculate Pharisees. We are reminded here of what the good Bishop said to Jean Valjean, "There will be more joy in heaven over the tear-bathed face of one repentant sinner than over the white robes of a hundred just men."

Anna Karenina was guilty of a horrible sin, the sin of infidelity. She paid a terrible price for her folly, the price of a broken home, the sacrifice of her child's affection, a soul torn by the ravages of jealousy, a body blessed with beauty, but cursed with the stamp of the beast, a social ostracism that drove her into the shadowy silences of despair, and finally death, greedy, grasping, relentless death. Anna Karenina tried to do what many others have tried to do, flaunt the high and holy laws of honor without paying the penalty of the crime. Anna Karenina failed in her attempt, as all must fail who would tread beneath their feet the imperishable mandates of an imperishable righteousness. How dramatically Tolstoy brings to a sudden ending the fitful dream of Vronsky's mistress. Dreary with the tinsel cheapness of her illegitimate love, Anna determines on suicide. Beneath a swiftly moving train she throws herself, and with the prayer, "Lord, forgive me all," she starts on her long, last pilgrimage. Tolstoy, in moving language, describes her going. "And the candle by which she had read the book that was filled with fears, with deceptions, with anguish, and with evil, flared up with greater

brightness than she had ever known, revealing to her all that before was in darkness, then flickered, grew faint, and went out forever." Silhouetted against a background of suffering, Anna Karenina stands at the cross roads of human life, and stamped upon her face are the terrors of sin and in her eyes there burns a warning for the children of to-morrow.

Another message of the Russian novelist for the individual is the lesson of that repentance that expiates sin and purifies the soul of the sinner. The New Testament doctrine of repentance is realistically portrayed in Tolstoy's *Resurrection*. Prince Nekhludoff falls in love with Maslova, who is an illegitimate, adopted by one of the Prince's aunts. After a brief love affair Nekhludoff is off with the army, and Maslova is alone with her thoughts, and she is happy, thrilled with the anticipation of the future. When Nekhludoff returns from his regiment, he is a man of the world. He ravages Maslova, and throwing her a note for a hundred rubles, departs. In the whirl of society he forgets about the one whom he has betrayed. In the meantime Maslova's baby is born, the mother dismissed, the baby dies. Maslova goes from bad to worse, and finally sinks into public prostitution. She becomes complicated in a poison case, and, though innocent, is compelled to stand trial. Nekhludoff is a member of the jury. He recognizes Maslova and realizes that he alone is responsible for her life of shame. Maslova is unjustly condemned to Siberia. It is at this point that the moral regeneration of the Prince takes place. Someone has remarked that Nekhludoff experienced an old-fashioned, Methodist camp-meeting conversion. In his determination to make restitution, he resolved to forsake society, give his land to the peasants, and join Maslova in her misery. Here was faith with works. He tries to secure justice for the condemned woman, and fails. He is made finally to see that Russian courts are established for the aristocrat and not for the plebeian. Having broken entirely with the past, this former prince and one-time favorite of the Emperor joins Maslova, with four hundred and fifty other prisoners, on the three-thousand-mile journey to Siberia. The story ends with Nekhludoff reminiscing on the words of Jesus, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto

me." *Resurrection* is a story of repentance and redemption, the redemption of two souls, Maslova's and that of the Prince. Another moral axiom is thus burned into the conscience of the reader, namely, that repentance is a necessary prerequisite of restitution. This story is the Baptist's gospel in modern language.

Finally, the Russian novel is a warning of the evil consequences that inevitably trail in the pathway of moral nihilism. Turgenieff's *Fathers and Children* is illustrative of this moral precept. Bazaroff, the nihilist, believes in nothing. He will not recognize the authority of the state as binding upon himself. He scoffs at the traditions of family and political life. He laughs at love and makes jest of life's immortal treasures. His life is an attempted revolt against the universe. Feeling that he is being tenderly wooed by the goddess of love, he rebukes himself with the words, "A man has no time to occupy himself with such trifles, a man ought to be ferocious." Attaching no significance whatever to human existence, he exclaims in scornful irony, "Men are like trees in a forest—not a single botanist will busy himself with each separate birch." He laughs at his friend Arkady for falling in love and labels such silliness "romanticism." On his death bed he pokes fun at his weeping mother. When asked to fulfill the duty of a Christian and take communion, he refused. "I want to sleep," he said. "Don't disturb me." Unconscious of that divine Providence that watches the falling of the sparrow, Bazaroff bids his friends goodby, and with the parting words, "Breathe upon the expiring lamp, and let it be extinguished," his soul joined

"that innumerable caravan,  
That leads to that mysterious realm,  
Where each shall take his chamber  
In the silent halls of death."

Bazaroff's death is rightly judged to be one of the most dramatic scenes ever penned by the novelists of the world. To read it once is never to forget it. Bazaroff, the nihilist, who would mock God, is dead. The stars shine down upon a small village cemetery in faraway Russia. Many of the stone slabs have fallen

irreverently to the ground. Sheep use the graves of the dead as pasture land. In one of those graves Bazaroff sleeps. The moral nihilist traveled the broad highway that led at last to destruction. One turns from the midnight morbidness of Bazaroff's grave to the welcoming promise of a cloudless day:

"Thank God! there is always a Land of Beyond  
For us who are true to the trall;  
A vision to seek, a beckoning peak,  
A farness that never will fall;  
A pride in our soul that mocks at a goal,  
A manhood that irks at a bond,  
And try how we will, unattainable still,  
Behold it, our Land of Beyond."

The Russian novelist, not satisfied with preaching piety for the individual, summons society to the bars of justice, for trial and judgment. It is easier to understand the Russia of to-day when we have read their literature. Therein lies the greatest value of the Russian novelist for the present day. The Russian Revolution, viewed as an isolated, disconnected episode of history, impresses one with its horrors of human butchery, its wild excesses, its brutal intolerances. Viewed as the direct consequence of centuries of unspeakable suffering and generations of unmitigated injustices, the Revolution takes on a saner aspect, and one marvels at the commendable restraint displayed by the former slaves toward their former masters.

In considering the social implications of the Russian novel we will reflect first, on the widening horizon of the peasant's vision. God has so constituted a human being that sooner or later servitude becomes intolerable and freedom becomes indispensable. The Russian peasant was so constituted. He had suffered, but his suffering was preparing him for the emergencies of the future. Before his superiors he appeared dumb and listless, but in his soul the armies of rebellion were being recruited. What those peasants have endured during the centuries of yesterday will never be known. God has closed the book of their suffering. But the Russian novelist has given us a glimpse of that Calvary on whose crosses the peasants were crucified by the Czars. The

novelist smuggled into his story a passive resistance to the established order that would never have been tolerated in any other form.

Siberia is Russia's Golgotha. If God could breathe a new life into the bodies of those who have died in that vast wasteland of human suffering, and endow that life with lips capable of describing the agonies endured, the undeserved penalties inflicted and the blood drawn by the sting of the lash, the voice of that sorrow would fill the earth with its anguish, and the heavens would cry out for revenge. Tolstoy, in his *Resurrection*, passionately describes the terrors and hardships of prison life. We see the criminal class, so called, though many were innocent of the crimes of which they were charged, and others were guilty only of breathing a prayer for a better day, trudging on their weary way to their Siberian exile. The prisoners are half starved while their keepers gormandize on the best of food. Their bodies are infested with the vermin and filth of an unsanitary and putrid detention camp. Those who are well soon fall victims to numerous and terrible diseases. How can health survive the spittle and intestinal excretions of the foulest of diseases? All that was endured by those guiltless peasants, both men and women. Obligated to walk hundreds of miles beneath a boiling sun, many died by the way, and their bodies were left to bleach by the roadside. Many women prisoners began their march under the taxing weakness of pregnancy, and on the way would suffer the agonies of child birth. Those suffering women received for their pains the lash of a superior officer and babies destined to die at the milkless breast of their starving mothers. If one half of the story of Siberia is true, then may God have mercy on the Czars responsible for those crimes of tyranny! It is little wonder when the tables were finally turned, that the peasants should have but little patience with their former masters. The miracle of the Russian Revolution has been the comparative magnanimity of the revolutionists, remembering as they must the merciless punishment inflicted upon them by the taskmasters of days gone by.

Throughout the vast range of Russian literature we see the growing impatience of the peasants and poorer classes with the

frivolities of the idle rich and the foibles of an aristocracy capable only of indulgence for themselves and injustice for others. The worm was getting ready to turn. In Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* as in his *War and Peace*, the reader catches a glimpse of that worthless social set whose life was a whirl of pleasure, parties, wine, drunkenness, and indecency. While the Rostoffs and the Vronskys and Oblonskys were enjoying their midnight revelries, the peasants were being drawn together by the invisible bonds of a common suffering.

The far-sighted among the aristocracy were conscious of the changing mood of the peasants. Levin, the landowner, whose struggle upward toward the light is revealed in *Anna Karenina*, is commonly recognized as an autobiography of Tolstoy. Levin, in possession of vast estates, is constantly at work trying to devise some method of land transfer that would give the peasants on his estates a larger life with a larger measure of happiness. Prince Nekhludoff, in *Resurrection*, follows a similar course. He turns his numberless acres over to the peasants before journeying to Siberia with Maslova. Pierre, in *War and Peace*, saw danger ahead unless those who had everything made a speedy reconciliation with those who had nothing. To that end he assumes an attitude toward the peasant quite different from that characteristic of his father. ✓But on the whole, little or no effort was made to adjust the grievances from which the downtrodden masses were continually suffering.

The Russian Revolution was not the protest of a sudden impulse. For centuries the accumulating distresses and sufferings of the Russian people had been pressing hard against the citadels of oppression. Finally the pressure of those hardships overcame all resistance and revolution broke upon the heads of the oppressors. The peasants had been revenged. Turgenieff has Bazaroff saying to the village peasants, "Come, expound to me your views of life, brother, for in you, they say, lies the whole force and future of Russia, with you a new epoch in history will begin—you will give us both a genuine language and laws." Turgenieff spoke better than he knew. Less than twenty-five years after the death of this Russian novelist the peasants had started that new



epoch in history, an epoch not only of the Russian people, but of the world.

Again, the Russian novelist gives us in his social message a presentation of the religious life of the empire under the Czars. Religion and politics were one and inseparable. We see a church owned, controlled, and monopolized by the state. The priest echoed the politician. The chief function of the church was to pronounce a benediction upon the wickedness of the state. Christ was made a puppet of the Czar. The Cross was no longer the symbol of redemption. It became the symbol of exploitation. Religion in Russia was without reality. It possessed no authority in the realm of morals. The spiritual paralysis of the Russian religion was illustrated in the experience of Tolstoy's Ellen. The wife of Count Pierre was a wicked woman of unbridled passions. She proved faithless to her husband. When it became known that she had money to spend, the church became interested in her religious life. The priests solicited her confession and she was absolved of her sins. Tolstoy then continues:

On the next day they brought her a casket in which was contained the Holy Communion, and they left it in her house for her use. After a few days Ellen, to her satisfaction, learned that she had now entered the true Catholic faith. All this afforded her great satisfaction, but she did not for a moment allow this satisfaction to prevent her from the attainment of her desires. She, comprehending that the object of all these words and labors consisted chiefly in making her pay for the privileges of conversion to Catholicism by turning over certain moneys for the advantage of Jesuit institutions, concerning which they had dropped various hints—Ellen before turning this money over insisted on the various formalities which would free her from her husband.

It was her idea, and that of her associates, that the significance of religion consisted only in observing certain conventionalities while at the same time allowing her the unrestricted gratification of every sensual impulse.

The duplicity of religion under the Czar was still further illustrated by the manner in which it had sloughed off into superstition. Tolstoy, in *War and Peace*, describes an old woman who was deceived into believing she saw holy oil trickle down from the cheeks of the Holy Mother of God. She said, "Such a brightness

in her face, like light from heaven, and from the Virgin's cheeks it trickled and trickled." When told all this was a fraud, she became horrified and added that if she doubted this phenomenon God would strike her blind! What wolves in sheep's clothing were those priests who turned the gospel message up side down, and made of the religion of Jesus a burlesque of pagan fancy. The dominance of superstition in the religion of Russia was further illustrated by Turgenieff in his *Fathers and Children*. He thus describes Arina Vlasievna. She

was a Russian gentlewoman of the petty nobility of days gone by. Very devout and sentimental, she believed in all sorts of omens, divinations, spells, dreams; she believed in holy simpletons, in house-demons, in forest-demons, in evil encounters, in the evil eye, in salt prepared in a special manner on the Thursday before Good Friday; she believed that if the tapers did not go out at the Vigil Service at Easter the buckwheat would have a heavy crop, and that a mushroom will not grow any more if a human eye descries it; she believed that the devil is fond of being where there is water, and that every Jew has a bloody spot on his breast; she was afraid of snakes, mice, frogs, sparrows, leeches, thunder, cold water, draughts, horses, goats, red-haired people, and black cats, and she regarded crickets and dogs as unclean animals; she ate neither veal, nor pigeons, nor crabs, nor cheese, nor asparagus, nor artichokes, nor water-melons, because a watermelon when it is cut reminds one of the head of John the Baptist.

Let us hope the Revolution has disposed forever of that sort of religion. There are many promising signs on the horizon that the church as well as the state is being reformed for the benefit of the people.

And, finally, the Russian novelist concerns himself with the perpetual problem of peace and war. Tolstoy will ever remain Russia's foremost advocate of non-resistance. His *War and Peace* is a stupendous indictment of organized warfare. This historical romance covers the period of Napoleon's invasion of Russia, ending with the retreat of the French after the burning of Moscow. We see in this volume the aches, the pains, the bloodshed and brutality of war. We see, likewise, the futility of military effort and the barrenness of military conquest. We see soldiers afraid to call their souls their own, not daring to think about the war thrust upon them from above. A German Colonel in the Russian

army is made to say, "We must fight to the last drop of our blood. We must be willing to perish for our emperor, and then all will be well. And argue as leadle as possible, as leadle as possible." Another officer in the Russian army, noticing a mood of rebellion in the men of his outfit, says, "Why do you judge the sovereign's actions? What right have we to sit in judgment on him? We cannot appreciate nor understand the sovereign's actions. . . . We are soldiers and nothing else. We are commanded to die and we die. It isn't for us to criticize. For if we once begin to criticize and sit in judgment then there will be nothing sacred left. It is our business to fulfill our duty to fight, and not to think, and that's the end of it." Thus would the military caste paralyze the mind of the soldier and rebuke him for the unpatriotic practice of daring to criticize the "status quo." It has ever been so with the military class. But times are changing. Soldiers no longer accept the doctrine of military infallibility. They have finally realized that God gave them a mind for a purpose. And these men are daring to think.

It is left to Prince Andrei to express that changing sentiment among the soldiers in the armies of the Czar:

What is war? And what is necessary for its success, and what are the laws of military society? The end and aim of war is murder; the weapons of war are espionage, and treachery, and the encouragement of treachery, the ruin of the inhabitants, and pillage and robbery of their possessions, deceptions and lies which pass under the name of finesse; the privileges of the military class, the lack of freedom, enforced inactivity, ignorance, rudeness, debauchery, drunkenness. And yet that is the highest caste in society, respected by all.

Wounded and with death imminent, and thinking of the battle to be fought on the morrow, the Prince meditates still further:

Tens of thousands of men meet, just as they will to-morrow, to murder one another, they will massacre and maim, and afterwards thanksgiving Te Deums will be celebrated, because many men have been killed, and victory will be proclaimed on the supposition that the more men killed, the greater the credit. Think of God looking down and listening to them!

It was the Russian novelist who sowed the seed of rebellion

against the folly of militarism. That sowing has yielded an abundant harvest, and not only in Russia but throughout the world men are raising the question, "What does God think about it?" War is exactly what Tolstoy describes it to be, when, in speaking of a battle with the French, he has one of his characters say, "In the slowly dissipating gunpowder smoke that spread all over the space where Napoleon was riding, in the pools of blood lay horses and men, singly and in heaps. This was not a battle. It was wholesale butchery, incapable of bringing any advantage to either the Russians or the French." The Russian novelist in the matter of war was forecasting the judgment of humanity. The world is indebted to Tolstoy for the most stinging rebuke of war ever recorded in the literature of the world.

The message of the Russian novelists is one of morality for the individual and righteousness for the nation. It is a message of life closely related to the children of God everywhere. It is a message closely akin to that uttered by a lonely Carpenter upon the hillsides of Galilee, a message that "whatsoever a man sows, that shall he reap," a message that points to death for sin and reward for righteousness.

## THE CURRENT REVIVAL

WILLIAM EDWARD TILROE

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE writer does not consider his world as mainly a hospital. A certain current good Book has told him better. It says that Jesus, the Saviour of the world, has other names than Saviour—significantly, has many other names than Saviour. Teacher, King, Servant, Lord, Christ, Son of Man, Son of God, Immanuel are but a beginning. Relief, recovery, salvation, redemption is but a paragraph of the story. The planet is more than a hospital. Men do not begin to live when they are dead.

By "revival," then, these lines mean a great deal more than living again. Living again, redemption, salvation, is but one of a number of great affairs having initial business under the sun. The world is a school, a workshop, a tribunal as certainly and as vitally as it is a hospital. One may be suspicious it is even very much more so. But while the old world means by "revival" whatever good goes on under the sun, we use its terminology. We too are thinking of all good under the sun. If one may not be exact, it is probably better anyway to minify than to exaggerate. The dreams of us all are of the best that can happen. If the best that can happen is seen by other names to be yet better, we are that much ahead. It is an unusual outlook that would complain, is the world indeed a vastly farther cry than a hospital?

That the Christ came to the earth for the whole earth is to Christians a commonplace. He came for all men, for all time, for all needs. Being the Son of Man, he was born and lived and died as to time and place, but his mission was retroactive, prophetic, timeless, measureless. "The Word was with God, and the Word was God." "Of his kingdom there shall be no end." Men do not measure God. Potentially, the Incarnation did not begin with the years of Our Lord. It began with the eternities of Our Lord. He is life, and light, and rule, and might, and destiny, "From the foundation of the world." "The world was made by him, and

without him was not anything made that was made." He is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." We do not go astray when we think of the Christ in terms of the whole earth. We tell even in that but a fragment of the story. As to the Bible, nothing less than the outgoings of God are in his Christ. The time is near when no Christian will write a history of Christendom and date from Bethlehem. There is no Christendom that is not eternal. Christendom dates from God. The cradle of Christendom is God. So, presently, there will be, statedly, no longer a provincial Christendom. Judaism, Islam, Buddhism will vanish as comparison. Christendom will be seen to be the one fitting name for the sum of all good. As to human affairs Christendom will be the planet. The current revival is a vision of "The King in his beauty," and "The land that is very far off."

Does one remember the high level taken by the Son of Mary in his thinking, he would be surprised did not his explicit words cover precisely this wide territory: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." "I must preach the kingdom of God, for therefore am I sent." "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." "Think not I am come to destroy the law and the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill." "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword." "For judgment I am come into this world." "I have finished the work thou gavest me to do." To himself Jesus was truly a Saviour, but he was all as truly a Servant, a Teacher, a King, a revealing of God. The world of Jesus was to the limit of its need a hospital. It was as profoundly a house of toil, a school, a bar of destiny.

After the great Master, no New Testament writer has any hesitancy in ranging the earth and the skies, likewise. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." "They shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is God with us." "We know thou art a teacher come from God." "He went about doing good." "Before him shall be gathered all nations." Equally, the Saviour of the whole Bible



is Toiler, Teacher, King. - Equally, the world of the whole Bible is school, workshop, tribunal, as also a hospital.

To scriptural experts this emphasis on a larger diagnosis of human existence rather than another may seem needless. The wider interpretation would appear obvious. Who would set himself against such a current? But the restricted concept, strange to say, is the ordinary orthodoxy. "Christianity is above all else a religion of redemption." "The redemptive note is the dominant note in the life and work of Jesus." "May we not say of the Bible that the whole of it was written to show the person of the Redeemer, and to say the word Redeemer?" "The essential unity of the Bible is in its gradual unfolding of God's plan of redemption for the human race." "The Incarnation in order to redemption has the same place in revealed Theology that the Creation has in natural Theology. It is the very center of the system about which our lives revolve." The significance of these strong words from varying sources, is that they may be multiplied indefinitely.

To the general mind, unquestionably, as yet, the world is pre-eminently a hospital, its Christ a Redeemer, and the human race, normally, lives only when it is dead. That in sad fact but few of earth's millions find real sainthood until shortly before death was a classic saying of John Wesley. From a like reasoning, till the fog was in his throat, the great Constantine would not receive baptism. So Romanism teaches a purgatory, and will canonize no man while he is alive. Deathbed penitence has its wide significance, and it is to be feared its vogue, in use of the same logic. The hospital is the large business of life. Earth has no resting place. Heaven is one's home. The one compelling need of the planet is literally a resurrection, a revival, a living again. Human life is frankly an emergency. The Christ shrinks to an Interne. Only with the new heaven and the new earth does the broken shaft of human living find its capital, and the shattered plans of the Eternal begin to function. These pages may be awry, but they cannot well be accused of waste.

Not the least mischief the world considered dominantly a hospital has wrought is its array of troublous speculations as to human destinies. A curative world essentially, and the still unfit

come to annihilation. The Romanist invents a purgatory. A probation after death is announced. Premillennialism is confessedly a hopelessness with the present order. The world must wait a better age. Spiritualism is a cry for other worlds, from souls unhappy with the world of men. The Epicurean said he would eat and drink, for to-morrow he died. The materialist is in particular a man reacting from an hospital air of life. He will crowd the ward and lancet and bitter feedings out of mind. Getting well is little future. He will get gold, and power, and love, and place—things not at all to-morrow. Did these illusioned multitudes suppose that they were here to learn, to strive, to serve, to truly live, to climb in high clean air, through visions of delight, to the near company of God, it would work wondrous magic. But verily sure within themselves the tortured, drugged, and acid air is inescapable while in the flesh, they dream and weary for better worlds.

To the writer the restricted concept of world affairs is unthinkable. Except for some supposed credal need it would never have been formulated. It does not adequately interpret Holy Writ. The facts of human life, judged in the whole, are not with it. The atmosphere is an asceticism, burdensome, smothering, cruel, futureless. It is the fruitful soil of the misleading healing cults whose trail is ashes and despair. It gives a lesser God. It minifies men. It shades the life eternal. This old world so far as ill is in blessed truth a hospital. But it is immeasurably more. Being a world of God, it has yet other business than getting well. Men and women are not so irretrievably invalids. It is the notion of these lines to say the world is but in small share a hospital. Its native air is neither acid nor anæsthetic; it is a place to live in, not to stay in; it is nothing less than one of the many mansions of the Father's House. While contentedly the great God holds the planet in its orbit, it is a waste to moon and weary for better worlds. The current revival is at once a current study, a current service, a current outcome, a current delight, quite of a magic to keep one happy out of heaven. It is the familiar ancient optimism that insisted, "Godliness is profitable unto all things," having promise of the life that now is, and of

that which is to come. In a word, the Bible and religion are ahead of our concept as to the world we live in. Liking the neighbors with us, we call it the current revival. We shall find it vastly more. It is richer than poetry that with God in his heaven it is all right with his world.

Riding down the foothills of the Western Sierras, an old mountaineer gazed out of his window in high glee. A broad expanse of unpromising alkali desert lay before him. "Ah, there is beauty. All my life long I have lived among these rocks. Here is something to see." His seatmate had come from the reaches of Illinois prairie, and had found grandeur in the rocks. So the landsman makes ocean voyages with delight. The sailor counts shore leave among his joys. The city-dweller seeks the wilds. We are often sad judges of what we know best. A contemporary makes a poor historian. That we often do not know the signs of our times is a very human failing. If in face of the drift we yet see widening visions of our world, we may count it as of the current revival.

Also, our enlarging visions of God are of the current revival. That human freedom ever so approached Omnipotence as to turn collision into chaos, and to force The Eternal on a waiting list, grows unbelievable. There is every evidence the laws of Nature are exactly the same as yesterday. So far as human records run men see and think and hate and love precisely as in Nineveh and Tyre. On a scale of the whole of life, the organic institutions of men, the family, the market, the school, state and church, are better stabilized with every century, which could not be were the temple of the soul in ruins. There are surely the marks of wear and tear on rocks and men and things, but the signs of growth, finish, fruition are a thousandfold more obvious. Whatever the demands of ignorance, distress, doubt, or creed, to consider progress is to the rear, and the universe a crab, is to walk about blind at the eyes and slow at heart to believe. Does the great world truly own a God, it must be traveling up and on. It cannot travel down. It cannot even travel around. It cannot say its prayers to just any sort of God. And never in all the ages did human beings have so big a God. As to the planet there is a cur-

rent revival in its sense of God. God grows on folks. He will forever grow on folks.

The advance of civilization under the sun is of the current revival. It is great fun to grow ponderously humorous over instances where yesterday had advantage against to-day. The old Egyptian could embalm his dead as we cannot. But after all, an immortal soul around the house has a value over an immortal mummy. Our intelligent press takes weird delight in exploiting a caveman now and then. Did he get out of the museum into the citizenry the very editor responsible would kill the copy. It is the caveman in the German that is just now at school. The early ideal of human well being was known as a garden of the Lord. The ideal of heaven is a human well being made immortal. The tree of life bears twelve manner of fruit, has an autumn every month, and its leaves are for the healing of the nations. The steady betterment of matters under the sun we call civilization is the perennial garden of the Lord. The great Father of the many mansions is glad that never were human beings housed in such comfortable dwellings. The great God whose name is Light smiles that never did human beings live so little in the dark. A wondrous missionary is the kerosene can. He whose light is Life is the heart of that amazement we name Transportation. What a ferment among men do sails and steam and trolley and motor spell? And to get around is the genius of the missionary. What Adam may have had for tools in his gardening is not for us to know, but the journey from bare hands is of the miracles of God. Men are multiplied by tools. Did every family have a dozen children it would not mean so much. And men are multiplied by publicity. The literary activity of the Christian world is as if nations of Christians were being born in a day. The political ascendancy of the Christian world is a perennial evangelism. That the markets of the earth take law from Christian lands is a fabulous saving in conventional ministers and holy dollars. Should the earth take on, as sometimes prophesied, a far reaction into barbarism, good men might well despair of a millennium. As things are, the civilizing forces of life give every sign of being baptized and ordained of God. They are of the current revival.

The steady appreciation of man in his own eyes is also of the current revival. When it is remembered how enormously, to himself, this has been his own affair, one may well consider its value. Great Babylon has been builded by the might of his own hand. That it was ever by the grace of God he has usually had to be taught. So that never in his own estimate has man so sanely and righteously orientated himself as at this latest date, is a matter of amazing promise. Slavery, at times a benediction, as it is to the brutes, is from its villainies put aside forever. The world-long concept of the secondary rating of woman is giving way to a welcome of her equality. So marked is the change of attitude toward children, we are said to live in an age of their discovery. Out of any wise proportion whatsoever the world has been shaped by war, and men are seriously considering its legal demolition. The risks of human life by machinery, transportation, medicines, food, and drink are affairs of great moment. The joking attitude of Americans to their drastic prohibition legislation is much their blank amazement that it ever was put over. The geometric ratio of improvement in cultural conditions is universally esteemed high wisdom. Democracy is king. Men are an asset. It is of the current revival.

The irresistible march of the scientific spirit is of the current revival. The authority of truth is not one thing less than the will of God. The growing persuasion that nothing can really happen is a world-wide sermon. That what one sows he reaps is seen to be the anchor and hope of all good. Every school on earth is a school of religion. Psychology is become a fascination. It only means the seeming welter of thoughts in the human mind is in fact a realm of law and order. We understand why thoughts are in review at the day of judgment as are words and deeds. They are responsible affairs. We have seen the sea of the air made navigable. We are learning radio. Do we find a queer thing anywhere, we are sure it will be plain enough when probed. We shall presently learn the law of dreams. We shall find, by and by, just where to sink our well for oil. We shall eat less as it happens in wiser days, and add a third to our lives. We shall lose all dread of evolution or any other demonstrable world proc-

ess. We shall rate our Bible as a dependable textbook of religion, and read it as it is written. There will come to be no longer a world out of doors, for the universe will be to common faith the Father's House. The public school system will be seen to be of the Church of God. The press of the world will honor itself as of the Church of God. The just control of society will be worship. The segregation of peoples and nations will be prayer. The administration of justice between men will be the praise of God. Does a man grow lifted up that he knows so much, it is he that is at fault, and not the knowing or the known. The regnancy of the mind is a religious thing and of the current revival.

The widespread recognition of urban dominance in human affairs is of the current revival. The garden ends in a city. Babylon, Jerusalem, Rome did not happen to be way stations. With the amazing numerical expanding of the human race, the propaganda that will not deal with men in aggregations will be crowded to the curb. Publicity is city bred. The markets are city matters. Culture seeks the city. Politics lives in the city. Religion ponders the city. The missionary spirit going into all the world meets the world coming to town, and is forwarded amazingly. The cities of the earth are its pulpits. The liberalizing of human thought, always attendant on contiguity, and having the freedom of the city, is to the gospel a tool of razor edge. The mightiest triumphs of the Christian faith will never cease to be the output of great cities. The capitals of the world will be forever the capitals of religion. In the cities are the mighty money aggregates, and to be mastered of religion is the fate of money. Culture, art, invention, social ideals, judicial outcomes, political forecasts, make and lose their reputations in the city, and are stock in trade to religion. The lack of faith that has made the city a terror to piety is rapidly passing. The brilliance and subtlety of evil there found is but a searchlight on the field of battle. The cities of the earth henceforth as never are to be the builders of the city of God. The city which hath foundations finds them in the cities under the sun. It is of the current revival.

The manifest world propaganda is of the current revival. The Bible personnel, to our wider view, is really amazingly pro-



vincial. Its world was hardly a quarter-section to what we know as the world even geographically. It was a hopelessly geocentric world. Yet so far as it knew it was the whole of things. The writers of Genesis were very sure the earth and all its citizenry were in their outlook. The Christian religion had no option but to go into all the world. The Roman empire was a world cult. Hellenic learning was a world cult. The Catholic hierarchy had a world concept, among not a few other good things. The Renaissance and Reformation were windows into all the world. Copernicus, Columbus, Sir Isaac Newton were world prophets. Exploration stops only with the ends of the earth. Science never wearies but with the last thing. Commerce belts the globe. Literature sings hopefully of the day

"When the war-drum throbs no longer and the battleflags are furled,  
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

The politicians crawl, but a league of nations comes. World wars are bloody priests of a world peace. The planetary activities of religion are but the word of God keeping step with the world of God. It is of the current revival.

The constantly widening estimate of religion is of the current revival. That the Jews had Abraham to their father was their pride and comfort, though it excluded from consideration all but one of every hundred in the human race. That the multitudes of men were assuredly barbarians was to the Greeks an entirely pious conclusion. A great man upon a time was quite religiously sure the millions of England were mostly fools. The segregation of the acceptable goodness of the earth in Holy Church is not an ancient notion. The insistent earnestness of good men over their denominations is equally modern. But slowly, as dawning often travels, a new day is at the breaking. The oldest Bible authors saw men in the image of God before shutting themselves in to being Jews. If the tale of Jonah has any meaning, it is that from Tarshish to Nineveh he who would pray finds God. Jesus said that many should come from east and west to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God. It was a long lesson, but Peter learned it finally, that in every nation he that feareth

God and worketh righteously is accepted with him. So good men belt the earth with Bibles. So missionaries follow the sun. The heathen soul no longer goes out quite altogether in the dark, though his Christian brother has tarried in the coming. It is the dead who stand before God.

Not only as to personnel, but also as to pattern has religion grown universal. As head of his house Job was a priest and offered sacrifices. Though Greek, Syro-Phenician, of Tyre and Sidon, the mother soul found grace with God. Though worshipping ignorantly, the men of Athens reached him who is not far from any one of us. In breaking her vase of ointment Mary released a memorial to all the world. The publican at nothing but humbling himself was exalted. The rich young man distributing to the poor was to have treasure in heaven. The servant, plowing, feeding cattle, serving his master, is doing duty toward God. Coming to earth the life of Jesus was the light of men. "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him, for ye serve the Lord Christ." More and more the world is coming to see that all that is not sin is holiness, that everything but the wrong is religion, that the whole of life is sacred where not defiled by vile intent. Neither in Gerizim nor Jerusalem are men to worship God, as isolated, but anywhere and anyhow, as done in spirit and in truth. The children do not study religion but an hour a week in Sunday school. All truth is a Bible. Is the Bible not in the public school, it still has Bibles. Every honest teacher is a minister of God. Every path of duty is a temple. Every day is Sunday. The Father's house is a house of prayer. "The heavens declare the glory of God." "In him we live and move and have our being." Religion as human life, undeflected and unabused, is of the current revival.

From the line of reasoning it is obvious that its illustration might be extended to startling length. The recognition and emphasis of the personal element in life, the frequently noted growth in real freedom of thought, the daily advance in large concepts of life, the increasing ministry of the heart as against the old-time dominance of hand and head, the lessening sense of compelling

worth in the organic and institutional, the steady appreciation of moral character as an asset, among men, with many another suggestive generalization, are of the current revival. From the beginning of the race there has been on the great whole a steady upward climb to larger, better things. All damage wrought by sin has been met in due time of its need by the redemption wrought in Christ. The world has never waited for other ages or conditions to realize the Divine ideal. All waiting has been the tardy grope and creep of men. The vineyard of the Lord has lacked no least thing from the Lord of the vineyard. God is never less than at his best. The divine ideals are being realized in every age. They are the current revival. There will be nothing better while the world stands than the betterment now in vogue. There is no philosophy of life needed but this most arrant optimism. "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord." Does one wish to use the vocabulary of evolution for this scheme of things, it is not at all unhappy. Particularly does he prove his wise contentions as he goes along. It may all turn out the modern nomenclature for the ancient faith, that all things work together for good to them that love God.

Whether one sails or drifts is a matter of no small concern. On a great Atlantic liner some years since the voyage was abandoned six long hours in mid-ocean. It spelled a storm and peril. The ship and its sailors were of the human equation. To consider the great ship of the earth for any reason could lie to and drift for a single second is to forget God. As happens usually to the great boats it happens always to the ships of God. They plow from port to port in no danger and without delay. With the current revival the world is up with its schedule and safe forever.

## REASON AND UNREASON

A. C. ARMSTRONG

Middletown, Conn.

A TENDENCY has shown itself in recent thinking to depreciate intelligence in favor of the impulsive mind. Happily this tendency is not now so marked as it was a year or two ago. None the less it continues one of the movements of the time. And it brings with it dangers both of a theoretical and a practical kind. This movement, moreover, is to be distinguished from another with which at times it may be allied—the religious application of the distinction between knowledge and faith. The latter is beyond all doubt an important principle, one which has been considered and used in our age as, probably, in no previous era of religious history. It is not precisely the same, however, as the present criticism of intelligence. This deals not so much with the difference between theoretical knowledge and religious conviction as with the contrast between sense and reason within the field of knowledge itself. It would be excessive to say that its interest is confined to cognitive distinctions. It takes note also, and emphatically, of the relation of all knowing to feeling and to will. But its result, in many cases its purpose, is to subordinate intelligence to sensuous processes rather than to find a substitute for knowledge in ideal belief.

Many causes—most of them legitimate in themselves—have combined to produce the tendency in question. The first of them, and the most general, is a product of old mistakes. From the beginning of reflective thinking in the West, attention has been centered for the most part on cognitive problems. Both philosophy and psychology have over-emphasized the question of knowledge. The side of feeling and will has come short of discussion in any way equal to its importance for the life of man. The neglect is undeniable. Indeed, it is easy to understand how the philosophy of knowledge forced its way into the focus of attention, when men first undertook to construe the world in which they live. But the

error in the position is equally plain. So that when the reaction came, thought followed its evil custom and swung to the opposite extreme. Knowledge is not primary, it was now proclaimed. Action is the first and final end of all the cognitive processes of mind. Thought is instrumental in its nature—directed merely to the furtherance of active life. And one American thinker—perhaps the ablest American philosopher now living—has gone so far as to define ideas specifically as “plans of action.” When action goes on smoothly, so runs the doctrine, there is no or little consciousness; for example, when we act along the lines of established habit. It is only when a check is met that consciousness arises. An idea is needed then to readjust the interrupted situation. That is, a plan of action under the difficult conditions must be formed. When the crisis is over, consciousness dies down again and instinct or habit carries us on securely as before.

Extreme conclusions, as just noted, have been the bane of speculative thought. They also possess an advantage which is sometimes overlooked. By their exaggeration they reveal their own weakness, and suggest the correction needed to reach a balanced judgment. So in the present instance. If thought is an instrument of action and nothing more, what then is the end of action itself? Unquestionably, the emotional and volitional phases of life have been undervalued by reflective thinking hitherto. If, however, we consider them the whole of life, the question becomes pertinent whether they constitute ends in themselves. This question is peculiarly urgent in regard to action pure and simple. Does human life, and does its meaning, consist in outward acts alone? Or, in the last analysis, are these important because, in turn, they minister to the inward life of mind. Ideas are plans of action. What then is action for? Is it not—in major part, at least—to serve the purpose of these very same ideas?

The foregoing is an outline statement of one of the evident objections to the extreme forms of activism, as the theory is called. It was important to note it here for a second reason. It tells not only against the principle itself, but also against a reinforcement which this gains from the most recent form of psychological analysis. The technical name for this type of psychology is behavior-

ism. Or, as the definition runs, psychology is the science of human behavior. The acts of men are visible to all observers. They can be studied objectively, therefore, and accurately—even in the laboratory—with the aid of instruments of precision. From the outward acts, thus scientifically determined, it is possible to reason backward to the conscious states which accompany or precede them. The study of these will be indirect, indeed, and it will take up far less room in the psychology of the future than in the “mental science” of the past. Nevertheless, it will be sufficient, yielding all the knowledge of consciousness which we need to have.

The sharpest judgment ever passed on these positions was that of an American writer, himself a psychologist of repute. Behaviorism, this scholar wrote, is a legitimate and, in its field, a valuable branch of science. But, he added, why call it psychology? Apart from criticism, the furtherance is evident which these movements give to the tendency with which this discussion is primarily concerned. Activism and behaviorism both minimize the higher and more complex forms of mental life, in particular intelligence or reason. In the event, consciousness itself is reduced to the lowest terms and the lowest level of importance. Within the conscious field the emphasis is placed upon instinct, and habit, and impulse. The mind is considered from without. The mental processes which are left intact are the least developed forms, as these are the ones on which action immediately depends.

The movement has been furthered, again, by psychological inquiries of a more special kind. In recent years much attention has been given to the psychology of the impulsive life. The phenomena which are called sub-conscious; the influence of impulse, desire, and passion; habit, instinct, and the like—processes of this kind have of late been more carefully studied than ever before. In consequence, the significance of impulsive conditions has gained emphatic recognition. In its extreme form, the resulting doctrine holds all intellectual activity determined by emotional interests. Activism reduces intelligence to an instrument of action. The newest psychology or psychiatry declares it the slave of impulse and will. No one thinks dispassionately, all men



are subject to bias. Differences of opinion depend not at all on information or insight. They follow altogether from ingrained prejudice. Capital and labor, the issues of war, prohibition, free-trade *versus* protection, the problems of reconstruction and of the League—we view them all simply and solely as our interests move us; nothing in the decision is a function of reason itself.

In spite of the popularity of these conclusions, in spite even of the authority with which they are sometimes urged, it is difficult to believe them free from mistake. No one, of course, no one especially who takes account of later psychology and philosophy, would question the tremendous influence of interest and bias. In particular, the study of these non-rational factors is undoubtedly significant in the investigation and the cure of various forms of mental disease. The exaggeration of the principle, on the other hand, involves considerable error—error, in the first place, concerning matters of fact. Do, in fact, the judgments of men depend entirely on the feelings and will, and in no wise upon the intellectual elements of their decisions? To state the question thus is already to give the answer. And the same result follows from the examination of concrete cases of decision. Take the issues of war, for instance—the issues of our own Civil War, to which it is possible now to look back with calmness. Was the division between North and South purely a matter of interest? Unquestionably, there were economic advantages involved in the controversy over slavery and the political conflict to which it led. But were there not also fundamental differences of political theory, come down from the earliest years of the Republic, and which were now to be settled by the clash of arms? Think of Robert E. Lee, with bitter grief resigning from the United States Army and following his State into the Confederacy. Was it interest that motivated Lee's decision? Or was it a mistaken sense of duty based on the old theory of States' rights and political allegiance?

And if the doctrine is erroneous in point of fact, *a fortiori* it is dangerous by its suggestion of standards. The emphatic announcement that all intelligence is biased brings little encouragement to attempt dispassionate thinking. If all judgment is con-

trolled by impulse, what use is there in the effort to make our intellectual processes fair? Thus the extremer forms of the argument defeat the purpose of their own inquiry. And this at a time when dispassionate judgment is so much needed the whole world round. For what does the world need to-day more than a knowledge of the facts of its tangled situation, and an intelligent, unbiased understanding of the conclusions to which they point? One thing is even more necessary, it will be answered—good will. And the reply is just. But good will, indispensable though it is, will not suffice unaided. Good will on the surgeon's part might even be dangerous, if he depended on it alone to enable him to effect relief. And how without knowledge and reason, as well as good will, can progress be made in the process of healing the wounds which the war has caused?

These conditions may be called philosophical or psychological. Another set of antecedents of the negative movement come from physical science. Now, the physical sciences themselves depend on intellect and reason. The instrument with which they work is intelligence. It is true that they require in their votaries disciplined powers of perception. Great scientists must in the first instance be capable observers. But observation pure and simple does not make the scientific leader. The real discoverers are thinkers, scholars who are able to trace out the connections among the facts observed, the relations of the data ascertained, as well as to gather and accumulate the facts themselves. The same holds good of the content of science, the results which scientific investigators have reached. Examine any great scientific theory—from the Copernican astronomy to Einstein's doctrine of relativity—and it will be found that just as it has proceeded from reflective inquiry, so it consists in a principle or a set of principles ordered into a system.

These are commonplace conclusions, or at least they ought to be familiar to educated men. How is it possible, then, that recent science has contributed to the minimizing estimate of reason? The answer follows from two different elements in the situation. Most generally, the negative influence depends on the nature of the materials of scientific thinking. Science is in-

telligence, as has been shown, thought in the distinctive meaning of the term. But it is thought or intelligence busied with concrete things. It aims at the discovery of general principles; but these principles or laws are uniformities in and among the facts, the particular phenomena of nature in the given instance. Now, abstract principles are difficult to deal with or even to hold steadily before the mind. And the actual work in the observatory or the laboratory is concerned, in the first place, with the tangible objects which the laws are to describe or to explain. Hence, while it is clear, when the matter is studied through, that science is intellectual, it is easy to center attention on the particular phenomena in hand. So custom slides over into error. The scientist forgets his own principles as he magnifies the importance of his data. Dealing primarily with physical objects, he comes to believe that he deals with them alone. The most successful reasoner that the world has known so far, he insists on being called a worker with the senses. Indeed, in later times he may join hands with those who insist that reason or intelligence is no more than a secondary function, subordinate to the sensitive or impulsive faculties alike in its nature and in its significance for human life.

Here, then, is a contradiction. Science deals primarily with sense facts. Scientific principles are general and abstract. Recent negative speculation, however, suggests a simple way by which the contradiction may be resolved. If the principles of science are reduced to mere symbols, to formulæ which serve only as aids in handling the facts, it becomes possible to preserve the primacy of the latter without prejudice to the rational character of scientific thinking. This, in fact, has been the logic of science strongly advocated in the last two decades. The laws of nature, it is urged, were formerly misconstrued. They have been mistaken for genuine transcripts of that which goes on in the world of physical reality, whereas it now appears that they are mere formulæ, like the  $x$ 's and the  $y$ 's and the equations of algebraic calculation. Thus they become symbols and nothing more: devices, at times even imaginary devices, which enable us to construe the facts, to move about securely among them, to proceed from one physical thing to another, and to handle nature or to adjust our acts to its behests.

It implies dogmatic exaggeration, on the other hand, if men believe that scientific conclusions bring them into touch with the actual framework of the world itself.

In recent years this view of science has commanded influential support. William James, for instance, made it thoroughly his own. (Indeed, it is from him that a considerable part of the above statement has been derived.) Nevertheless, the theory labors under serious difficulties. Even if science involves symbolism, and though its symbols are often of an abstract kind, it would seem that they must somehow, somewhere, in some measure correspond to the world for which they stand. This is true of algebra itself, to which science is compared. In either case it is impossible to see how we could reason successfully unless the formulæ in some way conform to the objects under investigation. If our  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's and equations stood in no systematic relation to the facts, our calculation would be useless labor. And if scientific laws do not correspond to nature, how can they avail in the interpretation of natural phenomena? If, on the contrary, they do so correspond, how can they be mere formulæ or fictions? Finally, if they possess more than hypothetical value pure and simple, how comes it that they yield altogether in importance to the particular facts of sense-perception?

A second, more special development of science has given additional support to the criticism of reason—the renewed attention to the principle of evolution. In this connection, there has been a revival of opinions which for some time had been considered overcome. The arguments of an American political leader may perhaps be passed over. But thinkers of the opposite school, among them critics of Mr. Bryan, would be indignant at the suggestion that they have been guilty of some of the same fallacies as those which he has used. The discussion is reminiscent of the controversy of fifty years ago. Not a few of the contestants appear to forget that there has been any thinking done on the question since the publication of Darwin's works. One party exaggerates the real problems which evolution creates in the domain of faith. The other seems to hold that no advance has been made in the adjustment of evolutionary theory and the verities of ethics and the

religious life. And independently of this debate, a tendency exists, especially in the United States, to apply evolution as literally and exclusively as when Darwinism was new. The point has been illustrated by a recent writer on science in one of the popular magazines. In his paper he advocates the evolutionary position in all its original crudeness. The primary characteristics of human nature were non-rational, he urges—or at least, such were the primary characteristics of brute nature, from which our own has sprung. Intelligence is a late, and so far a youthful product. It is not fundamental, therefore, as the vital and impulsive processes are. For all we know, it may be not merely late, but transient—a function superadded and subordinate, not permanent in man or in the universe at large.

In the face of such arguments, it is difficult to be patient. This is the sort of thinking which discredits, not science, but the dogmatic speculation into which scientific conclusions sometimes are translated. The writer insists on the principle of origins alone. The principle of mature development—as old as Aristotle—he misses or refuses to take into account. The nature of a thing, said Aristotle, is shown by its complete development. The finished thing reveals the purport of the entire process of growth. In a similar way, a second, connected principle, the principle of ideal value, is neglected. And here the point of interest is that the ideal specifically in question is that on which science itself depends. Intelligence is a late, an incidental, it may be a transient outcome of human evolution. This conclusion is offered as the message of science, which itself is one of the most successful products of intelligence. The reason, through whose efforts the world of nature is explained, teaches the surprising lesson that reason is a mere by-product of the world machine.

It is evident, furthermore, that the doctrine of non-reason involves definite moral dangers. If men are taught that sense and impulse form the essence of human nature, how are they to be restrained when they take the doctrine literally and abandon the practice of rational self-control? At the present time, the peril is increased by the demoralization consequent on the war. The movement here springs ultimately from practical conditions. In

this it differs from the influence of philosophy and science. In the event, however, it involves not only practice, but the intellectual premises by which practice is affected. The strain of the war was heavy as the world lived through the long months from August, 1914, to November five years ago. As we look back upon it now with calmer judgment, the horror is intensified rather than decreased by a fuller knowledge of the truth. And what is still more poignant, we are compelled to realize that the greatest object for which we fought has been but imperfectly attained. The war against war shared no better than incompletely in the victory which at length rested with the Allied Powers. So the minds of men falter under the strain. A distinguished American surgeon, visiting Belgium about 1916, reported that medically speaking, the people averaged ten years older than their actual age. And throughout the world the shock has often been as much mental as physical; in many cases the stress of mind has exceeded the bodily disturbance. The foundations on which European civilization rested in part have disappeared. As a whole, they have proved inadequate to the world's legitimate needs. The principles which were believed to furnish a rational basis for the progress of modern society have been shaken by the disaster to which they led. The world-order developed through centuries of intelligent social life ended in the most grotesque, because the greatest and most needless calamity which mankind has known.

So many voices cry, reason has failed men in the past. And who dare affirm that it is equal to the tasks which now confront the age? Where is the intellect—or group of minds—possessed of genuine insight into the measures necessary to restore the world to wholeness and to peace? Is there any evidence that now—or generally—human reason is fitted to comprehend the forces which condition progress? Is it worth while to beat our heads against the problems of nature and of social life? Since it is impossible to fathom them, were it not wiser to turn our thought to questions within our grasp, leaving human destiny and social evolution to the guidance of the forces of the universe at large?

The sources of this self-distrust of reason are mainly practical, as noted. The remedy, therefore, is to be found in measure



in a return to mental equipoise. As keen observers have remarked before in other cases, the difficulty is one of mental attitude rather than of conscious inference; and so the cure will depend only in part on reasoned argument.

It is impossible to deny, moreover, that, to a degree the negative estimates in question are just. Like man's knowledge of the physical universe, his understanding of spiritual and social conditions is far less perfect than it needs to be. Only step by step, often by difficult stages, with retrogression, also, and abundant suffering, is it possible to trace out the principles of rational living. At the same time, this conclusion by no means implies that the mind is entirely powerless in the face of such problems, or that through its efforts in the past no results of value have been attained. The world of to-day is bad enough, an ugly world—and this in large measure because of man's ingrained selfishness and sin. But even our world is far better than the order which seemed normal a few generations ago. And how much of human progress, say in the last century and a half, has been furthered by just such imperfect attempts to understand conditions as these which trouble us now? In part, the present seems monstrous because we compare it with the better standards which have been developed through the years. And when all mitigations fail—as they often do bring no relief—have we not come a long way in the matter of political and civil liberty, in the matter of even-handed justice, in the matter of diffused enlightenment, in the development of peaceful aspirations, in the beginning even of international good will, since the Revolution and the Napoleonic age? Reference may be omitted to the promise of the future, although the perplexities and conflicts of the time themselves contain the germs of progress. Take into account only the results which have been actually achieved. And once more let us ask ourselves two questions: first, bad as things at present are, have men not made great and salutary progress since the revolutionary age began? And, in the second place, has not the gain been largely due to more intelligent insight into the outstanding problems of the world?

If the answers to these inquiries are affirmative, the lesson

for the times is plain. If thought avails at all in the grapple with world-problems, it is peculiarly needed in the present condition of affairs. All agree concerning the miseries of the actual situation and the need for change. And there is a widely spread belief in the legitimacy of a factor which complicates the crisis to a degree unknown in earlier history. Public opinion now not only claims, but receives a share in the determination of policy which a few generations ago would have seemed equally impracticable and absurd. But what is public opinion to be? Uninstructed, impulsive, mob-born prejudice or passion—is that the form of judgment which in the new age is to be the court of ultimate appeal? Here we come on what is probably the greatest menace in the tendency to exalt sense and impulse above reason. More serious than the danger of a one-sided philosophy or misinterpretations of science is the peril for both nations and international society arising from unenlightened movements of the popular mind. And enlightenment implies at once the instruction of the people, their guidance by intelligent and courageous leaders, and on their part, thought, earnest, persistent effort by the citizens to understand, so far as may be possible, the issues which they are called upon to decide. How to foster this is one of the problems for the new age—a problem quite as important as any of the more special questions which now confront the world. Undoubtedly, the perfect result will not be accomplished in a day. Nevertheless, this is the ideal toward which the age must work. It is encouraging to note that its importance is so manifest that in one form or other it is forcing itself on the attention of many earnest minds.

## NERVES AND RELIGION

ANDREW GILLIES

Rochester, N. Y.

A VAST amount is being written just now concerning the effects of nervous disorders on the physical and mental life. So far as I know, there has been no serious attempt at an exhaustive treatment of their effects on the religious life. That there is a relationship between the two is of course recognized not only in the various modern movements which have as their object the application of religion as a therapeutic agency in the treatment of disease, but also in the most recent conclusions of the neurologists themselves. In all this, however, the emphasis is put on moral and spiritual conditions as predisposing causes of nervous disorders or on moral and spiritual forces as factors in their cure. The fact that "nerves" work havoc with the moral and religious life of the individual and the race has received scant attention and all too little authoritative treatment. Therefore, while the present article is not presented as an exhaustive discussion of the subject, it is written in the hope that it may call attention to an all-important fact.

It is the merest commonplace that nervous disorders of every conceivable kind cause depression. They send the soul of the sufferer into the depths of discouragement and despair. And while it is possible for a man with depression to be religious, his religion will inevitably lack those very elements which make it attractive and effective. While the suggestion of the young college editor that the Puritan conscience was nothing more nor less than a Freudian complex may have been only a half truth, it certainly was that. The normal Christian life is one of calm joyousness, of hopeful serenity which remains undisturbed by the vicissitudes of everyday life. But trying to be serene and joyous while suffering from a case of "nerves" is about as satisfactory and exhilarating an experience as trying to take a sun bath on a raw November day. It simply cannot be done.

In *The Upton Letters* A. C. Benson describes a personal experience. "A few days ago," he says, "I awoke early, after troubled dreams, and knew that the old enemy clutched me. I lay in a strange agony of mind, my heart beating thick, and with an unsupportable weight on my heart. . . . It always takes the same form with me, . . . an overwhelming sense of failure in all that I attempt, a dreary consciousness of absolute futility, coupled with the sense of the brevity and misery of human life generally." Those are the symptoms accurately and vividly described. And those are the effects. Depression is more than mere discouragement. It means the loss not only of the zest and joy of life, but of one's moral perspective. A man in its grip becomes a confirmed pessimist because it is impossible for him to see life whole, to see the facts and problems of life in their real relationships and proper proportions. Consequently, his judgment on life in general and on most of its particulars is absolutely worthless. It is worthless because he is suffering from chronic moral astigmatism. Elijah was neither a coward nor a "quitter," but he lay down under the juniper tree and thought he wanted to die simply and solely because he was suffering from nerve exhaustion. And his experience is a clear example of what that particular experience can and will do to a man's religious life. Distorted vision, resulting in maladjustment to the everyday minutiae of life, means the death of vital religion. To see life as it is and can be, to be able to give its various elements their true value, to so grasp its unity and eternal quality as to rise above all vexations and disappointments and discouragements—that is real religion, and that is an utter impossibility for the poor mortal who does the day's work and lives the day's life in a state of nervous depression.

Worry and fear have long been considered prime causes of disordered nerves. Even psycho-analysis, with all its emphasis upon the sex instinct, has not dislodged them from their unenviable position, but has enlarged their borders so as to include the subconscious. It is worth remembering, however, that they must also be listed as major *results* of "nerves," for we have here another example of the vicious circle. Wrong mental attitudes and abnormal emotional states cause serious disturbances in the nerv-

ous system, and they in turn increase and create all kinds of apprehensions and fears. Indeed, morbid introspection, with its resultant anxieties, is one of the clearest evidences of disordered nerves, and the accumulating phobias of the nervously afflicted are so multitudinous and clearly marked that they have been scientifically classified. The panics of the neurasthenic would be ludicrous if they were not so pathetic. One little woman found herself collapsing every time she ventured abroad and was carried, at different times, into a saloon, a garage, and a Roman Catholic theological seminary. And a man whose steadiness under every sort of strain had long been a matter of comment, after his breakdown had to fight like a veritable fiend all during the church service to keep from screaming aloud and running for the door.

Moreover, these minor fears are only a suggestion of the larger and fiercer brood. The phobias and illusions of the neurasthenic and psychasthenic constitute some of the gravest problems in the treatment of nervous disorders. And that means that the normal spiritual life suffers shipwreck. In his book on *The Meaning of Faith* Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick says: "Fear builds a prison about a man, and bars him in with dreads, anxieties, and timid doubts. . . . Fear bewilders the mind and paralyzes the will. . . . Anxious fear so concentrates a man's thought on himself that he can serve no one else. . . . The shame of our fearful living is that it circles about self, is narrowed down to mean solicitude about our own comfort, and is utterly incapable of serving God or seeking first His Kingdom." And then he adds the concluding statement: "Fear benumbs worthy living, kills hope, makes cynical disgust with life a reasonable attitude, and with its frost withers all man's finest aspirations."

That is a terrific arraignment of the element of fear in its relation to the moral and spiritual life, but that every word of it is true is proven by experience. And that means that "nerves" stand condemned before the bar of reason as an active enemy of "the life of God in the soul of man." They destroy that inner harmony and nullify that moral energy without which there can be no religious life at all. Anything that vitiates the will strikes at the heart of the religious life, for the will is the central fact and

force in the religious life. And anything that destroys the soul's peace, that "peace which passeth understanding," destroys the first and finest fruits of faith. There is pathetic significance in the statement made by a young man to Prof. Hugo Munsterberg: "I consider my state as a disease of the will, as a result of nervous exhaustion."

There are, too, other and more direct effects of "nerves" upon the religious life. In his book *The Meaning of Dreams*, Dr. Isidore Coriat speaks of the loss of the sense of reality included in so many cases. "For instance," he says, "an important and distressing symptom of many functional nervous disturbances is the feeling of unreality in which the surroundings appear far off, like looking through the wrong end of an opera glass, vague and dreamlike, in which it seems as if the individual were practically or completely cut off from the physical universe" (pp. 184, 185).

He has here touched upon a vital phase of nervous disorders, but he has touched only one side of it, and that the less important. The agonizing aspect of this abnormal experience is reached when the sufferer becomes possessed of this feeling of unreality concerning things spiritual, when not simply one's surroundings, but God Himself seems to withdraw from the consciousness and fade into nothingness. When a man loses all sense of communion with God, sometimes finding himself incapable of believing in God at all, the very foundations of religion are gone. Bishop Fallows cites such an experience in his book *Health and Happiness*. He says: "Often disordered nerves cause disturbances in the religious life and at such times the patient accuses himself of coldness and lack of zeal. One woman who had been a faithful church worker had a slight nervous breakdown. Her greatest cause of distress was her feeling of aloofness from God. Church work, which had always been a great pleasure, seemed burdensome, and when she waked at night she had a sense of isolation as if God had forgotten her. All her old trust seemed to be gone."

The most pathetic example of this particular manifestation of "nerves" that ever has been brought to my attention, however, was related to me by the late Doctor Woodbury, of the Clifton Springs Sanitarium. He said: "This inability to hold on to 'the



truths we live by' is a common experience among the nervously afflicted. Several years ago a young man came here with a badly injured spine. He made a remarkable recovery, but it took months in a wheel chair to do it. During that time his undiscourageable faith found exquisite expression in a book which was afterward published and which brought comfort and inspiration to thousands. Three years later that same young man came back here suffering from a serious nervous breakdown. And his depression and morbid doubts were so persistent that I at last reminded him of his own book and its teachings. His reply was very significant: 'I want to believe all those things just as much as ever,' he said, 'but, somehow or other, I can't.'"

"And there you have the crux of the whole matter," said Doctor Woodbury. "*The breakdown of the nervous system involves the faith faculty.*" Doctors Worcester and McComb call attention to the same important fact. The sense of the reality of spiritual things is lost because the very thing by means of which that consciousness is maintained is impaired. "The psychical energy requisite or implied in faith is not possible. The man has lost self-control." He cannot "get hold," as one sufferer puts it, because he has little or nothing left to get hold with.

The extreme of this particular experience is reached in the morbid conviction that one has committed the unpardonable sin, that God's mercy has been withdrawn, and consequently that hope has fled forever. Now the number of those afflicted mortals who suffer from that most horrible of all delusions is greater than anyone knows except the neurologist and the nurse who specializes in nervous cases. While I was at one sanitarium a brilliant woman who had suffered a nervous breakdown after intense activity in special religious work came there for treatment. The one thing of which she was absolutely convinced was that she had sinned away the day of grace. And her agony of mind was pathetic beyond words to describe. "Beyond the pale," she would sob, clinging to the hand of the friend who happened to be there at that time. She came out of it, but only after long months of the most acute suffering of mind and body.

Another case was that of an elderly minister. Three times

his nerves went all awry, and every time he descended into that spiritual Avernus. He knew that he had displeased God beyond forgiveness and that, in consequence, he already had been cast out into the outer darkness, to remain there forever. While he was in that state no one could convince him that his was a case of the fixed idea due to his own disordered nerves. And a recent number of *The Christian Advocate of New York* contained this pathetic extract from the diary of a shut-in: "As a result of a long continued strain my health broke, and a deep gloom came upon me, clouding the consciousness of the presence of my Saviour. While in this mental darkness I thought I was a lost soul, took no pleasure in the world, and did not care to see my friends." Then, however, she adds this important statement: "*Rest gave strength and the consciousness of Christ's presence returned. Then I understood it was my physical condition which clouded my vision.*"

It is impossible for anyone who has not passed through that dreadful experience to imagine the hideous agony of mind and heart to which it gives birth. The abysmal depths of its horrors are beyond the power of the normal mind to plumb. With faith in eclipse, hope dead, and utter despair settled upon the soul, there is literally nothing left. As one sufferer wrote to Dr. McComb, "Who could imagine that the mind had so many doors leading into hell?"

Scarcely a day passes without an account in the public press of the taking of his own life by some poor neurasthenic or melancholic. Months or years of suffering have been brought to a tragic culmination by the sufferer's own hand. In a multitude of cases the character of the so-called suicide is above reproach and the most careful search discloses no moral reason for the act. "Why did he do it?" is the question asked by those who stand appalled before the mystery of it all. And the wiseacres descend once more upon the cowardice of those who deliberately snatch the torch of earthly life from the hands of an all-wise Providence.

Now the thing to be noted and made plain beyond question is that, in the case of the neurasthenic and psychasthenic, the act is not really suicide at all. The "suicidal intent" about which the physicians talk so glibly and which is supposed to explain the

tragedy, is not an "intent" in any sense of the term. It has absolutely nothing to do with the will, except as the will has become subject to the persistent behests of a diseased imagination. In fact, it is nothing more nor less than a hideous, ceaseless, overwhelming suggestion which injects itself into the mentality of the afflicted person, overruling the dictates of reason and wearing down the resistance of the will. Desire has no part in it. Decision has nothing to do with it. The whole thing seems to emanate from *without* the personality. It is a Voice, sounding in the corridors of the soul, and suggesting with relentless tenacity that release be sought from an intolerable situation. It is an impersonal, irrational Force, emerging from the outer darkness and pushing, pushing the unwilling and well-nigh helpless victim toward the dreaded act.

Furthermore, neither a religious faith nor a life of service avails in the least during this unspeakable experience. The "psychasthenic impulse" is no respecter of persons. A missionary whose nerves had snapped under the overstrain of prolonged abnormal conditions and who had come back across the seas for treatment told me that for the first four or five days at sea he had not dared to go near the rail of the steamer. Why? Because every impulse of his unbalanced nervous system was in the direction of a leap over the side. And a noble woman who had gone to pieces after a year of unusual effort in religious work confessed to a friend that she had to fight every night for weeks after her breakdown to keep from throwing herself out of the window of her sleeping room. She had no desire to end her life. Her reason recoiled from such a horrible thought and her will fought it. But she was like one who had leaned over the edge of a precipice too far and lost her balance. The power of psychic self-control was temporarily gone.

Of course such a condition has adequate medical explanation. A number of terms are used to describe it. But that does not do away with the fact that it exists. Nor does it mitigate for a moment the frightful moral and spiritual involvements of that condition. No sane person imagines for a moment that self-destruction, in such a state, has the slightest bearing on the eternal

destiny of the afflicted individual. But no clear-thinking person can fail to see that such a tragic culmination to an attack of disordered nerves has a disastrous bearing on the spiritual life value of the individual and the progress of organized religion.

It is a costly harvest, to say the least. Depression, worry, fear, the breakdown of the will, the loss of the sense of reality, the impairment or complete destruction of the faith faculty, the pathetic delusion that God has ceased to be Love, and, in rare cases, self-destruction! And it all proves beyond question that all diseases of the nerves are diseases of the whole man. They have moral causes and far-reaching moral and spiritual effects. There is little wonder that psychology and organized religion are both beginning to make a serious and exhaustive study of them or that numbers of the experts are claiming to find in religion the major therapeutic agency in their cure. But that, as Kipling says, is another story.

## A CYCLE OF CHANTS TO CHRIST

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

Interlaken, N. J.

## I. THE WISE MEN

IF we would join the caravan of those who are rightly called wise, our quest would not be for mere wealth, nor wisdom, but to worship. It would not be in the interest merely of science, whose object was a gaseous star, nor of scholarship, involved in an ancient scroll, but the seeking after a Saviour from sin. These Magi were truly wise men, for in their devotion, which meant physical suffering and inconvenience, thoughtful study, persistent purpose, and sustained enthusiasm, they solved the three great problems of living. First, the personal one of selfishness, for they came to give and not to get; second, the social situation, for they came and stayed and left together, thus master and servants overcoming the temptations of royalty, learning, and business; lastly, their international challenge, for they came from afar, doubtless from different countries, and to one of a different race—a Jew. Christmas had given them a citizenship in a limitless kingdom, a peace and good-will to all men.

Of three wise men, one was a king  
Who ruled and owned most everything:  
Fields and flocks, both near and far,  
Deepest mine and distant star.

The second wise man was a priest,  
Who gave the laws for man and beast;  
All the people raised their hands  
And bowed the knee at his commands.

Of these three men, one was a sage,  
Whose wisdom was from age to age;  
Young and old had rarest treat,  
To come and listen at his feet.

These three wise men, priest, sage, and king,  
Who owned, ruled, knew most everything,  
Found the Babe of Bethlehem  
To be the King of all of them.

## II. THREE AND THIRTY YEARS

The Wise Men came to a frail and tender child, One to whom they gave. Though helpless, there was enough of the transcendent in him to command their worship. We come to One, mature, conceived from the foundations of the world. At the close of a three hours' service in Saint Michael's, New York, the chimes were tolled thirty-three times, the age of the Saviour's earthly life. But to those who believe that he and the Father are one, and are sensitive to the music of the spiritual spheres, these notes have come to be sounds of the bells of eternity.

The vigil of the Passion hours  
Is ended; from the temple towers,  
The slow and solemn tolling chimes  
Have sounded three and thirty times:  
The years that God from human birth  
Has walked with men upon the earth.

But those with dull and human ears,  
Hear not the music of the spheres!  
Since light first broke upon the void,  
These chimes, celestial, unalloyed,  
Have been the choir to rehearse  
His birthday with the Universe.

## III. ROUGH AND BROWN

But there were three and thirty years of his life that were so audible and visible that his personality was discerned, understood, and felt by the senses of our own human nature. While at times he is so transcendent that no one can look upon his countenance, yet he is rough and brown as he revealed himself to me one memorable day.

In April, 1918, Paris was shelled by a great gun seventy-two miles away. The city was bewildered and partly demoralized. Bread was so scarce that it was rationed and official signs forbade it to be fed in crumbs to the birds. I attended communion service at the American Church. Dr. Chauncy Goodrich, in preparing the elements, did something new and yet perhaps not strange. It seemed to me he feared lest the congregation, mainly of soldiers, nurses and officers, would see only the Transfigured Christ, too



wonderful to know; that they would hear from the Scriptures only the pale-faced Teacher, whom the theologians obscured. Rather he wanted them to meet Jesus of Nazareth, sun-burned, tanned, sinewy, the worker, the carpenter, whose hands were coarse, hardened, rough and brown; the Great Democrat, the friend of little children and the common people. So instead of using the scarce, delicate and expensive white bread, he used the coarse, common, rough and brown bread of the soldiers and the common people.

When I knelt and saw the rough brown bread in striking contrast to the white linen and the silver plate, and I touched it, a moment came, not of vision, exultation, rapture, of mere inspiration, but a calm, vivid, warm fact and experience, best expressed by saying it was the rough, brown, sinewy hand of Christ thrust from his white tunic, and I felt his other rough but tender hand upon my shoulder. I had come face to face with Jesus of Nazareth. I went to my seat to pray. When, later, I looked to the altar, again I saw him, as of old in his Father's Temple. The sheen from the silver was flashing in his eyes; the linen, as his seamless robe was upon his form; and he drove out from my mind, not only all mercenary thoughts, but in symbol he chastised those who were exploiting civilization itself. Then I beheld him walk from the church, along the streets of Paris and up on the Front. I never saw the "White Christ of Flanders," but only the Rough and Brown Jesus, who had a white garment and a shining countenance. At my Bethlehem I find no helpless Babe, but an adequate Saviour, conceived from the beginning and with two thousand years of earthly experience.

There walked the Son of God to-day  
Along the altar of His shrine;  
Men saw Him as they stooped to pray,  
And felt Him through the bread and wine.  
The silver cup was shining bright,  
The linen cloth was clean and white;  
But as the plate was handed down,  
They saw the bread was rough and brown.

There came the Son of God one day,  
To worship in His Father's shrine;  
Men saw Him drive the thieves away  
Who profited in doves and kine.

His righteous eye was shining bright,  
His seamless robe was clean and white;  
But as He cast the tables down,  
They saw His hands were rough and brown.

There walks the Son of God to-day,  
Along His world's last battle line;  
Men see Him as they stop to pray,  
And find Him human, though divine.  
His saddened eye is shining bright,  
His robe, though torn, is clean and white,  
But men thank God that He sent down  
A Son, whose hands were rough and brown.

#### IV. THE EMPTY CUP

*"Drink ye all of this."*

When we do have "Communion" with him, whose present earthly revelation is so greatly limited by our witnessing, as his flesh and blood have entered within our person, it will find no rest in us, nor should we find rest until it has taken us down from the mountain and out of the student cloister into the sun and dust and noise of the "crowded way" of modern life. He calls for "rough and brown" men. Such was Archdeacon Stuck, the late Alaskan missionary, whose celebration of a Communion service at Saint Michael's impelled these words:

The minister in white and red,  
Before the altar's cross of gold,  
Held high the cup above his head,  
For all the people to behold.  
He blessed the wine when they drew nigh,  
To sip it from the vessel's rim,  
They drained the silver chalice dry  
In token of the blood of Him.

Christ came in garments worn and rent  
To greet within the Upper Room  
His frail disciples, as He went  
To meet his own impending doom.  
In symbol of the Cross and Nail,  
He gave the blessed and broken bread,  
Then passed the wine-filled Holy Grail;  
"Now drink ye all of this," he said.

Thick, sluggish, unspilled blood of mine,  
Which weekly at His sacred tryst,  
Takes by transfusing of the wine  
The sacrificing blood of Christ;  
Leap through my veins and make me bleed  
In conflict for the human need;  
Hot surge with ceaseless discontent  
Until each drop is spilled and spent.

#### V. THAT WE MIGHT KNOW HIM

##### *"A Broken and a Contrite Heart."*

Often, I confess, I have not met Him at the "Table," but seldom have I been disappointed at the "Mercy Seat." Here is the source of my religious belief and experience which can be expressed in one sentence: I know Jesus the Christ whose body is invisible, as well as I know my friend whose body is visible. This experience is called Mysticism, a form of religious consciousness which for years I had always thought was the unique possession of rare spirits and exalted saints. I would not declare that in the beauty of worship, or in meditation upon the Sacred Word, or in the life of a saintly soul Christ does not reveal himself to others; however, at the altar of earnest repentance, no matter where it may be, there have I met the kindly, Christly countenance of God.

##### 1. MIRACLE?

They dared and defied  
Him to try to come down;  
The Christ with the twisted  
And thorn-woven crown;  
The One who laid claim to the title of King,  
Who bore no rich scepter and wore no gold ring.  
But the rough iron spikes  
In his hands and limb,  
Held him there fast  
And prevented him.

##### 2. RITUAL?

They called from the pews  
To absolve all of them,  
The Lord with the quick  
Healing touch and the hem:

The One who stood posed in the high window pane,  
 With free flowing robes of a soft glowing stain;  
     But the rare priceless glass  
     Colored deeply and dim;  
     Held him there fast  
     And prevented him.

## 3. SCRIPTURAL?

They sought the Messiah  
 The prophets had meant,  
 In the veiled visioned words  
 Of their Testament:  
 The One who had written without brush or a pen  
 On the hearts and the spiritual parts of men;  
     But the ancient words  
     Like a cordon grim  
     Guarded and thus  
     Circumvented him.

## 4. DISCIPLE?

They looked for him then  
 In his witnesses;  
 The Man who should live  
 In men's consciences;  
 The One who would be to the branches as vine,  
 Converting their human to virtues divine;  
     But their thick clouded creeds  
     Had prevented him,  
     Shrouded and  
     Misrepresented him.

## 5. MYSTICAL?

They sought of him rest,  
 With a contrite heart,  
 In their souls'  
 Confessional, quiet, apart.  
 Then Jesus, unhindered by time or by space  
 Drew near and appeared to them face to face.  
     Repentant hearts learned  
     As they bent to him;  
     Their lightened hearts burned  
     As they went with him.

## VI. OUR CHRIST

I would forever sing of that happy day when first I met my  
 Lord. I do not know the "mystery of godliness" any more than  
 did Paul; but I believe in the Virgin Birth, the Atonement, and

the Resurrection because I cannot conceive of God in any but the terms of Christ, nor of Christ in anything less than God in earthly form. Not from logic, nor history, nor dogmatic theology, but from the witness of his spirit in my own personal experience do I know the Saviour. This is crystallized in the story of this poem.

As a first year graduate student in Harvard, I entered the competition for the prize Christmas hymn. My words were so simple I hesitated to submit them. To my surprise they were chosen and afterward Professor George Herbert Palmer, who esteemed it as a perfect poem, remarked that it must have taken much time to achieve such a literary finish. The fact is, that it took but thirty minutes in its actual writing. I can explain it only by believing that it was a gift of God. Years afterward I noticed that it was without premeditation, a chronological Christology, not based on agnosticism or dogmatism but experience as scientific as any material fact. Whence in this liberal, rational, academic, Unitarian atmosphere did it come? It was but the song from the deep well of my boyhood experience.

As a lad of fourteen, at an old-fashioned revival service in the Methodist Church at Darlington, Maryland, I knelt in sincere and tearful repentance at the altar, and while they were singing that old hymn:

"My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear,"

—when they came to the line:

"With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,"

heaven opened as it must have for Stephen, and Christ spoke to me, and I uttered, perhaps expressed inaudibly, something like "O, I am so glad to meet you!" I knew and every one there that night knew that something had happened to me. I had been born from above. Since that day I have in thirteen years gone through four schools, and I have come back to the simple faith and experience of that altar. It has been my guide-post at the cross-roads, and my anchor in the days of distress and doubt. The lines are my experience. They are the words recently submitted by the

Hymn Society of New York for the best musical setting, awarded, from over 1,000 manuscripts submitted to John N. Burnham, the blind organist of Epiphany Lutheran Church of New York city, for his tune, appropriately named "Veritas."<sup>1</sup>

I know not how that Bethlehem's Babe  
Could in the God-head be;  
I only know the Manger Child  
Has brought God's life to me.

I know not how that Calvary's Cross  
A world from sin could free;  
I only know its matchless Love  
Has brought God's love to me.

I know not how that Joseph's tomb  
Could solve death's mystery;  
I know a Living Christ,  
Our Immortality.

#### VII. "WHEN THOU PRAYEST"

Dear Lord, who sought at dawn of day  
The solitary woods to pray,  
In quietness we come to seek  
Thy guidance for the coming week.

O Master, who with kindly face  
At noon walked in the market-place,  
We crave a brother's smile and song  
When mingling with the human throng.

Strong Pilot, who at midnight hour  
Could calm the sea with gentle power,  
Grant us the skill to aid the bark  
Of those who drift in storm and dark.

As Thou at weary eventide  
Communed upon the mountain side;  
In reverent stillness now we ask  
Thy presence for the morrow's task.

May I pray without ceasing, whether at morning watch, at high noon, calm evening or midnight, that I may come from my Bethlehem so filled with his Presence, that with the Wise Men who met at the cross-roads of decision, I may<sup>o</sup> always go the right way.

<sup>1</sup>A copy of this tune will be found on the following page.



## Our Christ

VERITAS

HARRY WERN FARRINGTON

JOHN N. BURNHAM

*Andante Religioso.*

1. I know not how that Beth-l'hem's Babe Could in the  
 2. I know not how that Cal - v'ry's cross A world from  
 3. I know not how that Jos - eph's tomb Could solve death's

God - head be:..... I on - ly know the  
 sin could free:..... I on - ly know its  
 mys - ter - y:..... I on - ly know a

Man - ger Child Has brought God's life to me.....  
 match-less love Has brought God's love to me.....  
 liv - ing Christ, Our im - mor - tal - i ty.....

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[NOTE.—This musical setting of Mr. Farrington's hymn is here inserted with the permission of Mr. Carl F. Price, President of the Hymn Society.—EDITOR.]

## WHERE IS THE SUMMER?

## AN AUTUMNAL ELEGY

Where is the Summer? Tell us, O stars,  
Where flee the glories the frost touch mars?  
"We kissed its lips to-day," the trembling white stars say,  
"Yet knew not it was going, so warm its blood was flowing;  
Though there be not  
Neath the sun  
Place we see not  
Where we glow not—yet we know not  
Where 'tis gone."

Where is the Summer? Tell us, O waves,  
Where the Time Spirit his darlings saves?  
"Our voices low no more shall murmur on the shore.  
Our softest music pouring—but, with a sullen roaring,  
Meet the winter;  
We have done,  
Nor a hint or  
Thought can render where the splendor  
All is gone."

Where is the Summer? Tell us, O trees,  
Where the soul of departed Beauty flees?  
"Frost fingers, icy, cold, in purple, crimson, gold,  
Have robed us for our dying; the breezes 'round us sighing  
Give to asking  
Answer none—  
Where 'tis basking,  
Where 'tis dreaming, 'neath the beaming  
Of the sun."

Summer is gone! Ah, who can tell  
Where the lost sweetness goes,  
Where the dead zephyr blows,  
Where the old sunshine glows,  
We loved so well?  
But let it go! Enough, I know,  
Has come to every one.  
And though earth's loveliness may all depart,  
Forever stays the Summer of the heart  
When it is gone.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

### NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

#### POLITICS AND THE PREACHER

THE preacher ought never to be the tool of a party, but he does have a political duty—not merely as a man and a citizen, but as a minister of the gospel. And he must not be deterred by the criticisms of those worldly folks who are neither good Christians nor good citizens. Nor should he decline to fulfill this function of his calling on the ground of his alleged inexperience and lack of practical political talent. He may have a farther vision just because he is outside the sphere of active partisanship. If you want the cock to crow you up in the morning, you don't take him to bed with you. It is because he is on the roof that he first sees the dawn. The prophet stands on a higher hill than the mere politician.

Nothing could be more dangerous than the submission of the pulpit to party unless it were the indifference of the pulpit to politics. We should keep political methods out of religion, but if we would save our souls we must take all the religion we have into politics. A religion which is too good to be practiced at the polls, in business or in society, is too good for this world and good for nothing anywhere else. All high questions either as to rights or duties are ethical problems and cannot be separated from religion.

#### THE SACREDNESS OF THE STATE

The nation is not a profane, but a sacred institution; it is not secular, but divine. This is the teaching of Saint Paul when he declares that "the powers that be are ordained of God." This must not be interpreted as a statement of the sanctified character of any particular form of government. God has not ordained monarchy, aristocracy, or democracy, but he has ordained a social

order and sanctioned civil government. Nor does this depend upon any theory of the state, whether, as Rousseau taught, it is based on primitive social compact, or, as traditionalists think, on divine revelation, or, as is more commonly taught to-day, on natural evolution. In any case, whatever its secondary origin, it expresses the will of the Eternal and is sacred with the sanction of his authority. Organized law is but the shadow of the Divine justice.

This is especially true of a democracy. It may be hard to realize it when we gaze on the shaky pillars of the state as it exists, but there is a deep truth in that saying of De Toqueville in his kindly reference to American Puritanism, "Men never need to be theocratic so much as when they are democratic." Doubtless the sentiment of loyalty has gone too far in human history, but there is something noble in it, even when bestowed on worthless kings. No government is so much entitled to loyalty and respect as that raised by free popular suffrage. To smite in the face that image of power we ourselves have shaped is social suicide and self insult.

It has been the divine vocation of all great nations in history to be agencies for the education of the human race. Israel has taught the world righteousness, Greece has given it culture, and Rome civil justice. England has given the world enterprise and America opportunity. Every complete citizen carries the national type in his own character and it can be recognized in him. Our country, what is it? It is our very life blood; it lives in all speech and gesture. It is more than the over-bending skies, the heaven-piercing hills, the encircling seas. It is not in the geography book, it is in us. It is our ancestry, the transmitted torch of kindled glory, the heritage of a heroic past. It is our posterity to which we are yielding the good or ill of to-day. It is greater than either the individual or the family.

This is the divine mission of America, to speak its final word of freedom and human brotherhood that shall bless the world. Therefore must we here set up the throne of justice and the scepter of our power must be righteousness and the crown of our republican majesty must be the lowly fear of God.

## THE SACREDNESS OF OFFICE

There are other ministries that should not be less sacred than the Christian ministry. Do you smile at this? It is very hard to connect the bumper hordes that so often infect public office with any sacred associations whatsoever. But the logic is irresistible; if government is divinely ordained, then public office is a sacred ministry. Again and again Paul says of the civil ruler, "He is a minister of God."

"Public office is a public trust"—that well-known saying of Grover Cleveland goes to the heart of the matter. And it is a thoroughly democratic doctrine, only fully logical under a free government. That any office could exist or be held for private ends is a mean inheritance from the days of absolutism when rulers imagined that the people existed for their sakes and not they for the people. And in the republican form of government, the final triumph of a civil service reform will be the last blow struck at the hateful theory that office is a personal franchise to be bought by party fealty; it will be a recognition of the passing of the doctrine of divine rights and the coming of the nobler truth of divine duty.

This truth is constantly desecrated by the principle of partisanship. Certainly we must believe in political parties and in party government. Indeed, the chief vice of the present political position of the United States is that we do not have any real political parties. No man can clearly state what is the genuine Democratic or Republican platform. Yet every nation should always have two parties, one conservative and the other radical, one static and the other dynamic, one Federal and the other Democratic; never shall either of these wholly swallow up the other as the rod of Moses did those of the Egyptians. Sometimes, indeed, just as at present, party discipline may falter before its supreme duty to the state and to the world—yet parties must always exist, but not, as now, mere mercenary machines for getting personal jobs. Probably the most detestable maxim that ever entered politics is that historic saying, "To the victors belong the spoils." Spoils! the high function of public duty, the solemn responsibility of administering the law, the sacred investiture with

the powers and attributes of sovereignty consecrated by pledges to humanity and oaths to high heaven—these are called “spoils”! No wonder that politics becomes a scramble for place and not the strife of ideas or the settlement of policies, and that public office far from being a “public trust” becomes a “private snap.” Surely a loftier ideal is needed of the function of party, the aim of politics, and the sanctity of official position.

#### THE SACREDNESS OF SUFFRAGE

If the state and statesmanship are sacred, still more so is the suffrage that creates both. Free government reflects the elector. It can never rise much above its source. When it is bad, it is largely because voters themselves are either foolish or bad. Thoreau said: “It matters not half so much what kind of a ballot you drop into the ballot box once a year as what kind of a man you drop out of bed into the street every morning.” The supreme test of any society is, Does it make men? If we want better government the only sure program is get better citizens.

Suffrage is above party. No body of men can fix your ballot for you, neither a regular convention nor a town meeting. The good citizen does not belong to a party; his party belongs to him; it is merely a mechanism by which he makes effective his will. He never feels compelled to vote the straight ticket when it has Satan at the top, the devil at the bottom and Beelzebub in the middle. Voting is an act of worship. Few deeds are more divinely significant. The religious voter will take off his hat when he enters the polling booth to be alone for a moment with God, a ticket, and a lead pencil. He will not need to mark the circle at the top of the column if he knows how to read, and it is worth his time to check every name he votes for, weighing every candidacy. When he deposits his ballot he breathes a prayer and feels as pious as he ever did in church.

Has the preacher no place in politics? He has no bigger job than the creation by Christian influence of a better citizenship. For the work of the church is not simply to save souls from hell, but to save politics from pollution, business from baseness, and society from selfishness. To realize the Kingdom of God on earth



will involve the transformation of all life. And that is the preacher's task.

God grant that at our coming national election in November, 1924, our American millions of men and women voters may meet the issue of that Tuesday's dawn with this high sense of sacred responsibility and the sanctity of the freeman's choice! God grant that one day all our polling booths shall become to us holy temples of the Lord and our election days be like the sacred feasts when the people went up to Jerusalem!

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### MAKING A SOCIAL CONSCIENCE

WHY is the community less upright in action than the individual? Why do many fairly respectable people allow the corporation which provides their income to perform tricks in trade which they would be ashamed to do as persons? And why will men dishonor the laws of a State, play graft with its property and cheat it of its income? It is either the utter lack of what is called a social conscience, or that the collective conscience is corrupted by the perversion of public morals. There is a measure of truth in this coarse-grained characterization of collectivism: "The corporation has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned."

Probably a principal reason for this failure of social morality is that it is very easy for the individual to shift the responsibility to other members of his organization. Duty divided among thousands and millions becomes very thin and hazy. Here is an Oriental tale which illustrates the tendency to pass to other shoulders the burden of responsibility and the charge of guilt: In a certain city the wall of a great building that was being erected fell and killed a number of passers-by. The Cadi ordered the arrest of the architect, who, presenting his plans, was able to secure acquittal because of their correctness. Next the builder was brought to trial and was duly discharged because his materials and orders to workmen were considered excellent. Next came the bricklayer, who claimed that he was a most efficient laborer but did remember that while working on that portion of the wall a young woman

passed by clad in a gown of such brilliant blue that his eyes were so dazzled and senses so rattled that a single brick may have been consequently mislaid. The mason being acquitted, the girl was brought to trial and confessed that her frock was loud enough to be heard around a corner, but accused the dyer of her garments of having disobeyed directions and miscolored this robe. The dyer was brought to trial and, being unable to make any defense, the Cadi ordered him to be hanged in the doorway still left by the fallen wall. An hour later, the bailiff brought back the dyer to the judge saying, "Your honor, that door was too short and this dyer too tall." Then the Cadi cried: "Find a shorter dyer and hang him!" In the corporate life of the world it is much more easy than even in a case like this to transfer obligation, evade responsibility, and escape penalty.

While it is not necessary to define society as an organism in the physical sense of that term, nevertheless nations and even voluntary organizations do develop a character of their own. The Hegelian philosophy of the state, so grossly perverted in later Prussianism, was true to the open facts of history in its assertion of the existence of a national spirit. Group psychology is a reality. There is a marked difference between the Jew and the Greek, the Teuton and the Latin, the Slav and the Saxon. The American, an amalgamated product of many races, has definite traits which are recognized everywhere. And this possession of a social consciousness makes necessary the creation of a social conscience.

Nations have sinned. Nations have been judged and punished. That saying of Schiller, "The world's history is the world's judgment," is more than poetry; it is a true interpretation of the story of mankind. Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome—all rose, lived and fell because of the moral elements in their racial and national life. Some of us are bold enough to believe that the French Revolution was an actual penalty for the Saint Bartholomew massacre, that Red Russia is a legitimate product of Czarism, that the Civil War in America was a righteous punishment for the enlarging of slave territory by the wicked war with Mexico, that the low life of modern Spain is a real result of the Inquisition which by banishing Jews and burning heretics got rid of business,

brains, and character. There is a national character which has faced doom because it has not developed a national conscience.

The present economic order, which so largely dominates society and government, has largely inherited the materialistic and mechanical law of the lower life of plants and animals. It still holds to a certain fatalistic philosophy. To let "supply and demand" fix prices and wages is to exclude all moral influences from the business life. It is the perpetuation in the life of humanity of the so-called "strength for existence and survival of the fittest." The Marxian doctrine of economic determinism has precisely the same speculative basis as the capitalistic methods of production and distribution. Selfish Capitalism and Bolshevik Communism teach the same theory of the economic interpretation of history.

Now even in the lower life it can be proved that gregarious animals with a certain social organization and the spirit of mutual aid survive the carnivora who are unable to create a social order. The moral instinct was primarily something different from individualism; it was inspired by the growth of interdependence. Man is a gregarious animal. The family, tribe, nation, state and the whole great realm of co-operative organizations are the environment which must largely shape his inward spirit of duty. Man is not only more intensely individual but also more co-operatively social than the beast. Probably the highest organisms are those which are most dependent upon each other. Humanity is more closely related both to nature, organic and inorganic, and to its fellows than any other being.

The genesis of conscience in its spiritual sense, therefore, came with the birth of the human race. The Breath of God raised man from necessity to freedom, from subservient slavery to material environment up to the mastery of force and matter. Man found himself in conflict with nature and invested with the obligation to subdue it. Being not only an animal but a man, he must oppose the earthly *Is* with the heavenly *OUGHT*. His function is to substitute moral and spiritual regnancy for the Nemesis of merely physical Fate. This is the supreme fact that so absolutely separates the Bible from all other records of earthly events. The Book of God reveals the unseen factors of eternal righteousness

working everywhere in nature and life. Its progressive revelation of the Divine is also a picture of the humanizing of the universe by the moral and spiritual development of mankind.

It is Jesus Christ who has brought to coronation not only the moral nature of the person but the social structure of all humanity. Science may talk about a mineral, a vegetable, and an animal kingdom—kingdoms in which imperious necessity, blind instinct and irrevocable destiny rule compulsorily; but Christianity discloses a kingdom of God in which Love is Law and fate gives way to freedom. This kingdom is a redeemed human society, but it is more, for the entire world is the object of the divine redemption. Business, society, and government must be moralized, but so must all nature and all life. All created things shall share in the manifestation of the sons of God. Heaven is not a vague achievement for man to gain beyond the bounds of time. When the social gospel has as free a course as the doctrines of personal salvation, we shall have a world in which the will of God is done as perfectly as in any dreamed-of Heaven.

History has a moral and spiritual goal. We need not wonder that Aristotle declared that history is less ethical than the drama. That is tolerably true up to date, just because there is a loftier conscience in the individual man, shaping his artistic imagination, than in the social spirit. But Kant dared to go farther when he declared that we must always trust humanity as a person. If conscience can be infused into corporations, if spirituality can control society, if goodness, and not glory, becomes the aim of government, if holiness fills the heart of humanity as a whole—then will His kingdom conquer and control the world.

Never was this problem so prominent as in the present age. The economic and the sociological man has to-day come into real dominance over the individual. The modern man is cosmopolitan. Ignorant ethnologists may preach the Nordic nonsense all they please, but racial barriers are vanishing, not by the "rising tide of color" but in the melting pot of the closer contact of peoples in this age when the daily paper brings to us the whole planet for breakfast.

Even the economic results of this industrial age, though

largely based on greed and gain, are helping to consolidate mankind. The tremendous growth of urban population, born of the factory, the railway, and the telegraph, is blending family isolation into the community life. The city is not merely a hotbed for the culture of crime; it is a new opportunity for brotherhood. That ancient Jewish legend, that the Messiah would come to the gates of Rome, is a bit of true symbolism. It is where souls gather together that he is in the midst.

This enormous modern growth of the social consciousness will be a calamity unless there is a corresponding quickening of the social conscience. Some of us have thought that America is the theater for the final experiment of God in human history. May not Methodism, that religious movement which has placed high emphasis on applied Christianity, be a mighty army of God to aid in winning this spiritual conquest?

When the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1924 comes into your hand, please read not only Paragraph 585 on the Social Creed of the Churches, but that new Paragraph 586, on Industrial Relations, probably the most progressive statement yet made by any denomination on realizing the spirit of Christ in all departments of human life.

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### SENSATIONAL PREACHING

BOTH the religious and the secular press frequently administer just rebukes to both "namby pambyism" and sensationalism in preaching. That these extremes are to be guarded against, all will admit; but it is not quite so easy to lay down a rule which will exactly fit all cases. Lorenzo Dow could do many things, and that effectively, which should be forbidden in a more modern preacher, and the expedients of our lamented Cartwright would be ridiculous in the hands of a newly fledged Methodist theologian. Spurgeon and Talmage obtained and hold their position largely through strained, over-wrought methods and a crazy rhetoric—when judged by severe classical canons—which few would dare to imitate. And these exceptions to all rules are so many in number

as to make it difficult to judge with any absolute certainty as to what is proper as to manner and matter in preaching.

Now, as ever, the first work of the preacher is to attract attention. If he does not this, further effort is useless. How shall it be done? It is evident that somewhat of sensationalism—in a good sense—must be admitted; that the settled repose of mind must be shaken up and stirred up by the plowshare of an excited interest before the audience is prepared to receive the seeds of truth. And this is a more difficult matter in this age than ever before. The world has drank in the oxygenated air of a fast living and craves a fiercer and sharper diet both for body and mind than ever before. The “sincere milk of the Word” palls on the excited palate of the twentieth century and must be more highly flavored; the solid meat of truth will not be swallowed unless it be loaded with condiments. The young preacher soon finds that the plain proper pabulum of the past is rejected with a gorge by congregations who want to be moved or amused, not instructed. Too soon he learns that they care not to listen to calm, clear, classical, scholarly preaching, though it be earnest and faithful. He must attract and arouse attention before he can teach.

Therefore it happens that Brother Goodman, a holy man of God, a thoughtful, earnest, devoted preacher, who strives in all plainness and simplicity to declare the whole counsel of God, finds himself soon addressing empty benches and a few good souls like himself, while his congregation help to swell that of Brother Skylark on the next street—a man of the times, one up to all the latest tricks and dodges of the devil, one who has his finger on the pulse of the people and adapts the presentation of the gospel to their wants, and consequently one of those who drive the mad steeds of a lunatic fancy with Neptune over the foam-crowned waves, or in Bacchantic dance over the purple mountain-tops, or spins along from constellation to constellation, skimming the cream from the milky way and churning it into rhetorical butter, which he spreads very thickly on extremely thin slices of intellectual bread. Yet he does good, for he, too, is earnest and sincere, and he does the more good that he has the attention of the masses.

Now here is a chance for some of our professors of homiletics



to win the eternal thanks of the earnest young ministry of the land. Let some one treat fairly and honestly, without cant or fogysim, the art of winning attention, distinguishing between creditable and illegitimate means, and if the work is well done, he will have performed a real service.

Some good brother in the "amen corner" by this time is ready to "rise to explain" that the Holy Spirit is to give utterance, that, if there be a real downletting of the power of God on the soul—that thought will become lightning and speech thunder to reach and touch hearts and minds. But this is all vague mysticism unless we recognize the fact that "we have this treasure in earthen vessels." Your inspired savage, filled with the force pressing down from the Infinite, rushes madly into field of strife and lays about him mightily for a time, only to find that he has been delivering blind blows to stocks and stones and has missed the souls in his fury. The "power from on high" must find direction through human methods and human instrumentality as so many channels to direct it in its flow. Who will tell us where divine sensationalism leaves off and human sensationalism begins?

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#### THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER

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ISRAEL faced two needs in the desert—food and drink. Throughout the Old and New Testaments the heavenly gifts are given spiritual interpretation. This is especially true in the Gospel of John, where we constantly see flowing the springs of living water and in that great "Bread Chapter," John 6, our Lord is revealed as both food and drink.

#### BITTER-SWEET (Exodus 15. 22-27)

Men are more apt to shout over their privileges than over their duties. They had rather sing about heaven than take up a collection. So it happened with Israel. A great deliverance has been wrought, the bodies of dead tyrants lie along the shore, a mighty song of triumph has just died away and nothing but a dry, dull desert of duty lies before them. I think they stood the first day fairly well. The glory of the night and the triumph of the dawn would last a little while. There was some novelty in marching at first, for they kept along the sea shore, the gulf on their right, its rippling blue repeating the story of victory, and the distant mountains inviting to freedom and to nobler life. But soon the sandstorms fill their eyes with dust, the treeless earth is caked beneath

them, and the glare of the vernal sun blazes blinding from the white limestone rocks. It is no triumphal procession any longer with banners and bands, but a careworn caravan, footsore and ready to perish with thirst. So the first day passes, a second, and a third; the Red Sea is forgotten, the Passover deliverance seems far away, and only the wail for water is heard in place of the glad music of two days ago. And when water is found, despair upon despair, it is bitter!

I. *THE BITTERNESS OF LIFE.* It is a true enough picture of life; great joys so easily pass into bitter experiences, so great are the contrasts of existence. There is much of desert waste in our life march and, even in the path God leads us, we shall find the well of bitterness.

1. *Disillusionment of Duty.* How soon the poetry of life becomes prose; as the first firm fervors of enthusiasm fade away before the humdrum drudgery of hard work. This tests the stuff of manhood. Youth with its castles all built in dreamland comes out of the bondage of home and school; what a fine thing to be free, to be one's own master! We burn the books and go forth from Egypt to find a desert. And it is a fine thing to be free, but a hard thing.

"I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty,  
I waked and found that life was Duty."

So with the beginnings of the Christian life; the first gladness meets the test of the first temptation. We never know the full power of sin until we have left it behind us.

2. *Reaction and complaint.* This is the moment that tests us; shall we turn back or go forward? And if we still march forward will it be with complaint and dragging feet, or with firm tread, knowing that the hardships of liberty are better than the soft comforts of slavery? How characteristic that they complain of Moses; yet he had given up more than any of them and he suffers as much as any of them. Yet thus we deal with the world's benefactors and patriots—Columbus, Calvin, Washington. We want echoes and not prophets, demagogues and not statesmen.

3. *Bitterness of disappointment.* All day the mountain horizon had suggested water and they dreamed of ravines with rolling torrents, and valleys with shade and springs. As the wrecked sailor looks for gleam of white sail, or the mother by the child's sickbed for the regular breath of returning health, so the desert pilgrim seeks the waving palm, or the spot of emerald that tells that water is near. But the worst is to taste the crystal blessing and find it bitter. Yet this too is life's experience. We got the thing we longed for and it was gall upon our lips. The expected treasure was not what we thought it. Beauty, love, home, marriage, position—all brought sacrifices, all had a bitter drop in their sweetness. "Blessed are they who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed."

4. *The cause of the bitterness.* I hasten to tell you—all earth's bitterness is from the human heart. The shadow of man's sin is upon the world. We have fouled the fountains of life; business, wealth, labor, home, marriage, study, art—these our sin and selfishness have blighted and blackened.

II. LIFE'S BITTERNESS MADE SWEET. "I am the Lord, thy Healer." For all bitterness is of man, but all sweetness is of God.

1. *A remedy at hand.* The bane and antidote grow together. Two trees grew side by side in Paradise—that of the knowledge of good and evil, which brought death, and the tree of life whose fruit was immortality. By every bitter well God's tree stands with its fruit of blessing and leaves of healing. This tree was not created for the emergency; it was there all the time.

2. *Use of means.* A miracle yet a natural healing. God uses means; he is not the God of freak, but of law. "Who healeth all thy diseases." It is the Lord that healeth, whether by the doctor's skill, the surgeon's art, or by the subtle power of herbs or drugs. And this is true faith, to find out his laws and obey them.

3. *All from God.* Moses "cried unto the Lord." He might have rebuked the people, but he prayed. God can make every grief a grace, every burden a blessing. Ulysses was shown the herb moly, with black root and white blossom, which turned beasts into men. God has a tree whose root is black sorrow, whose blossom is the white Christ; it is the cross that sweetens the bitter streams of life, yea, sweeps clean the foul heart spring of all bitterness and woe. God's tree can kill all the poison of the world. For every lock in Doubting Castle there is a key; we have a great bunch of them in God's promises. Cry unto him and he will show you the right one.

III. BRIGHT SIDE OF LIFE. All the world is not desert and all wells are not Marah. We must concede the sadness of the world, its careworn aspect, the tragedy of life. This is the minor music of life.

1. *Yet there is another side.* The world has beauty, fair sights and sounds, visions of glory. It is not mere fancy is the poet's vision that sees the glowing ideal through the forbidding real. The desert has oases where waters cool and fresh gurgle in the silences. It has been given to many a soul to find their Elim by faith and works. Maury, crippled in the stage coach, becomes the geographer of the sea; blind Milton has the vision of the far flaming gates of pearl and the jeweled city of God. And not only these great names but humbler souls find oases in the desert. Often they whose lives are hardest bear it best.

"O patient souls who tarried here,  
Mere desert land sojourners,  
They did not dream of mirth or rest,  
God's humble lesson learners.  
The temple's sacred perfume round  
Their workday robes was clinging,  
Their mirth was but the golden bells  
On priestly garments ringing."

3. *Not far off.* Marah was but six miles from Elim. Are you weeping by some bitter well? Look and listen. You can hear the murmur of the twelve springs, the rustle of the palm branches, the bird song, and inhale the very fragrance of the flowers. And then there are only hours at Marah, but weeks at Elim.

## MANNA IN THE WILDERNESS (Exodus 16)

There is a close analogy between physical and spiritual facts. Man needs food for his soul as well as for his body. He is more than an animal, has finer tastes and more exalted appetites. Intellect wants truth, heart longs for love, will seeks action, and conscience, righteousness. The miracle in the wilderness is thus a great type and Jesus so interprets it. Egypt left behind, the food supply is exhausted. The people murmur. Long slavery had killed manliness; it takes a second generation of slaves to make heroes. They complained of Moses, but their whining goes past Moses, the second cause, up to the First Cause; all our complaint is against God. Every human act sends a shudder to the stars. We alone are to blame; the sour vessel spoils the milk. But God who "still the walling sea bird on the hungry shore" heard them and rained bread from heaven. God's Providences run on schedule time and never miss connection.

I. IT WAS INDISPENSABLE. Israel would have perished without it.

1. *The physical analogue.* The fight for bread is the greatest phenomenon of life. No cry is so universal as the cry for food. The famines in Europe and Asia. A fundamental need lies beneath all our artificial wants. "An army travels on its belly," said Moltke, and the Franco-Prussian war demonstrated it. For hunger and thirst destroy courage.

2. *Bread needed*—not cake, we keep that for company. Even Jesus is for food and not merely for ornament.

"When women gets to braggin' 'bout their bread  
I'm 'spicious 'bout their pie, as Danty said."

But it is plain food we need—the simplicity of the gospel. Not the elaborate cooking of theologies and liturgies, but the bread of life—not flowers, but bread. Corn and other grains were once flowers of the lily order, but they have become the food of man. So Jesus, the "lily of the valley," has become the soul's supply, the answer to the heart's hunger.

3. *Soul hunger.* Man is perishing in the wilderness; the earth is a desert to his spiritual nature. As Israel looked back to Egypt so do men look elsewhere than to God for satisfaction. These conquering desires, this mad searching, are witnesses of man's greatness, of his eternal needs.

II. IT WAS A FREE GIFT. No money, no work, no plowing or sowing. No failure of crops.

1. *A heavenly supply.* "Man did eat angel's food." All good is from God. There is nothing more mysterious than economic mechanism. How complex are the agencies by which the world's wants are supplied? But all chains at last are fastened to the eternal throne—God is back of all—the natural rests upon the supernatural. If there were no sky there would be no bread. "Came down from heaven" is true both of physical and spiritual good.

2. *Salvation is a free gift.* It had to be; we have nothing to give. What do men pay for other satisfactions?—for knowledge, wealth, power, pleasure, etc.? This highest good is without money and without price.

"Earth asks its price for what earth gives us,  
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
 The priest has his fee who comes and shrives us,  
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;  
 At the devil's booth are all things sold,  
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold,  
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
 Bubbles we buy with our whole souls tasking;  
 'Tis only heaven that's given away,  
 'Tis only God can be had for the asking."

III. IT HAD TO BE GATHERED ON CONDITIONS. It was a free gift, but a gift may be neglected and refused. There is nothing really cheap; even my friend's love must cost me love's effort.

1. *Must be sought and gathered.* And gathered by God's rule. Yet some men were obstinate. Faith means obedience. Faith involves repentance. Christ must be sought and received. "As many as received him."

2. *Must be gathered daily.* There could be no overplus. We can't heap up stores of either nature or grace. The richest man gets only board and clothes out of life and the poorest may get that. What do you really possess? It couldn't be kept over; it became offensive. Past blessings will not suffice. "The manna gathered yesterday already savors of decay." Many Christians are trying to live on the experiences of bygone years. "Every moment, Lord, I need the merit of thy death." The soul as well as the body must pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." We may gather a memorial, the hidden manna of the Ark, but it is the daily manna which is our food.

3. *Must be gathered early.* "Before the sun rose." Picture the dawning day, an unopened rosebud in the east, the stillness that is full of life, broken by bird song, the diamond drift of dew still adorning leaf and flower. Jesus comes to men in the morning of life. "I love them that love me and they that seek me early shall find me." The dewy freshness of youth best finds and feeds upon the bread of heaven.

IV. IT WAS PLEASANT AND PLENTIFUL. God's food is good food and he supplies enough of it.

1. *Pleasant to the taste.* "I sat under his shadow with great delight and the fruit thereof was sweet unto my taste." Sweet to the taste—so is the bread of life. Manna means "What is it?" So the saved soul may cry, "What is this that so thrills me, elevates me, purifies me?" According to the Rabbins, manna tasted to each one what he wished. Jesus has satisfied. There are clay-eaters who still the stomach with earth (and there is a yellow clay called gold much used for that purpose), but he is full satisfaction.

2. *Enough for all.* Supply was ample and lasted for thirty-eight years. True of Christ and his salvation. There is no limit. "Enough for each, enough for all, enough for evermore." This storehouse never is empty; this river never runs dry. Ask largely, O my soul, for you are asking of a King!

## THE ROCK IN THE DESERT (Exodus 17. 1-7)

The apostle Paul sees the sacramental character of history. (1 Cor. 10. 4.) Crossing the Red Sea is a nation's baptism; while the manna and the gushing rock are its Holy Communion. The whole history of Israel is thus the poem of providence. All history is prophecy, is full of symbolism always more and more perfectly fulfilled in the course of the ages. At last they come to Rephidim. Where is Rephidim? Geography cannot tell us and we have no need to know, for the soul has found it everywhere. We never get away from necessity.

I. THE DESERT OF LIFE. The wilderness journey is a picture of human life. It is not without beauty and blessings, but it is a beauty of death—its paths are marked by graves. Its lessons are constant necessity, constant dependence upon God. It is not a garden of the Lord—that is yet to come—but a dreary waste.

1. *Man is not at home in the desert.* The camel can live there better than he. He finds there no answer to his direct needs. If any man finds this world good enough for him it is because he has denied the best that is in him. There is want of harmony. So with this life; it furnishes no true sphere for the soul. Brain and heart are too large for this world. We are kings in exile; our heads were made for crowns and our hands for scepters. We are pilgrims camping for a night. This is the real secret of the discontent of life—the littleness of the world and the greatness of the soul. Alexander wants more worlds to conquer, and Solomon says "All is vanity." We sigh for green fields, for waving trees and gushing fountains.

2. *Desert experiences.* We cannot cipher away the grief and pain. If every sorrow but one were banished, that would be enough to poison the whole life. Count the losses of property, of health, of friends. Earth is changed and can never again be the same. For death is in the desert, and broken purposes, thwarted aspirations, disappointed hopes, shattered idols lie strewn along our pathway like bleached bones of the dead along a caravan road. What wonder that strong men have cried, "Would that I were dead!"

3. *Deceptions of the desert.* The desert has its beauty—it is the glory of desolation. A blazing sun in a stainless sky, rich play of colors in sandhills and rocks, glory of moonlight, making even death lovely. Then there are oases where one is tempted to stay and mirages which deceive with vain hopes. Such is the glory of the world—a beauty which allures only to cheat, a loveliness that fades beneath an ardent gaze. Sometimes we want to stay—as a child might beg to tarry in some fertile valley—but our Father hurries us on. For we are seeking a better country.

4. *Thirst of the desert.* Caused by want of water—nothing is so valuable as a river or a well. It is rivers that make the world fit to live in. But there are other thirsts than those of the body—for knowledge, for happiness, for life and love. The heart has its hunger and the world cannot satisfy it. Her cisterns are broken cisterns; her rivers are lost in the sand. Who shall give us the "living water"?



II. THE SMITTEN ROCK. What if necessity does follow us—so does God's providence. The Talmud fables a globular boulder, like a beehive, that rolled along with the camp. Into the Desert of Earth has come the smitten Rock, the living fountain, and the desert shouts and sings. Man's want is constantly met by heaven's supply.

1. *Unexpected relief.* "Horeb" is said to mean a "dried up ground." God can find water where we can find none; he can make rivers out of rocks. He has blessings locked up in the most dreary places; mercy is always nearer than we think. We see nothing but rocks, rocks, rocks and burning sands, but God sees the secret fountain. For the rocks in the desert of life are more than rocks. Every sorrow, woe, and pain of life hides a joy and a refreshment.

2. *Streams in the desert.* The Orient knows the blessing of water as we do not. The well is the center of the nomad's life. So the Bible is all agleam with rivers—the streams of Paradise, the Nile, Jordan, Euphrates, the "river that makes glad the city of God," the Jordan and at last the "river of life that flows from the throne of God." And what is more beautiful than water? It makes with light the glory of the earth. Falling in the summer rain, murmuring in the rivulet, dancing in the cascade, glistening in the dewdrop, wedded to light in the rainbow, thundering in the cataract, God keeps pouring this gift of his bounty upon a thirsty earth. Water is for cleansing, refreshment, fruitfulness.

3. *Rock of Ages.* "That rock was Christ." There is a picture called "The Fountain of Life." The Virgin and Son sit on a great rock, from beneath which a spring pours its tides; prophets, apostles, saints drink; farther off it gathers into pools where humble souls find satisfaction; it widens into a river by which children play. "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." He is also the smitten Rock. As the bark must be bruised for the balsam and the grape pressed for the wine, so was Jesus smitten for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities.

4. *The Rock in the desert.* He is the one answer of God to the thirst of the soul and the hunger of the heart. Take him away, and we die of spiritual thirst. When the brain staggers with its questions, and the heart is sick with its longings, let me see him and I am satisfied. And this rock will follow us all through life's desert; it will not lose itself in the sand.

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## THE ARENA

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### THE FUNDAMENTALISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

If the contribution on "The Holy Spirit in Modern Thought," with the fine symposium of different aspects of the same subject in the May-June number of the METHODIST REVIEW and the "Fire Baptism" by the Editor do not quicken the heart and thinking of the readers, then the failure of these half hundred pages to accomplish this would not only be justification for these pages, but a further great awakening on the subject of the deity, personality, work and presence of the Holy Spirit.

These pages have been read and re-read by this writer. It is a high-water mark in the *METHODIST REVIEW* and some one would render a great service if these pages were put in a brochure and sent broadcast throughout the land!

We shall never witness a deep and permanent revival of pure and undefiled religion, Christianity as it was at Pentecost, till pages such as these and utterances from pulpit and pew again make the land melodious with praise for His Coming! "It is the Spirit that quickeneth." With magnificent enthusiasm that great New England thinker, writer and preacher, Horace Bushnell, exclaimed, "My glorious Friend, the Holy Spirit." In the last year of his life he wrote a magnificent chapter on the "Inspiration of the Holy Spirit" and contemplated a treatise on the Holy Spirit, but his life was cut short.

A great spiritual world-wide awakening will surely follow when the Holy Spirit is honored as the Representative of both the Father and the Son! We may have ingatherings from superficial preaching and plenty of sensationalism and semi-ragtime music, but these will stir only the surface and carry the church on the tide of enthusiasm, but when the tide recedes the church will be left stranded till the next awakening comes. It ought not to be so. It should not be so. The great commission of Jesus to his disciples meant that it should not be so. He said, "Tarry"—"Wait"—"Until!"—the next great finale, the coming of the Paraclete! The infant church must be pushed out of its nest to do S-E-R-V-I-C-E! That is the biggest meaning of Pentecost! There is no real permanent S-E-R-V-I-C-E without the Holy Spirit! He abides in the believer! He enables the believer to witness! There can be no real teaching ministry without the Holy Spirit!

Dear Editor, give the readers of the *METHODIST REVIEW* more of this kind of matter. There be some of us standing by who do not want to go hence till we can see and share in a great and blessed spiritual inundation! Aid it heart and tongue and pen! Aid it till it comes again!

S. R. RENO.

Champaign, Illinois.

#### WOODROW WILSON'S ATTITUDE TOWARD RELIGION

I HAVE already expressed on the printed page some observations as to Woodrow Wilson—his home life, his educational work, his distinguished political services, his merits as a writer and public speaker and the governing aims of his official career. A few suggestions are in place as to his religious thought and life. Despite the doctrine of total depravity so called, I am well within the bounds of orthodoxy when I say that Woodrow Wilson was constitutionally religious. This type of character he inherited directly from his gifted father and indirectly from his equally gifted uncle, as he inherited any specifically mental or physical trait. It, therefore, never occurred to him even to question the great cardinal truths of Christianity any more than to question the revolution of the earth about the sun. They had with him the place and potency of sacred

intuitions, of the axioms of science, postulated in all discussions as an essential and sufficient basis of sound reasoning. His religious life was thus singularly free from that restless ebb and flow which so often marks religious experience. It moved on from year to year as quietly and irresistibly as a great gulf stream of thought and feeling, quite undisturbed by the ever-shifting currents that agitated the surface of the lives of men. It would have been impossible for him to take any part whatsoever in the prevailing discussions as to the certainty or uncertainty of long accepted religious truths, so firmly "rooted and grounded" was he in the valid articles of faith.

In the expressive language of Scripture, he was "strengthened, stablished, settled, steadfast and immovable," so as not to be "tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine." Woodrow Wilson may indeed be said to have had no theology whatsoever in the technical and scholastic sense of that term, as distinct from personal religious experience. He never stopped to formulate his faith in anything like a dogmatic deliverance of doctrine as embodied in a definite creed or confession. His faith was so incorporated in the sum and substance of his innermost self and such an integral part of his moral constitution, that doctrine and duty, thought and life, creed and character were consolidated and fused into the everyday expressions of his experience. His moral nature, as his intellectual nature, was primarily Hebraic, broadly based on the teachings of Moses and the prophets, and therefore proof against assault of men or devils. He was nothing less than a Puritan in the twentieth century of Christian thought, accepting the supernatural declarations of biblical truths as he accepted the orderly processes of natural law and stressing at every point along the historic development of his religious life the primacy of the spirit over all visible and material phenomena. Here it is that we have explained the signal characteristic of his religious life as reverential and devout, and his willingness to sit at the feet of Christ in all humility and learn of him the way of life. Some of the religious questions of the day that are tossed about by ecclesiastical disputants with a reckless levity of manner and method that is astounding, would have shocked his sensitive nature beyond all expression. To argue, as is now done, the most sacred verities of our religion—the Deity of Christ, the inspiration of the Scriptures, the atonement for sin, the resurrection of the dead and the judgment of the last day, as a mere idle pastime between the acts of a play at the theater, or between the courses at a fashionable metropolitan café—this irreverent playing fast and loose with eternal verities would have been to him morally inconceivable and bordering closely upon blasphemy. Even in some modern Christian pulpits this ungodly flippancy is seen and heard and the priests at the altar, enrobed in the insignia of ministerial function, pose and speak as nothing less than clerical caterers to the ever-shifting demands of the pew. This is neither Fundamentalism nor Modernism. This is nothing less than sheer Libertinism, an out-and-out Paganism in the twentieth century and at the supposed centers of modern Christian thought, if indeed it is comparable to the devout attitude of heathen worshippers as they kneel

at the shrine of their gods and goddesses. It was the Hebraic spirit that permeated the thought and life of Woodrow Wilson and lay at the basis of all his educational and political career. We speak of him as a political idealist and so he was, but first and last a religious idealist. It was this moral ideal that was uppermost and undermost in all his national and international relations and activities, and what is called the League of Nations was to him primarily and fundamentally a sacred moral covenant to unify the nations of the world in one final effort toward the reign of truth and righteousness. It is significant that his last word to the American people was straight along this line of the necessity of the dominance of spiritual factors and forces in the life of the modern world, if so be civilization was to be saved from total wreck. His educational theories were thus based. His political theories were thus based on the primacy of the supernatural in the policies of nations. His greatest claim to future and permanent recognition was not that he did this or that in the sphere of liberal education, this or that in the sphere of national and world diplomacy, but that he held up before the American people and the people of the world a morally sublime ideal, emphasized the eternal verities as the only guarantee of world betterment, and gave up his life in the desperate endeavor to turn the eyes of the nations, for awhile at least, from methods and measures purely mercenary and earthly upward toward the gates of heaven, if so be they might catch a vision, however partial, of truth and righteousness and God.

THEODORE W. HUNT.

Princeton, New Jersey.

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#### PHILIP EMBURY

[There is a frequently told legend that Methodism began in New York city, by Barbara Heck breaking in upon a party where the backslidden Philip Embury, Methodist local preacher, was playing cards with friends, reprimanding them severely, destroying their cards and so reclaiming the backslider and starting that early society which afterward worshiped in John Street Church. The Reverend Doctor Lewis R. Streeter, who for twelve years, 1910-1922, was pastor of Old John Street Church, having made a careful study of early documents, has just published a valuable historical pamphlet concerning the work of Embury. The following letter from him will sharpen the appetites of all students of early Methodism to obtain and read this thesis.—EDITOR.]

MY DEAR DOCTOR ELLIOTT:

Under another cover I am mailing you a copy of my contention relating to Philip Embury's first six years in New York, beginning August 10, 1760, plus his subsequent four years in New York, beginning in October, 1766.

Concerning the above my contention is as follows:

1. That what the card-party tradition says of Embury's first six years in New York is mostly a crazy myth.
2. That during his first six years in New York Embury did but little,

- if any, public preaching to sinners—as Thomas Taylor puts it in his letter to Wesley—for the reasons I assign.
3. That neither Embury nor one member of his Ballingran class-society fell into a backslidden state during their first six years in New York, as alleged by the only account that affirms they did—the card-party tradition.
  4. That in the capacity of a class leader Embury faithfully followed Wesley's directions during his first six years in New York—as he had done for seven years in Ireland.
  5. That in his communicant relations with Trinity Church in New York, and in his relations elsewhere, Embury employed every opportunity to allay prejudice against Wesley and his work. His equipment, as appears from the historic facts cited, rendered him eminently qualified to do this.
  6. That Embury's success in these forms of semi-private Methodist propagandism emboldened him to begin a campaign of public preaching in October, 1766.
  7. That if Embury had not pursued the course indicated above, the unparalleled success that attended his leadership during the following fifteen months—between October, 1766, and November, 1767—could not have occurred.
  8. That Methodist historians generally have greatly underrated Embury's mentality, the force of his personality, and the measure of his preparation during eight years under the training of Wesley and his itinerants. Indeed, from his early boyhood until his emigration—a period of fifteen years—Embury had been in close contact with Wesley's itinerants who statedly preached in Ballingran, his home village. In addition to this, for the same period Embury had been under the religious tutelage of his schoolmaster, Philip Guier, a local preacher, whom Wesley characterizes as a "father to the Ballingran and other Irish German Methodist societies." Altogether, Embury was a much bigger and better qualified man for the task providentially assigned him—that of effectively introducing Methodism into the city of New York—than his biographers have represented.
  9. That all the foregoing is documentarily and circumstantially supported by the evidence introduced under my contention.

L. R. STREETER.

Long Branch, N. J.

## BIBLICAL RESEARCH

### THE PARTHENOGENETIC PROBLEM OF CHRISTIANITY

THE virgin birth is primarily a historic question. Fundamentalists emphasize too strongly its doctrinal aspects. Many Modernists mix it in their minds with utterly illogical presuppositions of philosophy and physical science.

That Jesus was supernaturally born is doubtless a fitting fact in relation to his Deity, just as is his resurrection, but it is not a proof. Those of us who believe in the possibility of a miraculous birth cannot confine it to the God-Man. Even the Moslems, who do not worship him, accept the Gospel story of his birth.

But still more fallacious is that specious method of many of the so-called liberal group. Here is an example: "No one can examine the New Testament carefully and not discover for himself that Jesus never spoke of his birth from a virgin; nor did his mother; nor Joseph; nor Paul to whom the doctrine of a virgin birth would have been extremely welcome; nor Peter who knew Jesus as well as any man did; nor Mark, his earliest biographer; nor John. . . . How could a biographer of Jesus like Mark and John have known or heard the story of the virgin birth from reliable sources and have failed to mention it? The simple truth is that the entire New Testament contains but two references to this whole matter of the virgin birth."<sup>1</sup> And much more of the same sophistry.

Those who have honestly followed the critical studies of the Argument from Silence in previous issues of the METHODIST REVIEW know that Mark and John are not biographies but are records of personal experience and that the two references above mentioned are Matthew and Luke, which are the only books in the New Testament that can be called biographies. And to suppose that "some of the many people who knew the story intimately would have spoken of it in some unequivocal way and put the fact of the virgin birth beyond dispute," is to make the same blunder as that of the false Fundamentalists.

Let us therefore state the scriptural testimony, not in that delusive negative manner, but in the positive way:

*The only historic records which we possess of the Nativity of Jesus Christ affirm his supernatural birth. They are introductory to the only two books of the New Testament which can be called biographies and are evidently based on the evidence of the only two witnesses who could give first-hand testimony to this sacred but secret fact.*

Could a mythical account of the birth of Jesus have been made a part of Christian literature in a single generation following his life among men and while his brethren and possibly his mother were still living? Back of all the careless criticism, based not upon any psychological insight into these records but on merely skimming their surface, is some skeptically assumed scientific difficulty and no real historical or literary reason. In very much modern criticism there is a most narrow and undiscerning logic.

The two Gospels, Matthew and Luke, are not journals of personal experience; they are careful compilations of a number of narratives "concerning those matters which have been fully established among us" contributed by persons "who from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word" (Luke 1. 1, 2). And Luke adds as his own historical method that he had "traced the course of all things accurately from the first." Shall the scholars of to-day pay no respect to such a

<sup>1</sup> Carl S. Patton, *Religion in the Thought of To-day*. P. 145.



consultor of original sources as Luke? And are none of us able to see the significance of that phrase, "*from the first*"? Superficial students who call the Infancy stories "introductions," "prologues," "supplements," etc., fail to note the actual preface to the Third Gospel which we have just quoted precedes and does not follow the narrative of the birth at Bethlehem.

Frequent allusion is constantly being made to some striking differences in the narratives of these two books. These differences do exist but should not be construed as contradictions. They do indicate different sources and such varied sources will always differ in details. One of the values of evidence is always to be found in those variations which prove a different viewpoint of the reporters. When witnesses echo each other, their story is far more apt to be doubted. They both tell of Jesus' birth in Bethlehem. Luke tells why Joseph and Mary came to Bethlehem and Matthew why they didn't stay there. It is most plainly probable that Mary and Joseph with holy reticence kept the more delicate facts to themselves, confiding them only to close friends with authority for posthumous publication. As Joseph doubtless died early in the life of our Lord, his account found in Matthew is probably the one which on account of its later transmission failed to tell the full details of the Nazareth residence and some other matters. But both of them agree as to Bethlehem as the place of birth and both distinctly affirm those two historic statements in the Apostles' Creed—"conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." These independent traditions converge at this point. And they both relate the previous angelic announcement of this fact, in Matthew to Joseph and in Luke to Mary. (The deeper discrepancies between the two genealogies will be considered in a future number of the Review.) These twin narratives of the one historic event are given from different standpoints, but that affords us a stereoscopic vision in which the holy fact stands out with increased vividness.

Matthew and Luke agree upon all the essential details of this question—such as the virginity of the Holy Mother, the creative act of the Holy Spirit, the legal relations of Joseph both to Mary and our Lord, the angelic command to name the child Jesus. As to differences, which are more frequently at variance in literary record than in historical facts, it is not only the narratives of the Nativity but the whole of the first and third Gospels that can be critically shown to have had different sources. Luke certainly did not know our Matthew in its present form. His use of the so-called Logia varies from that in Matthew (he probably used an Aramaic document). He does not make the Sermon on the Mount a connected discourse as does Matthew. He certainly did use Mark as a source. Modern scholarship is giving increased respect to Luke as a historian. But it is also necessary to take into account the artistry of his style and the orderliness of his literary method as features which help to explain the apparent divergence. Variation of this sort must not be looked upon as contradiction.

No one can fail to see that Matthew states the supernatural character of Jesus' birth in much more literal terms than Luke. And this fact has

been used by critics without insight to try to interpret the language of the latter as a different account. They claim that the words of Annunciation spoken to Mary by the Angel Gabriel may be explained as simply a promise of a natural birth under a sacred spiritual environment. Matthew does give a more literal statement of the virgin birth, but one can readily see that it was precisely the Joseph standpoint of the narrative which compelled that emphasis. The experience of a generous soul as he faced the pregnancy of his espoused bride leads up to an attitude calling for more exact detail in explanation than was needed by a vestal maiden "as chaste as unsunned snow" as she receives her celestial message. Luke, whose sources on this subject are doubtless feminine, certainly received his information in the most modest terms and delivers it to his readers with his marvelous delicacy of expression. The variance of these documents is therefore rather an enrichment of our information than a suggestion of contradiction.

(In coming issues of the *METHODIST REVIEW* the Nativity narratives in these two Gospels will be fully discussed, together with the very difficult problem of the genealogies.)

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## FOREIGN OUTLOOK

### A WALDENSIAN SABBATH

It's a far cry from the Cottian Alps to Uruguay. It's a far cry from Pope Innocent VIII to Pastor Tron. It's a far cry from the tortures of the sixteenth century to the religious liberty of the year of our Lord 1923. One writer on the history of the Waldensians in Europe tells us: "Every torture mentioned in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews they suffered. They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were slain with the sword. And then everything which the devilish ingenuity of man could conjure up in fifteen centuries was visited upon them. They were stripped naked and with their heads bound between their knees they were rolled down the mountain side and over the precipices. Sulphur was introduced underneath their finger nails, in their nose and ears and under their skin, and the torch applied. Their bowels were removed and a live cat bound up in their place. Scarcely a stone in those valleys that was not reddened with their martyr blood."

That's a small part of the Old World tale of the Waldensians. I want to contribute a modern chapter—a New World chapter—from the plains of Uruguay, from a land where religious freedom is a fact, not a fancy, and where, as is our proud boast here in the United States of America, all the world is welcome to come and worship God as the Spirit dictates.

It is a December Sabbath morning in this New World Waldensian Colony. Remember that you must translate a December Sabbath morning into terms of that most perfect of all months with us—June. To be sure we cannot rhyme "December" with "be in tune," but the world here is just as harmonious as if that were possible. All that Lowell had to say about June an Uruguayan poet could with equal truth say about Decem-

ber. It is truly the high tide of the year and little birds here sit at their Uruguayan doors and sing Spanish songs to their mates just as other little birds six months later or earlier will sit or sat at North American doors and will sing or sang English songs to theirs. Chanticleer crows just as lustily with a Latin as with an Anglo-Saxon accent. And South American hearts find it just as easy now to be true as do June-hearted hearts in the northern continent.

I set out along the oleander and magnolia bordered road for the little church where I am to listen to a sermon in French. As yet there is no Uruguanization policy which makes foreign languages a menace. So every other Sunday out here at the Colony the old folks listen to the Law and the Prophets and the Gospels too in the tongue of their childhood. This is a French Sunday, as I said, and Pastor Tron has a full house. The precentor comes forward and lines the psalm and we rise and sing it together. Organ there is none, but the deep rolling bass of the men gathered together on the right and the sweet shrill soprano of the women on the left leave no sense of lack or want. The service advances to the sermon stage and here I find myself lost upon a trackless sea. I have an eye but no ear for French and a drowsily humming bee and I nearly drop off to sleep together. But if I can't understand the preacher's text I can that of the church itself. Like a certain small Mexican church I once visited at the time of its dedication, it has been erected to the sound not of one hammer but of many hammers. It took ten years to its building and I think God must have loved every hammer blow that went into its construction. For its members built it themselves—a fit temple for the worship of their God. The text then that this church takes for the sermon that it is preaching me this morning is an old one with a new meaning for me:

"They help everyone his neighbor; and everyone saith to his brother, Be of good courage. So the carpenter encourageth the goldsmith, and he that smootheneth with the hammer him that smiteth with the anvil, saying of the solderer, It is good; and he fasteneth it with nails that it should not be moved."

There have been churches up in our own country built in worse ways and with less true harmony. On the other hand, I know of no better method of unifying a congregation than this sharing of a common task, this helping everyone his neighbor, this saying everyone to his brother, Be of good cheer, this mutual appreciation of special individual ability. Some June time when we're all finding the sulphurous rifts become like burnt-out craters healed with snow, we might try the experiment. What we should lose in interior harmony of building decorations we might gain in inner harmony of membership fundamentals.

In such thoughts as these the service passes and once more I find myself on the open road among my gentle friendly new neighbors. Someone invites me back for the afternoon concert at four o'clock and I promise to come. It is not to be a Waldensian concert—it is to be a benefit given by out-of-town talent. The little church in the next Colony, the Colonia Suiza, wants to buy a new organ, and to that end is sending

out its choral society to all the neighboring colonies. Not realizing the half of what is before me, I promise to come.

It is to be a day of marvels, but as yet I am unaware of it. I turn down the lane that already in less than a week I have learned to call mine and between the fields of ripe stacked wheat, refuge of the owls that break all owl laws that I have ever known and see by day as well as by night, pass back to dinner and the siesta that these rare but hot December days demand.

Four o'clock sees me once more in the little church crowded to the doors. And then the marvel begins to break upon me. To this little French colony, to the very church where the morning service has been conducted in French, has come a mixed chorus, surnamed "Helvecia," to give a hundred per cent German concert. And the Waldensian pastor himself fought in the trenches—on the Allies' side, of course—a fact which in no way interferes with the warmth and appreciativeness of the introduction which he gives his neighbors of the "Helvecia" choral society.

Such a concert as it is! These men and women and boys and girls are singing right out of their every-day living, singing with the artistry that the birds know when the nest is built and the eggs in it, singing as a man sings over his newly turned furrow, or a woman when the sweet-smelling freshly washed clothes are out on the line. The prima donna is first lady of one of these Colony farms rather than of a metropolitan opera house—a thin German Hausfrau of forty-five perhaps, impassive as to face but with a voice of such pure, glorious beauty that it brings quick tears to the eyes of those who listen. Two nurses almost newly arrived from the Kaiserwort mother house are part of the chorus, plain sensible-looking women in their nurses' uniforms. But the light from the red squares in one of the church windows falls over the white caps as they sing with rapt uplifted faces, and makes halos for them, good sturdy halos, more truly deserved doubtless than those of most saints. There is only a little folding organ, but the young organist is touching it into a magic sonorousness. My mind leaps back suddenly to a Vesper concert in Harvard Church, to the spell of the music making the soft golden afternoon sunlight a shade more golden. But there is no regret as I remember. For in some way Chopin's Funeral March and Wagner's Prelude to Parsifal played by this German farmer lad on the wheezy little organ in the bare country church are just as lovely.

And then it is all over and, still under the spell of the music, I move once more out into the road. I am part of a cheerful, laughing crowd passing out of the church and the church yard now—a comradely sort of crowd, not hilarious but humanly free and unrestrained in their freedom—old and young together without fear and without reproach, being just their ordinary live selves. We are on our way to "La Plaza de Deportes" (the playground). Sunday school has preceded the concert; all the ordinary services of the day have been conducted decently and in order. Now the play hour has come and to the playground right under the eaves of the church itself we are turning our footsteps as if such recreation were not "the prodigal son from the camp of religion,"

Once upon a time I heard of the small daughter of a certain New England preacher who, when she was warned by her father to keep out of the horse's way lest she should be kicked "right into the middle of next week," replied that she didn't much mind—"It would get me past Sunday anyhow!" But I don't know why I should introduce that story just here—it's utterly irrelevant of course.

Back to the Plaza de Deportes. I want to paint a picture of it for you—the last word in the playgrounds (and the story of how under the influence of the Y. M. C. A. the Uruguayan government has introduced modern playgrounds not only into its cities but also into every last little out-of-the-way country neighborhood all over the republic deserves an article all to itself) equipped with the best of apparatus and under the supervision of a well-trained play director. I want you to see it as I see it this Sunday afternoon, under the clear blue Uruguayan sky where here and there a white cloud the size of a Frenchman's hand sails past, with its background of wheat fields where scarlet verbenas peep between the stalks of grain and a little red churrinche sits and sings on every other fence post, with its self-contained poplars back against the blue sky and equally self-contained companies of cypress in the far distance. I want you to see the human part of it all too—the Waldensian girls in their King Tut dresses, the mater familias-es in their sober Old World black, the band in which fathers and sons play side by side and which seems to me to be making a truly joyful noise to the Lord through the medium of "O Sole Mio!"; the small boys with their Pass Ball and the bigger ones with Volley Ball; the young swains and their sweethearts taking turns on the tennis court, the older man at Bowls—the tiny folks on the swings and giant slides. The road outside is full of two-wheeled charets and four-wheeled Fords and Dodges and Buicks with here and there a gaucho's horse brave in all its marvelous trappings just to prove to us that after all we are in South America and not in Europe nor the United States.

Well, it's all over now. It's eight o'clock and the sun has just dropped behind the big ombú tree that marks the boundary line between our place and the next prosperous Waldensian farm. I wonder if I've made you see it and feel it as I've seen it and felt it. I'm afraid you'll think I'm trying to prove something about Sabbath observance—or non-observance. But I'm not. Like Harry Lauder—"I'm just a-tellin' ye!"

HELEN GRACE MURRAY.

Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. A.

### BOOK NOTICES

*Is God Limited?* By FRANCIS JOHN MCCONNELL. Pp. 297. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press.

EPICURUS saw the suffering and evil in the world. He heard of God. He reasoned that if God were benevolent, he would not permit such suffering, and hence he could not be omnipotent; and if he were omnipotent,

he surely could not be benevolent. Similar doubts have assailed other minds. Hume suggested that if there were a God he must be limited. John Stuart Mill and William James have taken up the idea of a finite God; and H. G. Wells has put a Wellsian form thereof on the counters of the five and ten cent stores.

What is a Christian to do when he is told that God is not absolute, infinite, omnipotent, utterly timeless, as described in the standard books on theology? He may worry along, as many excellent people do, without considering the standard books on theology at all. If the books mean a great deal to him, he may be willing to consign any who suggest that God is limited to the flames of this world and the next. But thinkers like Bishop McConnell—as if there were many of the kind!—choose a better part. They try to understand this talk about the finiteness of God to see whether they may not perchance learn something from it. In *Is God Limited?* Bishop McConnell has written one of his most suggestive and invigorating books, and one of the most helpful treatments of the idea of God for the non-technical reader that anyone has written in recent years. It contrasts strikingly with the white-hot feeling and muddy reasoning in Mr. Wells' *God the Invisible King* and with the wandering, learnedly futile discussions in Beckwith's *Idea of God*. The book offers no new God. The author is not a victim of the cult of the finite God. He is interpreting the God of the New Testament and of Christian consciousness. He shows that much of what has been said about the Christian God has been misleading and has resulted in false emphases.

The thesis of the book may be briefly stated. It is that God must be thought of as working under limitations which are "self-ratified as obligations expressing the moral nature of the Creator." In Part I the author inquires whether there are limitations upon the Divine in relation to the physical universe; in Part II he considers limitations in relation to the world of men; and in Part III he takes up those inherent in the divine personality itself.

The book shows that the real question for religious thought is not whether God is limited, but how he is limited. An utterly unlimited being, without relations, without laws or principles, beyond good and evil, would perhaps be absolute; but it would be absolute, transcendent chaos. Indeed, such a God would be limited in the worst possible way. He could not love or be loved. He could not be trusted. He would lack the attributes of a Christly God. Skillfully Bishop McConnell carries the war into the enemy's country. Yes, he says in effect, we must have a limited God—limited, that is, by his own ethical ideals and purposes. A God so infinite and absolute that he could not enter into relations to his world nor use the instruments that he had made would be insufferably limited; yet many friends of the infinite are defenders of this bad finite. A God so superior to man that he created human beings as "a procession of phantoms, tantalized by a splendid dream which can never come true," would be morally limited; only the God who is free to give his children immortal life is morally infinite. A God so complete and self-sufficient that he could not stoop to reveal himself incarnate in a man would be



too limited to be able to be a Redeemer. A God who could feel no pain might rejoice in whatever merit attaches to being impassible and impassive, but he would be finite in respect both to fullness of personality and to capacity for sympathy. Let it be conceded to those that dread to call God finite that Mr. Wells' Invisible King is far too finite, especially in metaphysical attributes; it remains true that the God of the absolutists and of "the rigor-and-vigor theologians" is also too finite, but in the moral attributes, which are the very heart of the Christian God. Our view of God must center in his moral nature, in his responsibility, and in his due regard for human freedom.

Among the high spots in the book are the chapters on Einstein, already familiar to readers of the Review, on law and evolution, on "The Bonds of Creatorship," on immortality, on limitations in personality, and on incarnation. A few quotations will serve to indicate the quality of the thought and style. "Which," the author asks, "approaches more nearly the idea of a Christian Absolute—a Doer working according to reason, or a Doer disporting himself in freak or whim?" "God may find his liberty through the law which expresses his wisdom." The theory of evolution "provides a thread of continuity running through creation. It gives us comfort as we think of a steady God." "If we say, 'Think of a God who has to use all these relative factors,' we find ourselves in one mood. We can get out of that mood quickly by urging ourselves to think of a God who can use all these factors." A pungent criticism of extreme pragmatism is found in the sentence, "After all the effects of a belief have been catalogued, there still remains the question as to whether the belief was true or not." Speaking of the atonement he writes, "Christ is not seeking to appease God; he is seeking to reveal God." The final word of the book is, "Christ utters God, and utterance is not limitation."

The critical reader might raise an occasional question of one sort or another. He might feel that the Bishop is unnecessarily apologetic about the metaphysical portions of his discussion. The author was nearer the heart of the matter when he remarked that "the most confirmed metaphysicians—and the most harmful—are those who disavow metaphysics." Question might also be raised about the appeal to "desire" or "craving" in such a passage as the following: "All we are trying to do is to keep a certain richness and fullness in the divine life. We admit that none of this comes out of anything except our own desire for a living God. All our thoughts of God are postulates to meet fundamental human cravings. We do not deduce God. We think about him." While the last two sentences in the foregoing passage are doubtless true, it seems to the reviewer that too much is surrendered when the idea of God is traced to desire and feeling alone. The procedure slurs over too easily the distinction between rational and irrational desires and yields too much to those who, like Dewey, would discredit religion precisely because it springs from desire. Would it not be better to recognize explicitly that all our desires and cravings must be challenged by reason, and that only those are worthy that contribute to the coherent interpretation of life as a whole? The final arbiter is therefore not desire, but

life as a whole. The subject of prayer is illuminatingly treated; but the reviewer is still looking for a fully satisfactory interpretation of what is commonly called intercessory prayer. Occasionally a large question like the conservation of energy is disposed of by a pretty summary gesture; such treatment is, however, compatible with the popular nature of the book. The statement that Hegelianism hardly makes provision for a personal God at all is one that many students of Hegel would question.

Bishop McConnell's new book is one that should be on the list of best sellers for a long time to come. It is a book that needed to be written, and is packed with pregnant thoughts. It is an especially good thing to put into the hands of the thoughtful young person who has begun to question traditional modes of belief. It is true that many, young and old, who have doubted or rejected God have done so on arbitrary grounds, neither thoroughly intelligent nor thoroughly honest. It is also true that many others have found incredible propositions in utterances of would-be defenders of the faith, nay, even in revered tomes by mighty men in theology and philosophy. Bishop McConnell's book clears away the underbrush, and shows where the giant trees of faith have their roots. It is pervaded with the fresh air of a common-sense, realistic idealism. There are still those abroad in the land who appear to think that there is nothing new to learn about the Almighty and Eternal God; it is refreshing that a bishop brings out of his treasure things new and old.

EDGAR S. BRIGHTMAN.

Boston University.

*Making a Personal Faith.* By WILLIAM FRASER McDOWELL. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press.

[The following review of Bishop McDowell's volume was recently published in the Boston Transcript and is reproduced by permission.]

POSITION and advancing years tend toward conservatism; position because of its responsibility, and advancing years because of experience which tempers the dash of youth. Youth may attain position, but time alone can give experience. In such a period in which we find ourselves the great need is the welding of the dash of youth with the experience of maturity which always produces a sane and vigorous progressiveness. This desirable combination is what we find to be the outstanding characteristic of this volume. The author has been a bishop for more than twenty years, and if youth is to be measured by the calendar he has passed that state; so we might expect him to express extreme caution if not static conservatism. Such expectations will find no ratification in this book.

Maturity not only knows the experience of the individual, but it knows the experience of the race. History gives the mature mind its poise and fearlessness. The author understands that ours is a period of crisis, but he also knows, as all should who have a fair knowledge of the past, that "History of all sorts, civil and religious alike, is full of crises." He appreciates the fact that "the times are strenuous and perplexing." His answer is, "But they always have been, the best being the

most strenuous. It is a time, therefore, not to wall or seek for safety." Then follow a few examples from those who in the past have thought that the citadel of Christianity would fall if certain alleged essentials were denied. "John Wesley declared that if we had to give up belief in witchcraft we would have to give up the Bible." Well, the witches have gone, the Bible remains more powerful than ever; and the great and good Wesley is a power to-day, not because of this dogmatic whimsy but because of the great vital truths which energized his spirit. The author says that more than once has the whole fate of Christianity been risked on "Jonah and his whale." But it has survived more powerful than ever. So with biblical criticism in general. There are some who still boast that they have a "Bible from cover to cover," meaning that every word is infallibly inspired, and that we can go to it or any part of it for accurate information in science, history, or in any branch of knowledge. Now this is the theological attitude, and everyone has a right to his theology. But the author says: "The really living questions are not questions of theology but of religion, and theology only as it helps or hinders religion."

The simple truth is that the good meaning persons who become frightened lest Christianity should be lost do not know the method of faith, and in fact have no vital faith. To quote the author: "It is possible that the failure and weakness of our vision is one of the reasons why we hold so tenaciously to the past." Exactly! The past is dead and gone; it can never be reproduced. The best we can do is to reproduce the logical contents of the past. That is, we may recall the deeds of the past in the form of ideas and images which are produced in the present. This is what we term memory. It is a great mystery, although it is a very commonplace act. And we need to be on our guard for the tricks that memory is continually playing upon us. The logical contents of the past, or in simpler language, the acts and thoughts of the past which are recalled in the present in the forms of ideas and images, are mingled with our present ideas and shaped by our conscious and unconscious wishes. Hence about the easiest mental action is the idealizing of the past. The materials are completely plastic, and we may shape them as we wish. This is the refuge memory offers us when we become frightened and run away from reality. We thus escape the cold fact that we are cowards. But reality will revenge itself. Sooner or later our apparently vigorous vision is seen to be faint as it fails to function with the living realities of life, and in the end we are plunged in despair.

An open-minded reading of this volume will save anyone who is perplexed to-day from falling into this state. It is not for the timid except to help him to get rid of his timidity. It shows that the basis of faith is personal. No institution can vicariously be put in its place. It has been revealed in the person of Christ, and it must be appropriated by the individual person. The author appreciates the historic creeds, but they cannot be sufficient for us. "They show the times in which they were written. This makes them valuable. They do not meet later times perfectly or fully because their makers could not know other times than

their own, though their spirit is often more valuable than their form. A statement adequate in one day becomes inadequate in a new day."

Space forbids our going more fully into the remaining lectures on the manner and purpose of faith, and the permanence and continuity of faith. Suffice it to say that the author discusses such subjects as fundamentalism, modernism, evolution, and other subjects which have caused much controversy in late years. These terms are not always used, as it is evident that he aims to arouse as little prejudice as possible, to throw a maximum of light upon the subject with a minimum of heat. But the problems which are disturbing minds that know something of modern thought are met and discussed frankly. Doubtless there will be dissent from some of the conclusions, but no author is so foolish as to expect everyone to agree with him; but we cannot see how anyone can take exception to the frankness with which the problems are faced and the broad spirit in which they are discussed.

This volume is the latest of a series of lectures which the author has delivered at different American colleges and universities, and in our opinion it is the best. It is to be especially commended to those who fear that modern scholarship and modern thought are endangering Christianity.

F. W. C.

#### FAITH AND CREED

*Acute and Chronic Unbelief.* By ALBERT CLARKE WYCKOFF. Pp. 208. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.50.

*A Layman's Confession of Faith.* By P. WHITWELL WILSON. Pp. 208. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.50.

*Five Present Day Controversies.* By CHARLES E. JEFFERSON. Pp. 175. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.50.

*Creeds and Loyalty.* By Seven Members of the Faculty of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Mass. Pp. ix + 170. New York: Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

*Present Tendencies in Religious Thought.* By ALBERT C. KNUDSON. Pp. 328. New York: The Abingdon Press. \$2.00 net.

*Making a Personal Faith.* By Bishop WILLIAM FRASER McDOWELL. Pp. 155. New York: The Abingdon Press. \$1.00 net.

DOES the present conflict between what are Fundamentalism and Modernism imply a decay in Christian doctrine, or does the present crisis simply reveal a more intense interest in religion? Here are six books, conservative, radical and middle-of-the-road, which demonstrate the latter to be true.

Doctor Wyckoff emphasizes the psychology of religion as related to belief and finds a remedy for skepticism in spiritual hygienics. He deals quite scientifically with acute and chronic unbeliefs, and silly superbeliefs, and examines normal personal belief in a personal God, in prayer, and in the Messiahship of Jesus. He is quite correct in pleading for religious medication, and his book has real value in this region of thought.

Yet faith is stated by him almost wholly from the intellectual standpoint. Like most of the ultra-orthodox, he ignores too much the fact that saving faith is more an act of the will than of the intellect; it is trust in a Person rather than belief in a proposition. (By the way, he certainly borrows that phrase, "acute and chronic," from William James.)

Mr. Wilson's book, lucidly and brilliantly written, is rather too much disturbed by the present crisis in religious thinking. What he says about the Bible, Christ, miracles, Christian ethics, the resurrection, etc., is quite wholesome and helpful to all who are troubled on these questions. Yet he does not seem to see that failure to make accurate subscriptions to these doctrines has a moral and spiritual rather than an intellectual cause. And he does not interpret correctly all the Scriptural statements, such for example as the Second Advent of Jesus—but, nevertheless, it is a work of high charm and religious worth.

With Doctor Jefferson we reach the middle of the road; his views on the Bible, on Evolution and Genesis, the Virgin Birth, the use of Creeds, and the K. K. K. are sane and sensible. Doctor Jefferson is a preacher who can lead the modern man to see and follow Jesus Christ without compelling him to abandon the demonstrated truths of to-day.

More scholarly and much more modern are the seven essays of the Cambridge Episcopalian professors. They discuss the history, interpretation and use of the Creeds, especially the Apostles' and Nicene. These courageous teachers do not demand assent but "welcome vigorous and stimulating disagreement." Many of us will stoutly disagree with the extreme liberalism of these essays, but all ought to rejoice to breathe the atmosphere of open-mindedness in which they are written. And here is the wonder of it all! All these essays make personal experience and life the fundamental fact in religion. They preach that saving faith which is loyalty and love for Christ. Is it possible that the only fervid evangelists of the next generation are going to be of the modern type of thinkers? We cannot agree with all the beliefs that these scholars seem to prefer on the Nativity of Jesus or the Resurrection of the Body, yet it is refreshing to commune with them on the truth as it is in Jesus and with Jesus himself.

Bigger and better than these four books is the volume of lectures delivered by Professor Knudson under the Mendenhall Foundation of De Pauw University in 1924. They are partly historical and partly critical. Doctor Knudson is at once an expert biblical scholar, a competent theologian both scientifically and historically, and a philosopher. He brings to the consideration of these current problems of Christian belief the widest possible range of scholarship. Beginning with an able description of the Modern Thought World, as to science, democracy, progress, sociology, etc., he proceeds to discuss the Problem of Biblical Authority, Experience as the Basis of Religious Belief, Reason as a Basis of Religious Belief, and the Social Gospel and its Theological Implications. And he proves that Christianity can be transplanted from the mediæval to the modern world with great gain rather than loss. The modern standards of truth, which some believers fear, are really more basic to religion

than the Greek philosophy which framed so many of our doctrinal statements. They have given us a better Bible, one whose spiritual authority is not that of compulsion but persuasion. Theological empiricism, which emphasizes experience and life, delivers the mind from traditional tyrannies and strengthens the ground of Christian certainty. Professor Knudson's Neo-Rationalism may not appeal to us all, but, after all, can experience take any clear form without reason and could reason have any content without experience? We must love God with the mind as well as with the heart and will.

The Merrick Lectures, 1924, delivered by Bishop McDowell at the Ohio Wesleyan University, state in practical terms what in the preceding works are rather more theoretical. Here are the noble themes: The Spirit and Method of Faith, The Personal Basis of Faith, The Manner and Purpose of Faith, The Outcome and Product of Faith, The Permanence and Continuity of Faith. This is a religious book. It deals not with creedal beliefs but with that saving faith which is a personal trust in a Present, Living Person. This is the faith that makes character, inspires conduct, creates a new world and "carries on" all to its completion.

We are giving no quotations from any of these six books. To do so would be a very one-sided criticism. Whoever reads them all with an open mind will certainly come to the conclusion that the dust and smoke of the theological battles of to-day do not arise from any fight of faith with doubt. The Holy Spirit is still the guide into all truth and new light is evermore breaking forth to illumine both Christian life and thought. If you can only afford one of these, purchase, read and study Knudson's *Present Tendencies in Religious Thought*, and then with prayer read Bishop McDowell's lectures as an aid to the personal realization of Jesus Christ in this life.

*The Decalogue.* By R. H. CHARLES. Pp. xiv + 294. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark). \$2.75.

THESE are the Warburton Lectures, 1919-1923, delivered by one of the greatest English Old Testament scholars. It is addressed both to students and to the popular mind. The latter element is an effort to interpret the Ten Commandments in the light of Christian ethics and show their application to the life of to-day. With a few of the latter attitudes probably most American scholars will be rightly at variance, such as his objection to prohibition and justification of war, yet much of this exposition has high value.

But Doctor Charles, as the biblical critic, renders a far greater service to modern scholarship. He upholds the Mosaic authorship of the substance of the Decalogue. The expansion in form may have come later. There is a growing tendency among modern scholars to sustain this view; destructive criticism is slowly but surely dying. That such moral ideals can be dated earlier, Doctor Charles shows by quotations from the Egyptian Book of the Dead, and references to the tenfold laws of Manu and other ethnical religions. Indeed, it can easily be shown that



many religions were often purer in their beginnings than in their later developments.

A very valuable contribution is the twenty pages devoted to the Nash papyrus of the Decalogue, which he judges to represent a form of the Hebrew text circulated in Egypt as early as 200 B. C. A copy of the restored text is printed, with textual criticisms, and also a translation with comments. Doctor Charles strongly asserts and endeavors to prove that both the Decalogue and the Book of the Covenant existed before and were used by the compilers of such documents as the Yahvistic, Elohist, and Deuteronomic. Without denying the progressive character of divine revelation, he nevertheless makes it clear that in the henotheism of the Mosaic age there was a high moral standard, long before the monotheism of the literary prophets of Israel. Was it not this righteousness of Jehovah that compelled Israel to declare him the God of all the earth?

Doctor Charles' discussions of iconic worship, mariolatry, the rest day, capital punishment, socialism, temperance, and war may arouse much controversy, both of agreement and disagreement, but his scholarly study of the origin of this Holy Law will enable us all to form more firm convictions of our own.

*Saint Paul on Trial.* By J. IRONSIDE STILL. Pp. viii+300. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.50 net.

THIS may be an epoch-making book in New Testament interpretation. It is a new reading of the Acts of the Apostles, which is here argued to be not primarily a history of the Apostolic Church, but a use of certain facts in that history as a basis for the defense of Paul in his trial at Rome. It may be necessary some time soon to discuss this problem in our department of Biblical Research. It requires more space than can be given in this notice.

Without conceding that perfect proof is here furnished for this literary objective of the Book of Acts, it is certainly demonstrated that it does contain elements directed toward the defense of Paul. Still another explanation is possible. A careful examination of the second half of the book, from the sixteenth chapter to the end, will reveal the fact that by separating what is called the "We-narrative" from the rest, all that remains is pretty largely made up of matter that constitutes both a legal and a moral defense of the apostle to the Gentiles. Acts, therefore, may be simply a compilation by Luke of different types of documents, including his own personal journal, into a treatise on the various beginnings of Christianity. Those portions which seem to be a brief for Paul's defense may have been written earlier for that purpose and afterward included in the longer narrative. That defensive elements should be found in the Epistles of Paul is quite natural. The abrupt conclusion of Acts is at least partly explained by this theory.

It may not be necessary, therefore, to go the whole length of the conclusions of Doctor Still as to the entire purpose of Luke in this historical

book, but he has certainly disclosed and demonstrated an important element in it. Moreover, this is a powerful confirmation of the Lucan authorship and the historical value of this fifth book of the New Testament. What is called the Higher Criticism is now furnishing mighty arguments for the credibility and authority of the Holy Book of God.

*Bible and Labor.* By JOSEPH HUSSEIN. Pp. x+221. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.25.

FATHER HUSSEIN is a Roman priest and a member of the Society of Jesus. But he has the social mind and this book was written for the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. He begins with a picture of the working God—Builder, Potter, Porter, etc. The Bible is characterized as "the greatest labor document in the world." Moses is the greatest labor leader of history, not only in his liberation from bondage of millions of industrial toilers, but as the creator of an agricultural system which gave a common allotment of land under agrarian laws which preserved possession. The prophets were men with a social mission, such as Amos the herdsman, who pleaded for social justice, Hosea the seer of love, and Isaiah, princely pleader for the masses, and the volume ends with an interpretation of the New Testament lessons in labor. Husslein proves his point. He also shows the contrast between the social evolution as described in Scripture and contemporary pagan social theory and practice. This is a scriptural interpretation to which all Romanists and Protestants who value the Bible as a record of divine revelation will wholly agree. His discussion of the Douay and King James versions and his insertion of Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical on the Study of Holy Scripture are valuable for information and interesting for readers, but add little to the value of the book as a study of the religious side of industrial questions.

The author does not say so, but his work is confirmatory of the modern discovery that the Bible is a true constitution of social and individual democracy and if faithfully followed would lead to a constructive revolution in the present economic and social order.

*The Christ of the Logia.* By A. T. ROBERTSON. Pp. 246. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.00 net.

"WHAT think ye of Christ?" There are many answers to that question in the New Testament, and Doctor Robertson shows that they are substantially the same picture of his personality seen from different directions. Beginning with what critics call Q, or the *Logia*, that most limited and earliest portrait, even there we discover his Divine Personality. Even in Q we find that famous Johannine passage, Matt. 11. 25-27. The same is still more true of that earliest Gospel, Mark, which too many scholars have mistakenly used in antagonism to the Fourth Gospel. "With Mark's Gospel alone we could face the world with the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ the Son of God." The picture of Jesus grows more distinct in detail as we go forward to Matthew, Luke, and climax in John.

Other chapters follow, in which we see the growing Christ as revealed in history and in life. There is much originality in this work. We see our Lord from many points of view and get closer to him constantly. It is a New Testament interpretation which leads to a present experience.

*The Teaching of Jesus and the Jewish Teaching of His Age.* By the Rev. THOMAS WALKER, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$5.

THE originality of Jesus lay in his personality. What he said was a reflection of his experience and of his inheritance. Those who heard him could not but contrast his message and manner with other teachers. "Never man so spake," for he taught as one having authority and not as the scribes. We can appreciate this testimony only as we place his teaching beside that of his contemporaries. Such a task calls for extensive study and an exact knowledge of the sources. Doctor Walker has made full proof of his qualifications and he has certainly realized his purpose to make Jesus better known. Students of the Gospels will find in this exposition of backgrounds much that throws light on the unique utterances of our Lord.

The extra-canonical Jewish writings of the period, 200 B. C.-100 A. D., are examined as to their teaching on "The Idea of God," "The Kingdom of God," "The Character of the Messiah," "The Doctrine of Man," "The Way of Salvation," "The Hope of the Hereafter." This is done in the first part of each chapter. The second part of each chapter discusses the teaching of Jesus on the same themes. In every case there is a lucid summary pointing out the agreements between Jesus and the other teachers, and the notable advances made by him, that bear conclusive testimony to the unique excellence of the supreme Master, who fulfilled the law and the prophets.

It is interesting to learn from the full quotations made by Doctor Walker that this extra-canonical literature was not quite so arid or insipid as some are inclined to suppose by hasty inferences drawn from a superficial reading of the Gospels. The passion for God and righteousness was a spiritual and ethical reality in the experience of these writers, but they needed the exhilaration of the emancipating revelation of Jesus Christ. This comparative study moreover helps us to magnify the primary fullness of the Master's mind and soul, from which originated all the thought and activity of the apostolic age. Preachers will find here considerable material for the enrichment of their sermons.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

*The Rights of Young Methodists.* By DANIEL L. MARSH. Pp. 120. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. 40 cents net.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

TENNYSON'S lines are a noble statement of the truth by which that popular phrase of modern psychology "self-expression" can be lifted from

its sensuous use to a high standard of living. Right finds its crown in duty. The democratic spirit which sometimes degenerates into reckless license can be made the personal agency for character building.

This is the fine objective of this little book for Methodist youth. The young have rights and, if they learn to give proper expression to them, their forward look will make to-morrow brighter than to-day. But they must learn to know and help themselves, and to direct their own conduct. Such idealistic self-expression will develop the spiritual life, extend the kingdom of God, realize social service, and make life joyous in purer pleasure and richer culture. Rights, privileges, and rewards can be fully attained only by active functioning, the sense of obligation, and the passion for service.

Doctor Marsh has ably analyzed these objectives, in an entertaining style, with fitting illustration and a wealth of historical and literary allusion. A fine example is his treatment of the psychology of play. Religion and recreation should and can live together. And the problem of play, so full of present perils, can be and is being solved by the Epworth League. Not by coercive but by constructive methods can amusement be made not merely harmless, but highly helpful.

The crown of it all is in the larger moral leadership given to the world as this type of self-expression culminates in consecration to life service.

*Church Music and Worship: A Program for the Church of To-day.* By EARL ENYEART HARPER. New York: The Abingdon Press.

It is deplorable that the non-liturgical churches in general, and Methodism in particular, are giving so little attention to developing the highest possibilities of music in church worship. In this indifference they seem to be ignoring some of the lessons of church history; for every great spiritual revival in the church has been accompanied and energized by a musical revival. And the leaders of some of these movements, like Luther and the Wesleys, have frankly admitted that they made as many converts to the faith through singing as through preaching. Even some of the mediæval heresies flew afar throughout Europe because they were well-equipped with the wings of song. For centuries the church so uniformly fostered the best music, that musical history in those eras was truly a part of church history.

But all this is in woeful contrast to the musical apathy in the church to-day. And therefore if the author of this new volume on *Church Music and Worship* uses strong language in condemning the lack of responsibility of the leaders of our church music, their neglect of proper preparation, their indifference to the spiritual power of truly great music, we may understand that there is ample justification for the indictment.

There are signs, however, of a coming revival of music in our church. One of these is the appearance of this book from the pen of a Methodist pastor in the New England Conference, the Rev. Earl E. Harper, who was the efficient chorister in the recent General Conference at Springfield.

Another evidence of the reawakened musical interest in the church is the creation of a Commission on Music by our recent General Conference through the adoption of a special report of the Committee on the State of the Church; and of this Commission Mr. Harper was made a member.

If this book could be read by every pastor and musical leader in the church, the suggested musical revival would be greatly quickened and indeed would become a vital factor in the spiritual life of the church. This conviction is based upon the fact that the author is not only sound in his theory of the relation of music to religion, as set forth in his second and third chapters, but also is thoroughly practical in presenting a program whereby the ministry of music can be developed as it should be in every church in Methodism.

By the Discipline the musical leadership of the church is reposed in the pastor. Thus there devolves upon every candidate for the ministry the necessity for practical preparation in matters musical, not to the extent of becoming a virtuoso, but at least to a degree that will enable him to guide the music of his congregational worship with greater intelligence than the average minister can now apply to this problem.

Alas! how little the church to-day is giving in this field to our theological students. If we are to reap the spiritual results of a musical harvest, the seeds of better musical training must be sown among the candidates for the ministry.

In case a pastor has not received adequate musical preparation—and at present that is usually the case—the musical leadership of the whole church may be delegated to someone else, who has had the necessary training and who, imbued with the idea of the spiritual significance of music in worship, can work under the pastor's supervision. This is opening to young musicians an increasingly attractive field for specializing. Churches are, more and more, seeking such musical leadership. Thus more intensive preparation for both pastors and musical leaders will be a prerequisite condition before the desired musical revival is realized.

Mr. Harper pleads for a musical program that will set the whole membership of the church to singing, rather than delegate all the music to a quartet and organist. Colleges to-day are beginning to develop athletic programs that secure the active participation of every undergraduate in their intra-mural sports, rather than confine athletic activities to the members of the varsity teams. While the analogy between college athletics and church music is somewhat attenuated, at least both need the active cooperation of everyone for complete success.

Our author pleads for congregational rehearsals in singing the hymns, possibly at an occasional prayer meeting or the fore part of a Sunday night's service, or possibly on a special week night. And he gives practical suggestions on the technique of handling such a rehearsal, on the variety and the high standards that should be developed in the congregation's repertoire of hymns, and on the best way to conserve the social and spiritual results of such an innovation. In this he has developed five important principles to be observed in good congregational singing: 1. United and unanimous singing. 2. Good tone production.

3. Intelligent singing. 4. Musical singing (hymn interpretation; distinct singing of chords and syllables; accent and rhythm). 5. Worshipful singing. And he tells us how each of these can be secured.

His plan for organizing a number of different choirs within the church ought to prove helpful wherever it can be worked. He suggests a Junior Choir, an Intermediate Choir, a Young People's Choral Society, and the regular Church Chorus Choir, supported, if possible, by a quartet of leading singers. Furthermore, he describes in very practical terms how these may be organized, conducted, financed, and on certain occasions used to enrich musically the worship of the church service.

The latter part of the body of the book is given over to a discussion of such corollaries to his subject as orchestras, brass bands, vestments, the choir room, instrument equipment, and the choir as a field for evangelism.

Rarely do we see a book of 334 pages, of which almost one third is devoted to the Appendix. And yet, in this Appendix, devoted to suggested congregational and choir services and programs, the church music leader will find a wealth of suggestions which he can put into use, and at the end a bibliography with which to fortify the intelligence of his leadership.

Best of all, from the excellent Foreword by Professor H. Augustine Smith to the end of the book, there is displayed a spiritual discernment and sympathy with this great problem in church life which gives to the volume a unique value.

CARL F. PRICE.

New York City.

*The Mystery of Religion.* A Study in Social Psychology. By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN, Director of the People's Institute of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS applied to religious experience is what we have in this volume. Religion as experience is the affair of the individual. And the springs of individual religious experience are to be sought pretty deep in the psychic nature of men. There are to be found the real wishes which are quite often modified by the dominance of herd ideals. These deep-lying inner springs of religious experience are what the author is seeking, not the externals of religion. As he says, "Most studies of religion deal with the subject as something given—external, as it were—a thing of impersonal traditions, institutions, or metaphysical and supermundane realities. Religion is doubtless all of these. But these lie outside the scope of our present study. Our interest is confined to group behavior—in other words, to social psychology." But group behavior or social psychology is the result of the interaction of the individuals who make up the group. Hence, the author, holding that "most men, in all stages of culture, are religious beings," and "that religious practices are therefore characteristic modes of human behavior," studies religious behavior as the path which leads to the understanding of social psychology. Indeed, we believe he would agree with F. B. Jevons that "from the be-



ginning religion has been a social fact," and that "the unifying bond of every society is found in worship."

So the author seeks the causes of social phenomena in the depths of the human psyche. Hence he says "the hidden motives back of religious behavior give rise to that sense of mystery which pervades religion everywhere. The secret of this mystery is the conflict which arises between the reality of temporal experience and that deeper experience which the soul craves. The author might have quoted Saint Augustine as giving classical expression to this craving: "Thou, Lord, has made us for thyself, and our heart is restless until it finds rest in thee." But he is very anxious that his book shall be scientific," and avoids such references. Nevertheless this is what he is feeling after. And what he has done is the best we can expect from one who is studying religious experience from its expression in behavior alone.

The author is fully persuaded that these hidden motives in the depths of the human psyche cry out for something which the world with its temporal rewards and material wealth cannot supply. Hence, a preponderating, not to say exclusive, emphasis upon the "social gospel" is to fail to satisfy the most basal wish of the human psyche. We do not infer that he holds that the Christian religion does not demand that men ought to have living wages and decent living conditions, but that these alone do not satisfy their deeper cravings.

That the author is an able psychologist will not be questioned by any who know of his work. Social psychology, however, involves anthropology and history. Anthropology is comparatively young, and, there is much room for differences in both results and methods. But the methods and canons of history are fairly well settled. He, however, looks to theologians rather than historians for his history. That is, he denies the historicity of Jesus Christ, accepting the Christ-myth of W. B. Smith, J. M. Robertson, and A. Clews. This notion he considers the position of modern scholarship. He does not seem to know of the work of T. J. Thorburn, S. J. Case, and F. C. Conybeare. The latter is anything but an orthodox Christian, but as a historian he is jealous of the integrity of history; and in his review of the work of the writers of the Christ-myth school he charges them with downright ignorance, adding that their reconstructions are more miraculous than the history they are trying to correct. T. J. Glover, however, has stated the case against the writers of this school as well as anyone when he says: "This view appears from time to time, but so far it has not appealed to any who take a serious interest in history. No historian of the least repute has committed himself to the theory."

It is regrettable that a professional psychologist should thus defy the professional historians. To be sure the temptation was great. The author is approaching religious experience from the standpoint of psycho-analysis; and pathology and symbolism have important places in psycho-analysis. This fact is nothing to its discredit. No definite line can be drawn between what we vaguely call normal and abnormal mentality, and the study of plainly pathological symptoms has thrown much light upon

the working of the plainly healthy mind. Symbolism, too, has a large place in the life of man. Language is largely symbolical. As soon as we pass beyond sense-experience we are compelled to speak in symbols and figurative language. So religion is not alone in using symbols. The author grants this: "To the student of psychology the elaboration of useful fictions into alleged charts of the real is by no means confined to religion." But it is a serious mistake to make symbols and figures of speech, as the author seems to do, synonymous with fictions. They may be, and many times are, expressions of the real.

With all due respect to the author as a student of human nature we insist that the evidence shows that man does not build up his life upon fictions, useful or otherwise. The truth is man has little ability to create outright. A study of the sources of fiction will convince one of this. Even the most chimerical characters in fiction have been suggested by the diseased minds and contradictory characters in real men. And now we are told that such fictional characters as Helen of Troy and such mythological figures as Hercules rest on actual persons. Legends do gather around important personages, they are things read into the lives of real persons; but there must be back of the legends real persons, and their lives must have been of some importance.

In many ways the book has large value. It is disappointing, however, in its outcome, leaving the reader with the feeling that truth and reality have little significance in human life, man being largely the creature of illusion, feeding upon fiction. Fortunately, the facts of life evidence the contrary. Truth that really influences the lives of men comes to them through personality. And if the most powerful and influential personality in the history of the race is a myth, or as the author seems to hold, a combination of a number of mythological figures, then the truth embodied in that mythical personality becomes an abstraction, beautiful to contemplate, but utterly devoid of power.

But Jesus Christ has been, and is the most powerful personality in the history of the race. Men have seen in him the Sinless One. Hence in him they have seen the possibilities to which the members of the race may rise. A race must be judged by its possibilities. And no one can think meanly of the human race if Jesus Christ was an actual historical character. That he was that no reputable historian has ever denied, and those who have questioned that fact ask us to accept miracles which tax our credulity as none in the Gospels does.

FRANK W. COLLIER.

American University.

*Fundamentals of Methodism.* By EDWIN D. MOUZON. Cokesbury Press. 75 cents.

Among all the books that concern themselves with the people called Methodists, there is no better buy for the money. It is one of the books a Methodist preacher simply has to have! Its acquisition will greatly augment the working-tools of our profession. One ventures the opinion that Methodist pastors will come to regard it in some such high fashion

as they now esteem Bishop McConnell's *The Essentials of Methodism*. You will be hard put to it if called upon to say which of these two is the better. Perhaps it will be wisest to say of them what Lincoln said of his hats: They mutually excel each other. Just when some of us were attempting to reconcile ourselves to the evident fact that executives, rather than thinkers, get into the episcopacy, up bobs this Southern bishop with new and startling proof that there are still among them those who "work their thinks." Besides, Bishop Mouzon shares that more common episcopal virtue, the ability to say things felicitously. In sporting parlance, he bounces his hits. He has what in baseball technique would be adjudged an eagle eye for the plate. But alas, what have we done? We have invaded the literary precincts of a great Review with the shibboleths of the diamond! We shall repair the damage by repairing at once to theological talk. So doing, let it be said that here is one writer who fails to be doctrinaire about doctrine. On the opening page he quotes these words of our founder: "I believe the merciful God regards the lives of men more than their ideas." In the spirit of these words, the bishop demonstrates that belief must have fruition in practice before the ensuing experience can hope to be of worth. He minces no words about the fundamentalists in the Church, South. If in the Northern church there be any fundamentalist who considers himself at the same time—if not because of it—a Methodist, let him take due notice not to read this book. For if he does, and is honest, he will have to quit being one or the other. "Our Methodist way of approaching the whole matter of orthodoxy has from the very beginning been quite different from that usually followed. The unusual method of those who 'contend for the faith' has been to write down intellectual propositions, to draw up long articles of belief, and by threat of excommunication insist that they must be accepted. This method of intellectualism Methodism has never followed. The historic position of Methodism is not that you make men Christian by first making them orthodox, but that if you can succeed in getting people converted and can lead them on to deeper experiences of divine grace, you will keep them sound in the faith." You think this a long review of a short book? Well, wait till you read it!

Port Jervis, N. Y.

JOHN M. VERSTEEG.

*Conservatism, Radicalism and the Scientific Method.* By A. B. WOLFE.  
New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.

MANY have taken in hand the writing of psychological books. Most of these served notice upon you in their titles that what you were about to read dealt with psychology. This was often most considerate, in that it provided you with the one clue to what the writer was talking about. But here is a book that leaves psychology out of its title and then puts it into its pages so that you know it is there. Yet for all the quantity of psychology in this book most of the quality in it appears in those sections of it where sociology obtains. Despite the fact that this author has done writing in psychology elsewhere he is, generally speaking, most dull when

discussing psychology and most interesting when discussing economics. This "essay on social attitudes" is both clearer and more convincing in its social aspects than in its explanations of attitudes. Yet enough is said on the latter to challenge minds that think.

There are those who aver that most people are born radicals and die conservatives. The concern of this author is that, somewhere between our birth and demise, we may develop the habit of thinking scientifically. This book is worth its price if for no other reason that here the motives that underlie, and the methods that characterize conservatism and radicalism are probed and portrayed with a nicety that elicits admiration and begets conviction. While, as hinted above, he makes a dubious attempt to prove every individual to be a "neuro-glandular-muscular mechanism," he succeeds admirably in showing what is "the great rôle played by sentiments and attitudes in the ordering or disordering of social relations." Just because of these sentiments and attitudes we need to be wary of both conservative and radical. "Few minds are wholly either conservative or radical"; but trained people at least should be able to divorce themselves from the "praise-blame" concept of ethics and from the more irritating emotions (such as anger and the "combat psychology") attendant thereon. We must escape from "the slough of passion, prejudice and angry combat" and become "critically intellectual" in our outlook on life. In order to do so we need not forego sympathy which "far from being something to be eschewed, is an indispensable part of the investigational equipment of the truly objective student of social phenomena." Not only does such a scientific method comport with the spirit of Jesus, but it will confirm the ethics he taught. "The world needs to be converted to Christianity almost as much as it does to science." When men have parted company with radicalism and conservatism and have adopted the scientific method we shall arrive "on scientific grounds, at very much the same conclusions as the Founder of Christian ethics attained through what we may regard, without irreverence, as a marvelous intuitive insight." This fragmentary sketch will give you an inkling of the author's thesis and his manner of presenting it. No man can hope to understand the hopelessness of either conservatism or radicalism by themselves until he is familiar with the bulk of the facts discussed in this book.

Not a few of the statements in this book will shock the average preacher. Avowedly a behaviorist, the writer of this book makes no attempt to conceal his conviction that "a deterministic philosophy and mechanistic psychology are scientifically necessary." And when he talks of theology, or makes mention of the church, his scientific method seems to have been lost in transit. What will amaze you more is that in respect to science he slips some serious cogs. You will likely wonder what has gone wrong with him when you read the astounding assertion that "it must be firmly borne in upon us that the scientific attitude rests upon one, and *only one* (italics mine), fundamental article of faith—faith in the universality of cause and effect!" How about the faith that there is an external world that is dependable and capable of interpretation, or

faith in the trustworthiness of our sense perceptions, or faith in our mental powers which, passing beyond sense observation, enter into that region where things are intellectually discerned? Does not the Law of the Uniformity of Nature go hand in hand with the Law of Universal Causation, and is not the one as important as the other? The scientific method seems easier to preach than to practice!

When it comes to literary construction, there is only one thing to say: The professor is aberrant. Meander through this sentence: "A supplanting of quasi-instinctive personalistic reactions by intelligent sympathy and informed rationalism involves the conscious recognition of the legitimate function of fear as a kind of moral governor or flywheel, which will both restrain the over-impetuosity of impulsive action, and on the other hand put fear under close limitation, by subjecting it to the control of knowledge and reason." Has this quotation robbed you of all appetite for the book? Then stay! For the very same brother on occasion produces so pungent a phrase as this: "Productively we stand, acquisitively we fall." Page after page has the smell of the classroom upon it and then, of a sudden, he breathes upon the dead bones of language, and they live. Nevertheless, one gets the feeling that what he says might have been better said had he taken less space to say it.

Volumes might be uttered against the logic employed toward the end of the book. "Science," says James Harvey Robinson, whom this author delights to quote, "must humbly reinstate itself as the instrument of humanity's desires." One may well question whether the things Dr. Wolfe advocates would not make science the dictator of humanity's goals. At any rate, as he himself perceives, what he advocates is a long, long way from being adopted. Hence we can be at ease with only the dictatorship of the proletariat to furnish excitement just yet. But despite what seems to the reviewer lapses of logic, unscientific science and possible prejudice, this book is one few thinking men can afford to miss. There can be no doubt that the "understanding of attitudes is of great practical utility." To such an understanding this book opens the door. And more. If the power of vision is still yours, this book will open your eyes to realms of thoughts suspected by but few of us hitherto.

JOHN M. VERSTEEG.

Port Jervis, N. Y.

*A Religion of Truth, Justice and Peace.* By ISIDOR SINGER. Pp. 318. New York: The Amos Society. \$2.00.

WE who claim to be Christians owe our religion to a Jewish Teacher whom we believe to manifest in his personality and life the attributes of God. Concerning the Person of Christ we may differ from the liberal Jew, but as to his teachings we are becoming more and more in harmony. Doctor Singer, who was the originator and managing editor of the Jewish Encyclopedia, is one who so thoroughly has absorbed the spiritual message of the prophets of the eighth century before Christ, that his passion for social justice and the universal brotherhood of mankind makes him

a citizen of the Kingdom of God. He is one with such modern prophets of to-day as Mahatma Gandhi, whom the spirit of Jesus is guiding into all truth.

Christians need to remember that it is largely worship that separates religions, and that our Lord, like the great prophets whom he constantly quoted, made ritual a matter of indifference. It is doing the will of God that realizes the holy citizenship of the Kingdom. It would not be fair for Christians to criticize Doctor Singer for the immense emphasis he has given to Hebrew leadership in the historic realization of the Social Gospel. In our own generation such men as Walter Rathenau, and that dreamer of the Jubilee Joseph Fels, and that apostle of the peasants David Lubin have marched in the forefront of social progress.

The Bible is here treated as a sociological handbook. The story of ancient Israel is a record of a nation's social evolution. Amos, the shepherd of Tekoa, the first of the literary prophets, was a revolutionary reformer. (The Amos Society, which publishes this book, takes its name from him. It is a Social Federation composed of both Jews and Gentiles.) That "Old-Bachelor Socialist Club in Palestine," known as the Essenes, while some of us may not identify it with primitive Christianity, as does De Quincey, was nevertheless closely associated with John Baptist, Jesus' forerunner, and had a philosophy of life not unlike that of Jesus Christ.

Not only to social but to international justice has the Jew made great contributions. Isaiah and Micah first preached Disarmament. And the modern Jew has been more Christian than the Papacy in the preaching of peace. Ivan von Bloch, that wealthy economist of Hebrew birth, Privy Councillor of Russia, was the godfather of the first Hague Conference. He compiled an enormous *Encyclopedia of War*, one of the supreme sources of modern peace literature.

Some of us in telling the story of World Peace would give more space than our author to the work of Hugo Grotius, father of modern international law; Immanuel Kant, pacific philosopher; the great Quaker leaders like George Fox and John Woolman and many others—yet it is worth while for us also to come into comradeship with such living Jewish leaders as Oscar Straus, the Filenes, and our author, Isidor Singer.

It is Edward A. Filene who writes the introductory essay and that brilliant genius, Israel Zangwill, the Epilogue, entitled "The Voice of Jerusalem." No Christian will blame him for seeing in the history of his people an "Eternal Epic of the Triumph of the Spirit." The book closes with a symposium from 114 Jews and Christians on Doctor Singer's contribution to social justice.

Jews and Christians may not be able for some time to worship together, but they ought to work together. The Christian churches have their societies for promoting social, industrial, and economic justice, such as the Methodist Federation for Social Service. Their membership should be multiplied. And then it will be well for leading representatives of these organizations to come into the Judeo-Christian fellowship of the Amos Society.



*The Life of Alexander Whyte.* By G. F. BARBOUR. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$6.

SCOTCH preachers have been fortunate in their biographers, and they in turn are to be congratulated on their subjects and the ability shown in their discerning use of the extensive material. Their volumes are a proportioned combination of religious biography, ecclesiastical history, and theological discussion. Within the last few years there have appeared the lives of *George Matheson* by D. Macmillan, *Principal Rainy* by P. Carnegie Simpson, *William Robertson Smith* by J. S. Black and G. W. Crystal, *Robert Flint* by D. Macmillan, *Andrew Martin Fairbairn* by W. B. Selbie. And now we have this volume on "Whyte of Free Saint George's," as he was popularly known. The story of how the poor working lad of Kirriemuir (the "Thrums" of J. M. Barrie) became the leading preacher of Scotland, his struggles for an education, his amazing industry in toil for the pulpit, his intrepid purpose and intense passion, his vigilance in pastoral work, and the wide influence he exercised over the English-speaking world, are all related in this volume with a sense of perspective.

Such a book would justify an extended notice but for the limitations of space. All that is possible is to direct the attention of the reader to a few things in this rich biography so as to rouse his interest in it. There is no volume published recently from which the preacher may receive more helpful guidance. What are the qualities that constitute real preaching? How is the preacher to be qualified for his task? What should be his attitude to progressive religious thought? What are the values of pastoral visitation? These and many like questions receive answers as we contemplate the career of one man who proved himself a wise steward of the manifold grace of God.

The reproduction of a page from Doctor Whyte's Interleaved Bible tells the story of strenuous and discriminating study far better than pages of theory. Then read his letter about the way he used the Bible (p. 289), and turn to the chapter, "In Study and Pulpit," and you will understand the secret of preaching success. Another secret is found in the chapter, "Doctor Whyte as Pastor and Friend." Yet another in the chapter, "The Robertson Smith Case," which is most timely in view of present disturbances in our churches. The letters he wrote, many of them lengthy and all of them to the point, forcibly impress the preacher with the importance of letter writing as part of his ministry. A postal card is a poor substitute. The chapter, "Doctor Whyte and His Classes," opens up a large field of usefulness. Doctor Kelman acknowledged to the writer of this notice that conditions in the United States are not favorable for this type of work. No doubt the Adult Bible Classes are doing something in this direction, but is it not possible to extend the scope of their programs? One of the Appendices furnishes a list of the subjects treated in Doctor Whyte's classes from 1883-1911. Those who attended were college students, clerks, artisans, teachers, lawyers, doctors, business men. Read the testimony to the help received from these weekly gatherings (p. 348).

Recognition came to Doctor Whyte early in life, and he did not have

the harrowing experiences of the "Scotch probationer" awaiting a call by a congregation, like those described in the *Early Letters of Marcus Dods*. But he maintained his position up to the day of his retirement by unremitting labor and serious study, and above all by constantly dwelling in the secret place which nourished the springs of his power and made him an ambassador of God who was signally blessed in enriching the world by Christian thought and inspiration.

*The Dominant Sex. A Study in the Sociology of Sex Differentiation.* By MATHILDE and MATHIAS VAERTING. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$3.

*The Ethics of Feminism. A Study of the Revolt of Woman.* By A. R. WADIA, B.A. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$3.50.

It is an alarming fact that in the United States there was an increase of divorces and a decrease of marriages, as reported in the census of 1922. In that year there were 85,734 fewer marriages and 36,518 more divorces than in 1916. Our only rival was Japan but her record has recently fallen below ours. Those who know claim that our chaotic marriage laws are responsible for this tragic situation. Surely the time has come for concerted action on the part of the churches, demanding federal legislation that shall erase this blot from our escutcheon.

In his book, *Men, Women and God*, Dr. A. Herbert Gray discusses the sex question with a sense of delicacy and with directness. It should be placed in the hands of young men and women, and preachers will find it helpful in preparing sermons on this subject. The author rightly observes that "until men and women understand and help each other, there is going to be no happy solution to the problems of sex."

One aid toward this understanding is to become acquainted with the facts of history on this theme, as furnished in *The Dominant Sex*. It may come as a surprise to some that there were periods in the world's history, when in Egypt, Greece, and among certain North American Indians, women domineered and men attended to all the domestic chores, including the care of children, and when evils attributed to men in the Men's State were seen in women in the Women's State. The swinging of the pendulum first in favor of one sex and then of the other is very interestingly shown in this volume. Its authors reach the conclusion that where the sexes are equal, justice will be power and power justice. Such an equality of relationship will make for the essence of democracy, which is comradeship. There will then be insured for both men and women the privileges of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, for the welfare of the nation and of humanity. Indeed, this is the sum and substance of the teaching of Jesus. But what he said on this subject, as on many another, was ahead of his time. The church as a whole was influenced more by contemporary customs and economic considerations. It probably could not have been otherwise. The time is now ripe for the ideals of Jesus to be given the right of way, and the church would do well to reckon more directly with them.

Other aspects of this vital issue are discussed in Mr. Wadia's volume. In several chapters he shows he has not yet shed his Oriental inheritance. He indulges in generalizations that lead nowhere and in railing accusations that make no impression. But what he writes about the glory of motherhood is all to the good, and these are the most valuable parts of his volume. He believes that the future happiness of humanity depends on the enlightenment and freedom of women of a kind that shall make possible "the maximum amount of cooperation between the sexes on the basis of love." The failures of the past were due to the lack of right impetus from mothers. The future will have successes only through mothers who are "the infinite reservoirs of human beauty, human truth, human goodness." These volumes deserve thoughtful study.

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#### BOOKS IN BRIEF

*Gates and Keys to Bible Books.* By LEONIDAS ROBINSON. (Doran, \$3.00.) This is a tolerably good popular introduction to the Bible. The so-called "Key Words" are frequently rather superficial generalizations. The Key to Amos is not "Retribution," but Divine Justice; that to Hosea is not "Knowledge," but the Divine Love; others are quite as incomplete. The same criticism might be made of the paragraphs on "The Christ in the Book," which frequently go beyond all proper exegesis. Yet the book will do no harm and may enlarge the interest of the unscholarly in the Holy Scriptures.

*The Acts of the Apostles.* By G. CAMPBELL MORGAN. (Doran, \$3.75.) Dr. Frank Gunsaulus once told this reviewer how inspired he was by hearing Doctor Morgan speak at Northfield, Mass. Then he bought one of his books and found little in it. This big book, an expository comment on the book of Acts, is not always based on very scientific exegesis, but is a most fervent spiritual interpretation and abounds in most valuable homiletic material. After all, spiritual insight is the Highest Criticism. Doctor Morgan has it.

*The Lost Prophecy.* By JAMES TURLEY VAN BURKALOW. (Revell.) Learning may be without scholarship. Here is a student who knows Hebrew and then employs his mass of linguistic knowledge to turn the Book of God into a collection of holy riddles. It is almost a return to Jewish Cabalistic interpretation. He finds *gematria* in Zephaniah as well as in the Apocalypse. These curious studies may be interesting to those who like to guess puzzles; they have little religious worth to the soul hungry for God.

*The Legends of Israel.* By LEWIS JOHNSON. (Doran, \$3.00 net.) Twenty-eight Old Testament stories are here retold in the light of modern scholarship. The word "legend" is rather loosely used. Yet the treatment of these hero-tales and historic fragments is a contribution both to literature and to morals. It is a good companion to W. G. Jordan's *Ancient Hebrew Stories and Their Modern Interpretation*. The two books choose for the most part different tales.

*Students' Historical Geography of the Holy Land.* By WILLIAM WALTER SMITH. (Doran, \$2.00 net.) This is a revised and enlarged edition of what is perhaps the best small Bible Geography yet published. Its many maps, both ancient and modern, are unexcelled in art and accuracy. Bible students, teachers, and preachers need this as well as the more expensive volume of George Adam Smith.

*The Conditions of Conversion and Other Sermons.* By W. L. WATKINSON. (Revell, \$1.50 net.) What more gifted preacher, as to rich illustration, simple but eloquent language, ripe thinking, and spiritual fervor than Doctor Watkinson? He draws on all life, on science, art, literature, and history, and employs it all for the expression of religious truth. In his advanced years his preaching strength has not abated, as these nineteen sermons will reveal.

*Reports of the Committee on Judiciary of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.* Compiled by ARTHUR BENTON SANFORD. (Methodist Book Concern, \$2.00 net.) This is a valuable book for all concerned in ecclesiastical law. The Introduction by that celebrated lawyer, Judge Henry Wade Rogers, is an excellent bit of education on the legal side of church life. So far as can be discovered this compilation is made with absolute accuracy.

*Back to Wesley.* By FRANK W. COLLIER. Methodist Book Concern, 25 cents net.) Was John Wesley a Modernist? Certainly he had the forward-looking type of mind, not in the negative but in the constructive sense. If Methodism will go back to Wesley and adopt his intellectual attitudes, it will become what it should be—the most progressive religious organization on earth. Our founder, holding firmly to spiritual verity, could still state Christian truths confidently in the terms of contemporary philosophy and physical science. This precious pamphlet by Professor Collier by numerous quotations demonstrates this. If every Methodist will read it and absorb Wesley's spirit, doctrinal controversy will be ended and spiritual power recovered.

*The Great Question.* By GUSTAVUS EMANUEL HILLER. (The Promise Company, Indianapolis, Ind.) Will God redeem his own Creation? Doctor Hiller answers "Yes," and endeavors to prove on scriptural authority the universal reconciliation of all souls to God, now or hereafter, through their repentance and faith. Doctor Hiller does not hold to Fundamentalism, which he regards as Pharisaism, nor to Modernism, which to him is but Sadduceeism. His is an able attempt to prove universal redemption. Certainly it is a glorious belief that all physical nature shall some day be redeemed and transfigured into spiritual beauty. There are some difficulties which are not fully met. Does not the constant change of act into state and of conduct into character make it psychologically probable that deed shall become destiny? Even Christ speaks of sin that cannot find pardon now or ever. And may there not be some moral conditions of immortal life? Yet who would wish to think lightly of eternal hope as something to be circumspectly considered? Surely even a sinner who caught this gleam would now rather than hereafter follow its light.

*Character and Happiness.* By ALVIN E. MAGARY. (Scribners, \$1.50.)

"Happy are ye if—" said Jesus. And happiness is not an accident, it is a blessing conditional upon character. Happiness is something more substantial and permanent than pleasure, or a mere "good time." These twenty-one sermonic essays face life squarely as to its heavy tasks, heavy burdens, and inevitable griefs, and point the path to holy joy. They start with the problem of "Self-Making": "It is for us to engrave upon our lives the symbols of the eternal or to deface them with the obscenities of sin." The conclusion is a picture of "Peace in a World of Turmoil." Surely this noisy world of jazz, so fond of punch and pep, needs a place where the soul can escape from the cacophony of life. "Peace I give unto you," says our Lord.

*Mobilizing for Peace.* Edited by FREDERICK LYNCH. (Revell.) A Congress on America and the Permanent Court of International Justice met at Philadelphia, November 13-15, 1923. This volume is a compilation of addresses delivered there by great leaders of the church, educators, statesmen, and publicists of all races and beliefs. "Many men of many minds," but astonishingly unanimous in their views on international relations. They regard war as irreligious and an utter anachronism in modern life. There must be some form of international community. No nation can live for itself any more than an individual. Militarists are mere bullies and cowards. War is silly, stupid, cruel, and damnable. When Christ has his way war will end. This book is of high educative value for world peace.

*Beyond the Moon-Gate.* By WELTHY HONSINGER. (Abingdon Press, \$1.25.) This is more than a book of travel, history or a diary. It is a face-to-face vision of China. Wouldn't you like to accompany "Little Sister Han" and share with her such experiences as these: "I meet Heavenly Flowers," "I Enter Beyond the Moon-Gate," "I Buy a Cemetery," "I Become an Admiral," "I Go to War and Find China." All oriental countries have their secrets. Miss Honsinger is one of those initiated ones who get past the doors and get a glimpse of the mystery.

*The Imperial Voice.* By LYNN HAROLD HOUGH. (Macmillans, \$1.50.) Doctor Hough is one of the supreme masters in the religious and moral generalization of history, science, politics, and current events. He has the prophetic vision. Those sermons and addresses, made in Birmingham and London, England, in Chicago and Evanston, Ill., in Detroit and Albion, Mich., at Oberlin, Vassar, and Cornell institutions of learning, before the Universalist Church and Canadian Methodism, reach even more widely in their range of thought, than in the geography of their delivery. We are sorry that the one on "Pragmatic Christianity," which appeared first in the METHODIST REVIEW, fails to give proper credit.

*The Life and Teaching of Jesus.* By EDWARD INCREASE BOSWORTH. (Macmillans, \$2.50.) This treatise is largely based on the synoptic Gospels. It therefore avoids some critical (and also theological) questions and emphasizes the prophetic and didactic office of Jesus. Yet Dean Bosworth does see that the teachings of Jesus were born of his experience and states that "the personal experience of Jesus is the world's most valuable asset." And men can be saved only by sharing with him that

experience. While most of us who follow the Master believe more than this about him and regard his Divine Sonship as a unique relation, yet it must be admitted that such an able presentation as this has a special worth to reach souls who cannot see so far.

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#### FLASHLIGHTS ON CURRENT LITERATURE

*The Conquest of Worry.* By ORISON SWETT MARDEN. (Crowell, \$1.75 net.) Fear and worry are perils. This book is good, but does not beat the Sermon on the Mount.

*Modern Discipleship and What it Means.* By EDWARD S. WOODS. (Macmillan, \$1.25.) Revised reprint of a good handbook. Pious and perfectly up to date.

*Home, the Savior of Civilization.* By J. E. McCULLOCH. (Southern Cooperative League, \$3.00.) Readings, scriptural and secular, for home training and worship. Twentieth Century New Testament used.

*God's Open.* By J. I. VANCE. (Revell, \$1.50.) Sermons that make all outdoors a lesson book for religion.

*More Story Worship Programs.* By J. A. STOWELL. (Doran, \$1.75 net.) A calendar series of sermons for children.

*The Beginnings of Masonry in America.* By MELVIN M. JOHNSON. (Doran, \$3.00 net.) *Speculative Masonry.* By A. S. MACBRIDE. (Doran, \$2.00 net.) *The Builders.* By JOSEPH FORT NEWTON. (Doran, \$2.00 net.) Three additional volumes in the National Masonic Library.

*The Way to a Warless World.* By EVELYN RILEY NICHOLSON. (Abingdon, 25 cents.) An eloquent discussion of the causes and cure of war.

*Guide Posts to Life Work.* By WALLACE B. FLEMING. (Methodist Book Concern, 50 cents.) Useful textbook on Life Service for Epworth Leagues and their Institutes.

*A First Primary Course for the Vacation Church School.* By EDITH McDOWELL. (Abingdon Press, 85 cents net.) Plans and programs with proper religious emphasis.

*How to Improve Your Sunday School.* By FRANK WADE SMITH. (Abingdon, 50 cents net.) A program properly based on the survey method. Very valuable.

*The Master and the Twelve.* By J. W. G. WARD. (Doran, \$1.60 net.) Quite striking sermons built on the personality of the disciples.

*The Human Side of Hawaii.* By ALBERT W. PALMER. (Pilgrim Press, \$2.00.) A most colorful picture of unique social conditions. Profusely illustrated.

*The Every Day Bible.* Edited by CHARLES M. SHELDON. (Crowell, \$2.00 net.) The gist of the Bible well arranged for general reading. Text, American Revision.



## A READING COURSE

*Jeremiah.* By GEORGE ADAM SMITH. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, \$3.

THE prophets of Israel aimed to proclaim the will of God and to enunciate principles of righteousness and truth that had instant application. They were among the greatest creative forces in the moral and spiritual history of the human race. They taught that religion is the fervent experience of God in the human heart and life. Ritualistic ceremonies were only the outward garments to be changed or even discarded according to the determining needs of the essence of religion. They had the courage to make confession of their faith in the Eternal, which kindled an inner fire and inspired them with religious and social idealism. Their message needs to be re-studied by all preachers for the sake of the vision and virtue constantly maintained by them in an atmosphere of indifference, skepticism, and uncertainty.

Principal George Adam Smith is without doubt the greatest exponent of the Old Testament and particularly of the prophets. He has set them in their historical context with such lucidity that these voices of the ancient past are vibrant with life, and what they declared with animation and enthusiasm has a decisive pertinency to our own day. Two volumes on *Isaiah*, the statesman-prophet of Jerusalem, and the great unknown of the exile; two on the *Twelve Prophets*, popularly known as minor owing to the brevity of their writings, which were nevertheless rich "for reproof, for amendment, and for moral discipline"; *The Historical Geography of the Holy Land* giving the land and people of the Book a vivid and picturesque setting; *Jerusalem* in two large volumes that focussed attention on the influence of the Holy City in Old Testament history—these are some of his books that every preacher must have. Now comes his illuminating volume on *Jeremiah*, with all the ability of historical knowledge, critical scholarship, catholic humanity, and a wealth of spiritual appreciation, all expressed in a melodious style.

This prophet of a forelorn cause has come to his own only in recent years. The notable book on *Prophecy and Religion* by Dr. John Skinner was discussed in the *Reading Course* for July, 1923. We again return to this subject because of its importance and timeliness. Like Jeremiah, we also are living through the clash of nations and of opposite ethical ideals. The note of certainty and confidence that he sounded during the forty years of his painful yet profitable ministry needs to be reasserted with our advantage of the superior revelation of Jesus Christ. Prof. T. H. Robinson in *Prophecy and the Prophets* fairly estimates the wealth of Jeremiah's legacy. The seed sown by him in travail and in the face of abuse yielded a fertile harvest. "From it sprang much of that richness of spiritual life and experience which has made the Psalter the comfort and inspiration of later ages. Without it the characteristic features of the later Judaism would have been impossible. It struck the keynote of the teaching of Jesus about the Fatherhood of God and his care for each

of his children. It underlay the evangelical message of the apostles and of the early church. It was the fundamental assumption of the great call of the Reformation for repentance and a personal approach to God. Without it there could be no genuine doctrine of a future life, and it is this which has inspired the mysticism inherent in all really efficient Christianity. In a very true and profound sense, Jeremiah was the father of all the saints" (p. 140).

Who was this man with such a prolific influence over succeeding generations? He was born during the iniquitous reign of Manasseh, about 650 B. C., in the village of Anathoth, some four miles to the northeast of Jerusalem. He was reared "within the swirl of rumor of which the capital was the center"; and yet he was far enough away to enjoy the healing ministry of Nature, as it is seen reflected in his oracles. Doctor Smith is thus justified in calling him a rural prophet, priest, and poet, while also recognizing that his outlook was essentially international. He received his call to an onerous task in 626 B. C. in the thirteenth year of Josiah's reign, "to rise and spell into a clear Word of God the thunder which was rumbling in the North." It was this Word of God that was "to pull up and tear down and destroy, to build and to plant" (chap. 1. 10). The prophet was the effective agent in so far as he mastered the message for himself and became as it were a very incarnation of the Word of God. Is this not the function of the modern preacher who must appropriate God's truth and be able to say with Saint Paul, "My Gospel"? It does not imply that the preacher receives an original revelation. Jeremiah was steeped in the thought of the eighth century prophets, but he set his message in the context of his own times and was able to give his people the assurance of guidance. So must it be with the modern preacher.

What Jeremiah taught was the outgrowth of his own experience. It is for this reason that his personality is of such deep interest. Indeed, "no prophet started so deeply from himself," and yet, paradoxical as it might sound, "no prophet was more sure of his word and less sure of himself." This is another way of saying that he kept humble, even when he was engaged in the conflicting colloquies with God concerning issues that often had a baffling import. It is therefore well to turn first to the seventh lecture on "The Story of His Soul." We no longer think of Jeremiah as the weeping prophet due to the mistaken idea that he was the author of *The Lamentations*. As his name indicates he was "a projectile fired upon a hostile world with a force not his own and on a mission from which, from the first, his gifts and affections recoiled and against which he continued to protest" (p. 317). In contrast to the ready response of Isaiah, "Here am I, send me," Jeremiah might have said, "I would be anywhere else than here, let me go." He, however, realized his predestination to service. Though mastered he would not be crushed and under the divine constraint he gave himself as a vicarious sacrifice, turning with deeper devotion to his mandatory ministry. The section on sacrifice should lead every preacher to intense self-examination (p. 341ff.). Now turn to Doctor Skinner's chapter on "Individual Religion—

the *Inner Life of Jeremiah*" (p. 201ff.). You will then better appreciate Doctor Smith's conclusion that Jeremiah "foreshadowed, as far as mere man can, the sufferings of Jesus Christ for men—and this is his greatest glory as a prophet" (p. 349). You will further understand his detachment from all around him and why his "outspoken essays" gave the impression that he was the gloomy prophet.

Unlike his contemporaries Jeremiah saw beneath the surface and spoke after quiet deliberation regardless of praise or blame. The substance of his teaching is well expounded in the eighth lecture on "God, Man and the New Covenant." Read this next and carefully note that what the preacher says must come out of his own personal experience if his word is to have the validity of convincing authority. Jeremiah had little to say about the transcendent God but more to the point was what he said about the righteousness and love, the sovereignty and unity, the wrath and pain of God in a world of sin. These truths need to be interpreted and summons made to repentance with an irresistible accent and compulsion in stressing personal and social responsibility. The first lecture on "The Man and the Book" deals with the relative values of the Greek and Hebrew text and the chronological arrangement of the material. Doctor Smith holds that Jeremiah was a true poet though not of high rank, but he showed versatility with simplicity of diction. He is a wise preacher who guards against a prolix and slipshod style and cultivates one that is precise, apt, and harmonious. Read the second lecture on "The Poet" with this thought in mind. Lectures three to six are on the call of the prophet and his oracles, which are arranged in their historical connection. The lyrical fervor and rhythm of the original are well brought out in the numerous translations which are a most helpful feature of this book.

Well might Jeremiah be called "God's tester of the people" or as Doctor Skinner describes him, a "moral analyst" (p. 138ff.). In keeping with his sense of reality at first he welcomed the Deuteronomic reform that emphasized the three cardinal doctrines of One God, One Altar, and One People; but he later withdrew his support of it because it did not carry far. He detested controversy, but circumstances compelled him to engage in it with the reformers who made much of system and dogma, with the priests who had an undiscerning veneration for the Temple, and with the false prophets who were given to shallow optimism. They all suffered from obsessions and were deaf to the voice of common sense. The logic of events which condemned their shortsightedness at the same time vindicated his unadulterated utterances. He remained constant and rational with the right eye for events. His steadfastness cost him much but he defied princes, priests, and people in the name of the higher patriotism that gave him political sagacity and foresight based on moral and spiritual convictions. He stood by principle while they followed the rushlight of expediency. This phase of Jeremiah's ministry alone gives him distinction. It also raises the question of "Revelation by Argument." Debate and controversy have difficulties and dangers due to misunderstanding and distortion and the peril of "inconsiderate narrowness" to which

both sides are exposed. But this method is at times necessary, for is it not far better to face facts than to evade them by postponement or compromise?

We must not look for perfection in anyone except in our blessed Lord. Under the stress of conflict Jeremiah had outbursts of rage, and engaged in keen irony and bitter denunciation which seemed to be consistent with patience to his opponents, his intense sympathy and sensitiveness, and the deliberation with which he always spoke. "The prophets were neither vegetables nor machines but men of like passions with ourselves" (p. 332). This is not said to seek for extenuating circumstances but rather to place before us the better way of Jesus Christ. Our prophet has been called "the blackest of pessimists" and, to be sure, he was starved of hope at least in his earlier years when youth is characteristically one of hope. He was, however, the prophet of faith in Control and he repeatedly asserted that, however dark and confused the times may be "and the world's movements ruthless, ruinous and inevitable, God yet watches and rules all to the fulfillment of His Will" (p. 87). After the exile he experienced the release of hope and he confidently affirmed that a pure Israel would be reborn in the future. When it is further remembered that he had no outlook beyond the grave, we can understand the greatness of his courage and his consecration and rejoice in our privileges in Christ who has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.

#### Side Reading

*Prophecy and Religion.* By JOHN SKINNER (Macmillan, \$5). Every student of Jeremiah should have this important volume. In addition to the chapters already mentioned, those on "Predestination and Vocation," "The Two Religions of Israel," "Unreal Worship," "Prophetic Inspiration," "The Messianic King," "The New Covenant" are of special value.

*Prophecy and the Prophets.* By THEODORE H. ROBINSON (Scribners, \$1.75). This psychological study of the prophets and their respective contributions to the development of Old Testament religion is a fresh presentation of an important theme.

*Present Tendencies in Religious Thought.* By ALBERT C. KNUDSON (The Abingdon Press, \$2). The preacher must understand his age that he might the better serve it. This critical survey of some of the trends in modern religious thought is both informing and suggestive. It will help the preacher to formulate his message with clearer discernment and a stronger conviction of the ability of Christianity to meet the needs of the modern scientific world.

For further information about books on subjects of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the METHODIST REVIEW, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OSCAR L. JOSEPH.

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